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THE NEW YORKER

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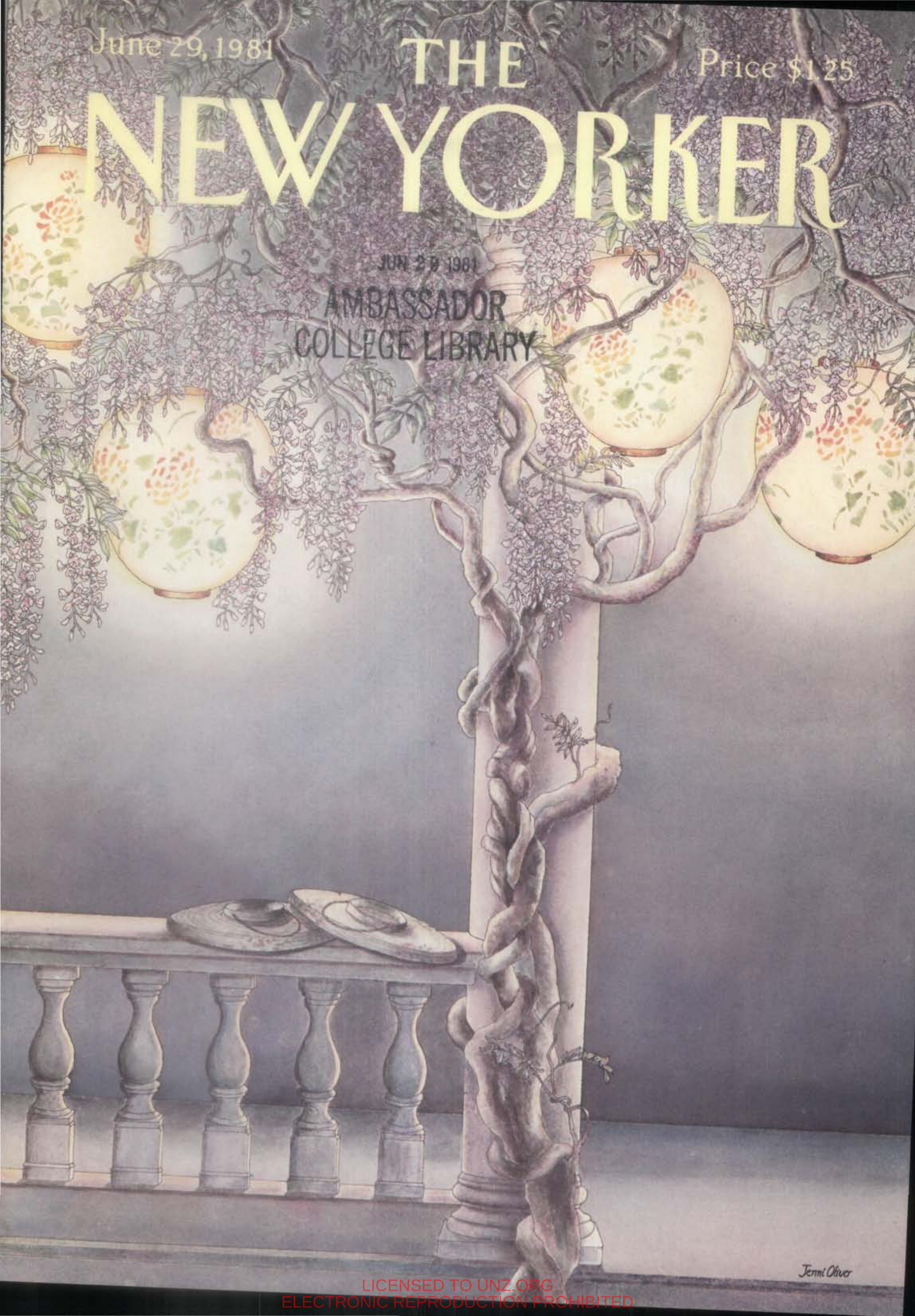
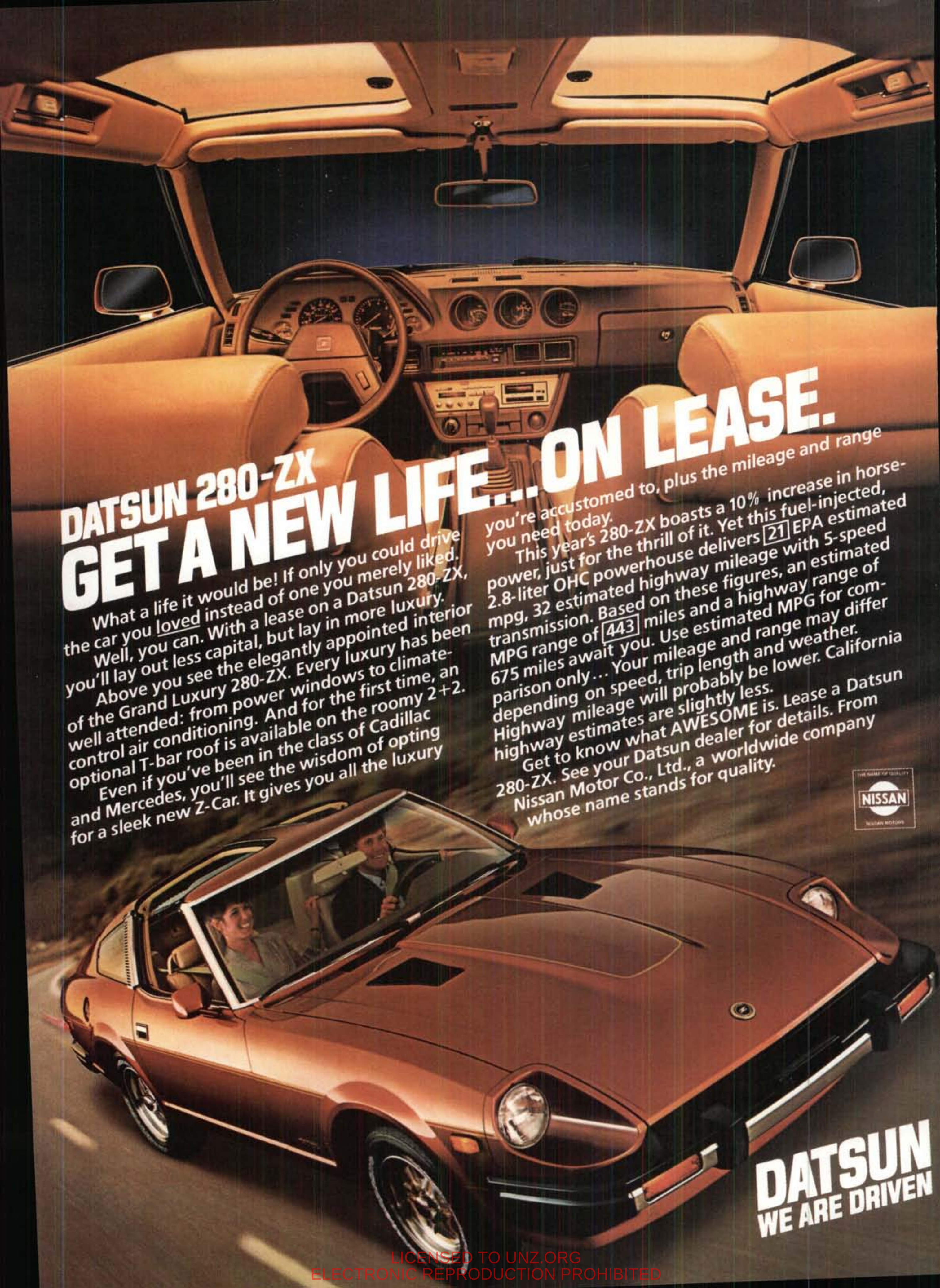

Jenni Oliver



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Amadeus—We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Ian McKellen, Tim Curry, and Caris Corfman heading the large cast. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/80.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. Thomas Waites and Clifton James are very good as his cronies. (6/15/81) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Circle Repertory Company—Lanford Wilson's play **A Tale Told** is yet another in his series about the Talley family of Missouri. This one, set in the family's mansion in July, 1944, deals with their activities on the evening when Sally Talley is down at the boathouse, Talley's Folly, becoming engaged to Matt Friedman. With Helen Stenborg, Fritz Weaver, Michael Higgins, among other fine actors. (6/22/81) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 5.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

El Bravo!—A musical about a Puerto Rican Robin Hood in New York's Barrio. The book is by Jose Fernandez and Thom Schiera, and the music and lyrics are by John Clifton. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A play by Joe Orton, with Joseph Maher, Barbara Bryne, Maxwell Caulfield, and Gwyllum Evans. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fifth of July—We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. Richard Thomas and Swoosie Kurtz dominate the proceedings. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Harry Ruby's Songs My Mother Never Sang—A musical revue, devised by Michael S. Roth and Paul Lazarus, featuring the songs of Harry Ruby and Bert Kalmar. Previews through Thursday, June 25. Opens officially on Friday, June 26, and will run through Friday, July 3. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday through Friday, June 24-26, at 7:30; Saturday, June 27, at 7:30 and 9:30; Sunday, June 28, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 30-July 1, at 7 and 9; Thursday, July 2, at 7:30; and final performances Friday, July 3, at 7 and 9.)

The Heebie Jeebies—A musical about the career and the songs of the Boswell Sisters, by Mark Hampton and Stuart Ross. With Memrie Innerarity, Audrey Lavine, and Nancy McCall as the Sisters. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3:30.)

How It All Began—A play about a West Berlin urban guerrilla. A presentation of the Dodger Theatre Company. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Hunting Scenes from Lower Bavaria—Martin Sperr's play about the nasty members of a farming community may indeed have been important in Germany over the past twelve years or so, but it is certainly a bore on Manhattan Island. Translation by Christopher Holme. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Friday, July 3.)

I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal nonmusical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (WPA Theatre, 138 Fifth Ave., at 18th St. 691-2274. Thursday through Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—A couple of dozen cherished standards (Porter, Youmans, Rodgers & Hart, etc., etc.) sung to

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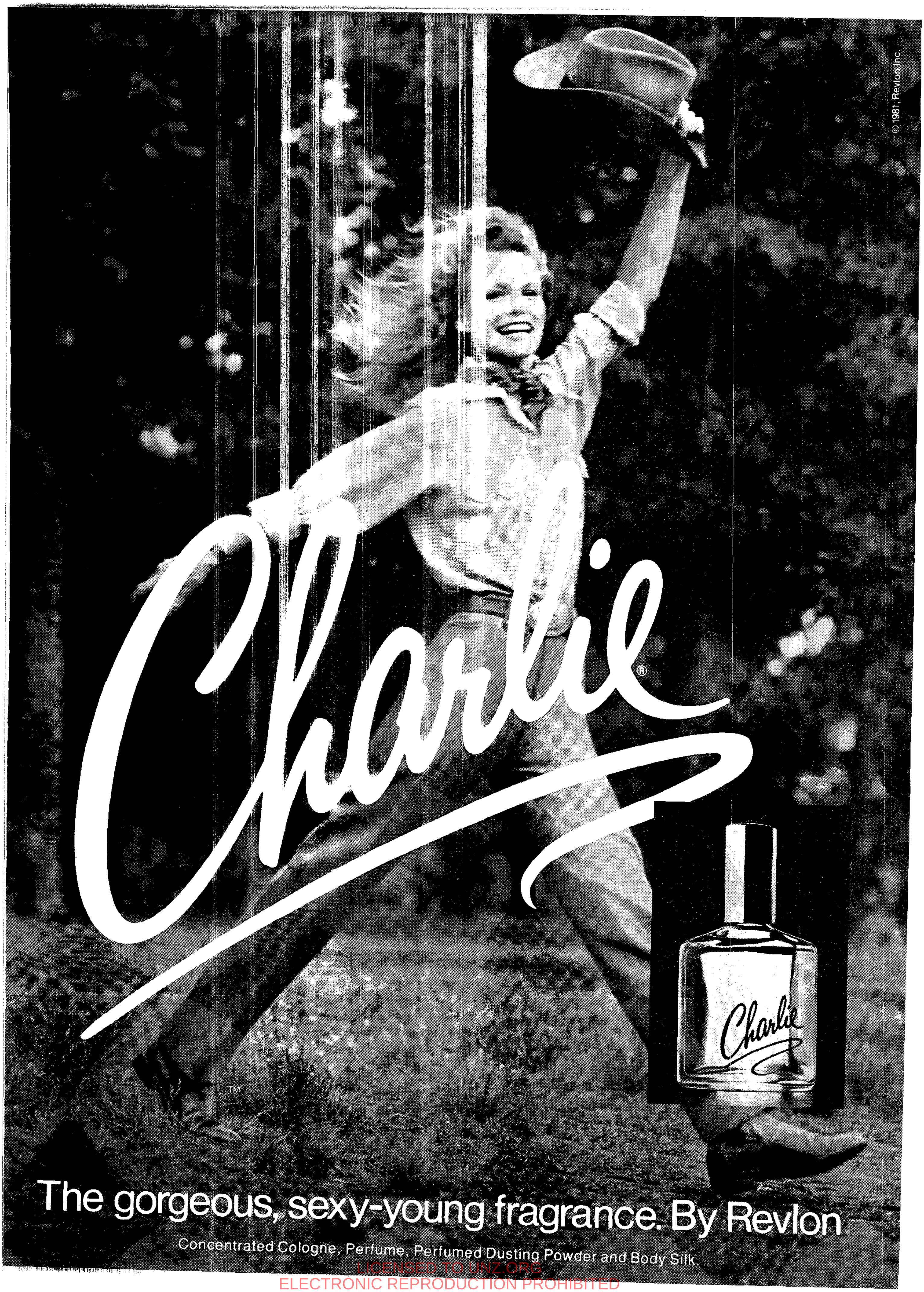
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perfection. Miss Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, June 28: THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, July 1: THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Little Foxes—Lillian Hellman's pitiless melodrama of 1939 has survived to become a stunning vehicle for Elizabeth Taylor. Also on hand are Maureen Stapleton, Tom Aldredge, and Anthony Zerbe. (5/18/81) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lunch Hour—Jean Kerr has written some funny lines for two not very plausible couples to recite in the course of working out a conclusion to a totally implausible affair. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

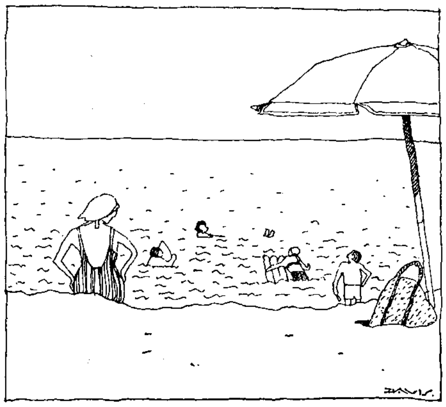
March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A return engagement of ZOOMAN AND THE SIGN, a strong, accomplished play, by Charles Fuller, about the murder of a little girl by a vicious street kid and the effect of the killing upon her shattered, courageous family. The production has been masterfully directed by Douglas Turner Ward, and the cast does him proud. With Giancarlo Esposito as the frightening Zooman; Mary Alice as the girl's mother; Ray Aranha as her brave father; and Alvin Alexis and Frances Foster, among others. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

No—Stories and poems by Alexis De Veaux adapted for the stage by Glenda Dickerson. With Risë Collins, Gwendolen Hardwick, Yvette Erwin, and André Liguori among the cast. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Phoenix Theatre—Wendy Wasserstein's ISN'T IT ROMANTIC is a sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. Indecisive, overweight, and smart as a whip, she is tried most of all by her mother, who keeps urging matrimony. The acting by all concerned is very good indeed, under Steven Robman's direction. With Alma Cuervo (as Janie) and Laurie Kennedy, Bob Gunton, Peter Riegert, Jane Hoffman, and Barbara Baxley. (6/22/81) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Piaf—A singer of sad songs about life and death and lost loves, Edith Piaf has been dead for almost eighteen years, but she remains famous. Jane Lapotaire plays to the hilt as much of the authentic singer as has been allowed to emerge from this grubby little sketch of a play by Pam Gems. Judith Ivey substitutes for Miss Lapotaire at the Wednesday matinée performances. (2/16/81) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 5.)



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The Pirates of Penzance—Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. Kevin Kline is the most limber pirate since Douglas Fairbanks. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Scenes and Revelations—A play by Elan Garonzik, with Christine Lahti, Valerie Mahaffey, Marilyn McIntyre, Mary-Joan Negro, Wyman Pendleton, Nicholas Saunders, and Norman Snow. Directed by Sheldon Epps. Previews Wednesday, June 24. Opens officially on Thursday, June 25, at 7:30. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Gregory Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl who, having been deserted by her whorish mother, finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; on Wednesday, June 24, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of a revival of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of stripteasers. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Welded—Eugene O'Neill's melodrama about a warring theatrical couple is preposterous rubbish, and the performance under José Quintero's direction does nothing to redeem it. A production of Columbia University's Center for Theatre Studies. (Horace Mann Theatre, Broadway at 120th St. 678-3276. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall carries with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Zora and **When the Chickens Came Home to Roost**—Two one-acters by Laurence Holder. The first is a monologue, spoken by Phylicia Ayers-Allen, in which Zora Neale Hurston, broken in spirit, waits for the bus that will take her back to the South and reminisces about past joy in Harlem. The second is a dramatization of the crucial breach between Elijah Muhammad and Malcolm X, with Kirk Kirksey as crusty, irascible Muhammad, and Denzel Washington (fine performance) as the idealistic Malcolm. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, July 5.)

Long Runs—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . ANNIE: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . BARNUM: A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD: An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and Robert Steinberg play the leading roles. Starting Monday, June 29, John Rubinstein will return to his original role as the teacher. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . DANCIN': An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE: The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . DEATHTRAP: A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . THE ELEPHANT MAN: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Mark Hamill. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Satur-

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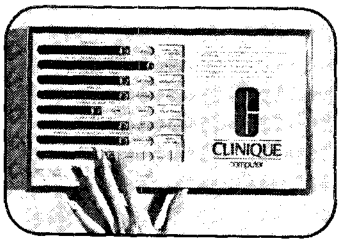

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,800 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except June 24, at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. Starting Monday, June 29, Rip Taylor will fill in for Mr. Rooney for ten days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. With Diana Canova and Ted Wass. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "America," which includes, if you can believe it, the state songs of all the fifty states, plus fifty corresponding changes of costume and set. The Rockettes turn out for New York, Texas, and Hawaii. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays and Wednesday, June 24, at 2:30 and 8; on Wednesday, June 24, at 8.)

DANCE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season—**TCHAIKOVSKY PROGRAMS:** Wednesday evening, June 24: "Introduction and Fugue," "Capriccio Italien," "Scherzo Opus 42," "Valse-Scherzo," "Mozartiana," and "Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 26: "Suite No. 2," "Souvenir de Florence," and "Symphony No. 1." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 28: "Mozartiana," "Piano Pieces," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . **REPERTORY:** Thursday evening, June 25: "Chaconne," "Suite from Histoire du Soldat," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 27: "The Four Temperaments," "Suite from Histoire du Soldat," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 27: "Square Dance," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 28: "Ballo della Regina," "Pas de Deux," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Agon." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 1.)

Royal Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée, June 24: "La Fin du Jour," "Hamlet," and "A Month in the Country." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 24: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 25: "Daphnis and Chloë," "Scènes de Ballet," and "Gloria" (American première). . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 26: "Daphnis and Chloë," "Symphonic Variations," and "Gloria." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, June 27: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 29-30, and Wednesday matinée and evening, July 1: "Isadora" (American première). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 2: "Daphnis and Chloë," "Symphonic Variations," and "Gloria." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 3: "Daphnis and Chloë," "Scènes de Ballet," and "Gloria." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 4: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Jean Erdman—With her company, in a return engagement of the dance-opera "The Shining House." (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. Wednesday through Saturday, June 24-27, at 8; and Sunday, June 28, at 3. For tickets, call 534-6363.)

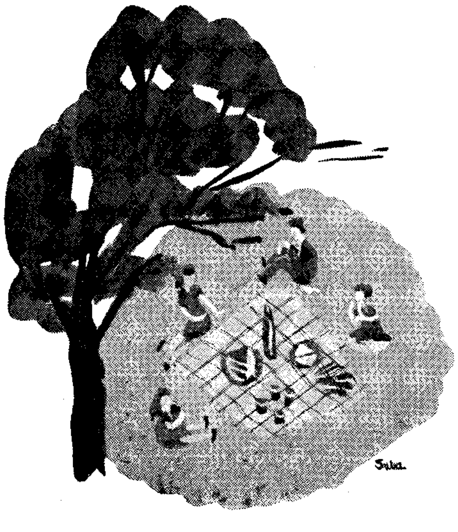
Danceworks—A Boston-based company in a program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, June 25, and Saturday and Sunday, June 27-28, at 8.)

Dianne McIntyre's Sounds in Motion—Thursday, June 25, and Saturday, June 27, at 8: "Life's Force," "Journey to Forever," "Just a Myth," "It Has Not Always Been This Way," and "Union." . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8, and Sunday, June 28, at 3: "Liquid Magic," "Etude," "Smoke and Clouds," "Just a Myth," and "Union." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. For information about tickets, call 348-2460.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** will be present with a pianist on Friday and Saturday, June 26-27; and on Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** will head up a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.



Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand at the very back of the place. Soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** performs with a trio through Sunday, June 28; on Monday, June 29, Anne Marie Moss will sing with a backing trio; and on Tuesday, June 30, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** and cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** will begin co-piloting a quintet. Music from nine.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday, June 24, pianist **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI** and saxophonist **LEW TABACKIN** and their big band; Thursday, June 25, Sukay, a group that plays traditional music from the Andes; Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, premier Nashville fiddler **VASSAR CLEMENTS**; Tuesday, June 30, guitarist David Lindley; Wednesday and Thursday, July 1-2, the great bluegrass banjo player **EARL SCRUGGS** and the **DILLARDS**; Friday, July 3, **DR. JOHN** and **JOHN HAMMOND**; and Saturday, July 4, **DR. JOHN** and the Nighthawks, a rockabilly quartet from Washington, D. C. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musicians's name is ever posted anywhere) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. **GEORGE MRAZ,** an animated, witty bass player, performs with pianist **JOHN BUNCH** through Saturday, June 27, and with pianist **LARRY WILLIS** starting Monday, June 29. Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600—**BOBBY SHORT** is holding court in the Café Carlyle through Saturday, June 27. In attendance are his bassist, **BEVERLY PEER,** his drummer, **ROBBIE SCOTT,** and his admirers, too numerous to mention here. Starting Sunday, June 28, the room will be assigned to keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MC PARTLAND,** who will perform Sundays through Thursdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings a bit to her own piano accompaniment, can be found in the Bemelmans Bar through Saturday, June 27. Her hours run from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here through Saturday, June 27. Starting Monday, June 29, pianist and composer **EDDIE HEYWOOD** will take over. Music nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place, which has become about as respectable as a navy-blue silk tie with tennis racquets on it, still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on rock-and-roll futures. The schedule: Wednesday, June 24, the Schemers, the Rooms, and Tom Kane & Rock Alley; Thursday, June 25, Dizzy & the Romilars, Pretty Wiseguys, and the Gentz; Friday, June 26, Urban Blight; and Saturday, June 27, the Waitresses and the Donny Fury Band. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**Alberta Hunter,** who sings the blues, talks the blues, calls the blues, and chants the blues, also sings "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Somebody Loves Me," and "The Glory of Love." Miss Hunter winds up her stay on Saturday, June 27. Sunday through Tuesday, June 28-30, **Dardanelle,** a delightful pianist who sings clearly, directly, effortlessly, and with diction-perfect phrasing, will be on hand. On Wednesday, July 1, singer **Ruth Brown** will arrive with a backing trio. Music at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, June 24, David Jones & Charlie O'Hegarty; Saturday, June 27, Nevard & the Barrelhouse Boys; Sunday, June 28, guitarists Frank Christian, Jonathan Kalb, and Bob Zaidman; and Saturday, July 4, banjoist Tony Trischka's band. Music from about eight-fifteen.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Wednesday through Friday, June 24-26, cornettist **Wild Bill Davison** will sit in with them. On Sunday, June 28, soprano saxophonist **Bob Wilber** will head a septet from about nine-fifteen. On Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Alto saxophonist **Richie Cole** and his group, Alto Madness, perform through Sunday, June 28; on Tuesday, June 30, clarinettist **Buddy De Franco** and vibraharpist **Terry Gibbs** will begin a week with pianist **Walter Bishop, Jr.,** bassist **Vishnu Wood,** and drummer **Jimmy Cobb.** Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. Is it pretentious? Well, the mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday, June 24, Clarice Taylor & Kelvyn Bell; Thursday, June 25, the Laddins; Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, the Moonglows; Monday, June 29, bassist **Bob Cunningham,** pianist **Bross Townsend,** and singer Jean Dushon; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 30-July 1, Jan Parker, who will sing with pianist **Rahn Burton's** quartet; and Thursday through Saturday, July 2-4, Platinum Hook, an R. & B. sextet. On Sundays **Denise Delapenha** sings Brazilian-jazz tunes with a supporting combo. Music from eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **Joe Puma** works with pianist **Hod O'Brien,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **Chuck Wayne** begins at ten; and Sundays from five to ten stride pianist and singer **Brooks Kerr** is on hand.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. Stride specialist **Dick Wellstood** is at the dining-room piano Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Sunday and Monday, June 28-29, **Patti Bown** will claim the keyboard. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one; Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors D'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Pianist Chuck Folds leads a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. On Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, **David (Fathead) Newman** will play tenor-sax solos with his quartet, and on Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, saxophonist **Henry Threadgill** will drop by with his sextet. Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning Fridays and Saturdays you'll hear even more jazz, played by Mr. Morgenstern and his fellow jammers.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **Max Kaminsky** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. **Kenny Barron** and **Buster Williams** play piano-bass duets through Saturday, June 27; on Tuesday, June 30, pianist **Ray Bryant** will come in with his bassist, **Jimmy Rowser.** The Sunday and Monday slots are filled by singer-pianist **Nina Sheldon** and bassist **Bob Bodley.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texasness. The schedule: Wednesday, June 24, the Aztec Two-Step; Thursday, June 25, the Nashville All-Stars; Sunday, June 28, Kinky Friedman; Monday, June 29, Gail Davies; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 30-July 1, the **New Riders of the Purple Sage.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden. The singer on view through Saturday, June 27, is **Astrud Gilberto,** who does Brazilian-jazz standards and an occasional funky number in her unmistakable soft, low, non-dramatic voice. On Monday, June 29, **Anita O'Day** will take charge. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Wednesday, June 24, Reverse, Rickey Joyce, and 1-4-5; Thursday, June 25, Knots, Ex-Husbands, and Fabians; Friday, June 26, Heros and Justin Trouble; and Saturday, June 27, Alan Vega and Science. Music from well after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Vibraharpist **Red Norvo,** guitarist **Tal Farlow,** and their bassist (see page 79, this issue) are here Tuesdays through Saturdays. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On most Mondays, Woody Allen plays celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet from nine-thirty to midnight, in color. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. A line-up of singers: Brenda Alford on Wednesday, June 24; Cathy St. John on Thursday, June

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

25; and Zulema on Friday and Saturday, June 26-27. Then, on Monday and Tuesday, June 29-30, **YOSHIAKI MASUO,** a wonderfully bluesy jazz guitarist, will lead his quintet. Music from about ten until two.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, June 24, Western-swing pianist Floyd Domino and Street Kids; and Thursday through Saturday, June 25-27, the **PERSUASIONS** will sing their stunning a-cappella, street-corner soul repertory. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining. The club will be closed Sunday through Saturday, June 28-July 4.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. The ten-to-two shift belongs to singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE,** who does songs you remember, songs you forgot, and songs you may have never even heard of.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER'S** bounce septet plays music to take it all in to, and to dance to as well, Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, June 24, **DAVE MASON;** Thursday, June 25, **CHUCK BERRY** (the correct answer to the question What is rock and roll?); Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, Rockats and Blurt; Sunday and Monday, June 28-29, **SQUEEZE;** Tuesday and Wednesday, June 30-July 1, the **BLUES PROJECT,** with original members **DANNY KALB, AL KOOPER, STEVE KATZ, ANDY KULBERG,** and **ROY BLUMENFELD;** and Thursday, July 2, the Psychedelic Furs. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—Ron Holgate, Martin Vidnovic, Laura Waterbury, and Susan Bigelow are singing in the King Cole Room in the tribute of the month, "The Sounds of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Part II." Mondays through Thursdays shows begin at nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays they begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

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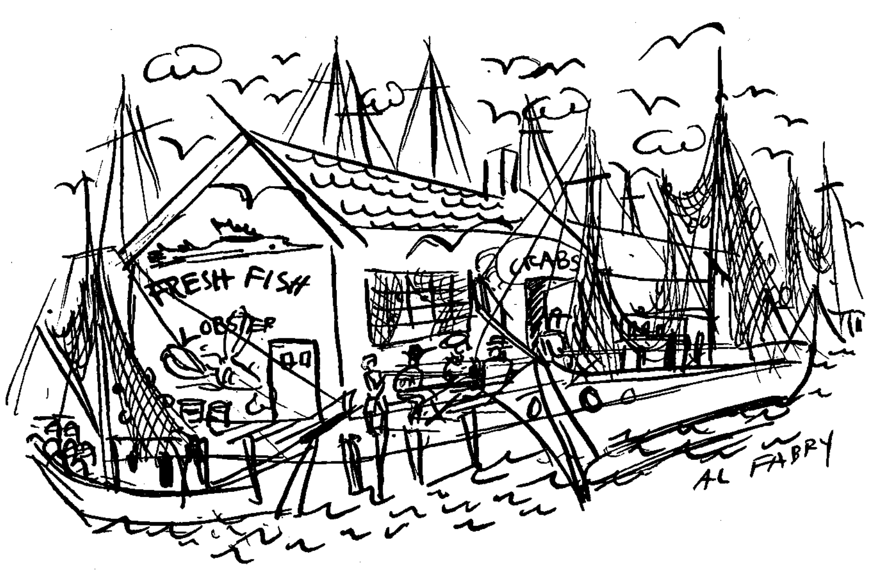
SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The players: Wednesday, June 24, tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** pianist **JOHN HICKS,** bassist **WALTER BOOKER,** and drummer **JIMMY COBB;** Thursday through Sunday, June 25-28, **MOSE ALLISON,** the simultaneously rural and urbane singer and pianist, and his quartet; Monday, June 29, alto saxophonist and arranger Ed Palermo and his big band; and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 30-July 1, the David Earle Johnson quartet. Music from ten. Closed Mondays and Thursday through Saturday, July 2-4.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in, padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Wednesday, June 24, pianist **PATTI BOWN;** Thursday, June 25, Ann Calloway; Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** and a bassist; and Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, free-stride pianist **JAKI BYARD.** Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Lots of good jazz in a knotty-pine room: **ARNETT COBB,** who was billed in the forties as the Wildest Tenorman in the World, performs with pianist **JUNIOR MANCE'S** trio through Saturday, June 27. Cobb, who works mostly out of Houston nowadays, plays breathy, looping, old-fashioned honking R. & B. saxophone, and one doesn't run across that very often anymore. On Sunday and Monday, June 28-29, Sal Salvador will play guitar, and Tuesday through Saturday, June 30-July 4, will be given over to **JUNIOR MANCE'S** trio. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues—rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues, and Kingston blues (a.k.a. reggae). Wednesday, June 24, Jah Love & Survivors; Thursday, June 25, John Macandoe; Friday, June 26, Johnson & Johnson; Thursday, July 2, the Offs; and Friday through Sunday, July 3-5, **JOE TURNER,** *the* Kansas City blues shouter. Tuesdays are lift-off-session nights for an impressive local soul-shake octet called the **UPTOWN HORNS,** which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest (but *not* unrehearsed) music around. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Wednesday, June 24, Walter Steding and Kaliko & Klass; Thursday, June 25, Wayne Kramer and the Rousers; Friday, June 26, Ula Hedwig and Kieran Liscoe & the Attitudes; and Saturday, June 27, Stirling, Boulevard Jacks, and Papa. Music every night but Sunday, usually after eleven. Dancing.



VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the Top of the Gate, guitarist **CHARLIE BYRD'S** trio can be found at work at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Tuesday, June 30, guitarist **JOE PASS** will begin a visit. Mr. Pass is out-and-out revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike—and by a lot of the non-playing laity. "How *does* he do it?" his audiences seem to ask. On Tuesdays out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio from nine, and on Mondays in the big downstairs room, salsa bands perform at nine.

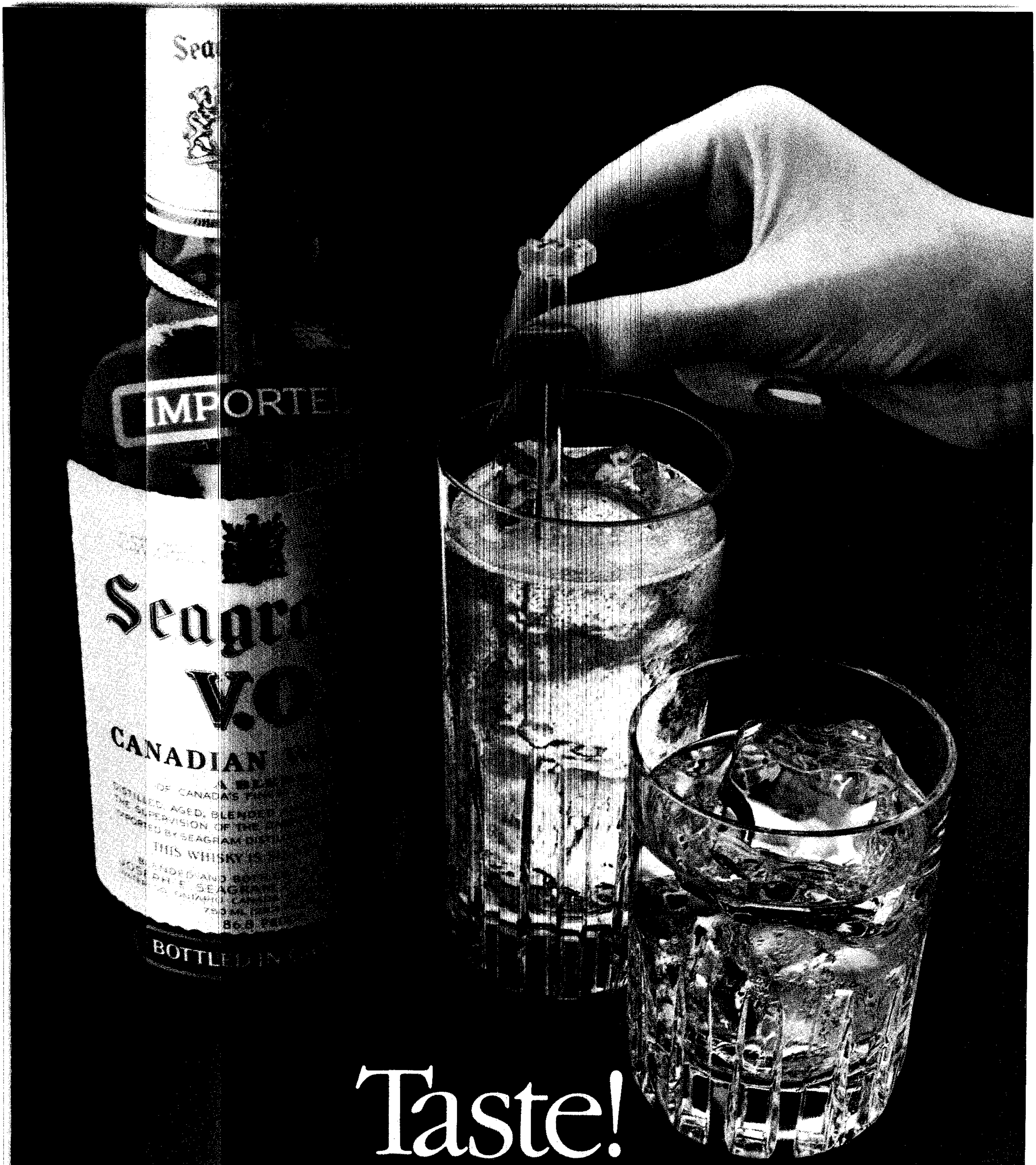
VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Playing a solo in front of a big band can be like riding a motor scooter just in front of a speeding semi. **JOHNNY GRIFFIN** hasn't really played in a big-band reed section since the forties, but he plays with that kind of fiery urgency. He's leading his quartet through Sunday, June 28. On Tuesday, June 30, tenor saxophonist and composer **FRANK FOSTER** will bring in his big band, the **LOUD MINORITY.** Drummer **MEL LEWIS** and sixteen other able musicians all play at once on Monday nights, and it sounds real fine. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; **SADIK HAKIM,** a first-generation bebopper—he was known as Argonne Thornton then—has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. The mostly swing music: Franc Williams Swing Four through Saturday, June 27; Sunday, June 28, **JOE ALBANY'S** New Yorkers; Monday, June 29, Honky Tonk Part 3, with saxophonist Percy France; Tuesday, June 30, drummer **JO JONES** & Friends; and Wednesday through Sunday, July 1-5, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY'S** quartet. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL—Opening performances in a ten-day series of concerts that will be taking place in various halls around the city; on a Staten Island ferry; in Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.; the State University of New York, at Purchase; and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs. For Saratoga and State University of New York listings, see page 14, under Music in the Country. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate on Friday, June 26, at 5: Cedar Walton, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8: Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, together with Freddie Hubbard, Bill Hardman, Walter Davis, Woody Shaw, and others in a program celebrating Mr. Blakey's twenty-fifth anniversary as a drummer. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8: "The Art of Jazz Singing," with Carmen McRae, Joe Williams, Johnny Hartman, Bobby McFerrin, Sheila Jordan, and the Steve Kuhn quartet. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30: On the Staten Island Ferry—The Lawson/Haggart Jazz Band, with George Masso, Johnny Mince, Bobby Rosengarden, and Lou Stein, plus Jim Cullum's Happy Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 5:30: Joanne Brackeen, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 7:30: "Goin' to Chicago," with Wild Bill Davison, Jimmy McPartland, Milt Hinton, Joe Williams, Truck Parham, Barrett Deems, Ira Sullivan, and others. (Carnegie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CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

Renault Presents The Remarkable 18i Sportswagon.

Renault, maker of Europe's best selling cars, presents a remarkable new wagon for America...the Renault 18i Sportswagon.

Remarkable, because it is, at once, a wagon that provides comfortable seating for 5, *and* muscle to move you crisply from 0 to 50...

...a wagon with up to 65.5 cubic feet of load space, *and* the good manners to go where you aim it through precise, quick rack and pinion steering (lock to lock in just 3 turns)...

...a wagon that takes care of the whole family, *and* carefully meters out fuel for outstanding efficiency*...

...a wagon that bristles with innovative technology of the 80's.

38 HWY EST* ㉕ MPG EST

Bosch L-Jetronic Fuel Injection

This is the Electric Multi-Point Bosch system also used by Porsche 928 and Jaguar XJ-S. It precisely measures out the fuel required for optimum performance and efficiency from the 18i's enthusiastic 1.6 liter (1647 cc, aluminum block and head) 4-cylinder engine.

Slip Stream Aerodynamics

The 18i Sportswagon silhouette is notably slippery. A wide front modesty panel—more discreet than add-on air dams—encourages turbulence to slide beneath the 18i. Slip stream styling effects promote excellent fuel efficiency* as the wagon carves the air.

Road Adhesion

The 18i Sportswagon is masterfully tuned for the road. With 155SR x 13 Michelin steel belted radials, box section "live" rear axle (it flexes in the turns), front and rear sway bars, and beefy helical coil springs (variable-flex in the rear) surrounding long-travel shock struts.

Inner Space Geometry

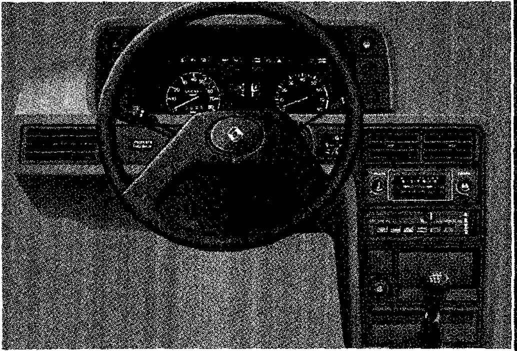
The 18i's elegantly tailored seats are bio-formed with special support for the lumbar region and upper thighs.

Controls and gauges are strategically angled and positioned for driver access.

A wide rear bench seat folds forward, providing a lushly carpeted flat load bed more than 5½ feet long.

20 Years Experience in Front-Wheel Drive Design.

The 18i front-wheel drive system is a study in compact, lightweight design. Front drive transaxles, engine and 4-speed manual transmission (5-speed, avail.) are deftly mounted to provide a 60/40 weight ratio, front to rear. It also allows quick access for service at any of the more than 1300 Renault and American Motors Dealers.



The Renault 18i Sportswagon. Remarkable? We think so. It provides what wagon users ask for...generous space and great mileage. And something many have been missing...the sheer joy of commanding a responsive, nimble, sensitive, exciting road machine.

*EPA estimated at ㉕ mpg. 38 mpg highway est. Remember: Compare this estimate with estimated mpg for other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Your highway mileage will probably be lower.

Renault 18i

More than just economy

At Renault and
American Motors dealers.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 8: "Wild Women Don't Have the Blues," with Nell Carter, Linda Hopkins, Sippie Wallace, and Dick Hyman and the Classic Jazz Band. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 8: Cab Calloway, Chris Calloway, Panama Francis and his Savoy Sultans, and Sandman Sims. (Waterloo Village.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at noon: Warren Vaché's Syncopating Six, Bob Wilber and his Jazz Band, Harold Ashby, John Bunch, Dick Wellstood, Milt Hinton, and others. (Waterloo Village.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at 2:30: The Heath Brothers. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at 8: "Duets," with Herbie Hancock and Ron Carter, Lee Konitz and Zoot Sims, Slam Stewart and Major Holley, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at 8: Lionel Hampton and his All-Star Orchestra, with Nancy Wilson, in a tribute to blues singer Dinah Washington. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at 8: The Leroy Jenkins quintet and Air. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 29, at 5: Ram Ramirez, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 29, at 7: The Dave Brubeck trio, Ellis Larkins, Mel Tormé, Carol Sloane, Kenny Burrell, Ted Curson, and others, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 29, at 8: Jazz films from David Chertok's collection—Louis Armstrong, Bill Evans, Erroll Garner, and Ben Webster are among those featured. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 29, at 9: "Salute to Sophisticated Ladies," with Mercer Ellington and the Duke Ellington Orchestra, Panama Francis and his Savoy Sultans, and Gregory Hines. (Roseland Ballroom.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 30, at 5: Albert Dailey, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 30, at 8: Mel Tormé, Gerry Mulligan and his orchestra, and George Shearing and Brian Torff. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 30, at 8: Chick Corea, with Roy Haynes, Gary Peacock, and Joe Henderson, and the Red Norvo/Tal Farlow trio. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 30, at 8: "Portrait of Roy Eldridge," a program that combines live music and screen projections. With Dizzy Gillespie, Zoot Sims, Lee Konitz, Jimmy Maxwell, Eddie Locke, Johnny Lettman, Jon Faddis, Dick Katz, and Ted Sturgis. (Town Hall.) Once again, for information *about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.*

Peter Allen—Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490. Wednesday and Thursday, June 24-25, at 9; Friday, June 26, at 8 and 11; Saturday and Sunday, June 27-28, at 8 and 11; Tuesday, June 30, at 9; Wednesday, July 1, at 8 and 11; Thursday, July 2, at 9; and Friday, July 3, at 8 and 11.

Ornette Coleman & the *Prime Time* Band—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, at 9 and 11:30.

Billy Harper Quintet—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, June 27, at 8.

Sathima—With Onaje Allan Gumbs trio. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Monday, June 29, at 8:30.)

Irving Plaza—Black Flag and Bad Brains. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Saturday, June 27, after 11:30.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday and Thursday, June 24-25, at 10: C-Sharpe, with Walter Davis, Jr., Ted Wald, and Jim Lovelace. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, at 10: Slide Hampton & the World of Trombones. . . ¶ Sundays at 10: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, July 1-2, Charlie Rouse & Lonnie Hillyer. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, Bill Hardman & Junior Cook quintet, featuring Walter Bishop, Jr. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Soundscape—Thursday, June 25: Karen Borca quintet and Charles Tyler & Steve Reid. . . . ¶ Friday, June 26: Daniel Ponce and Michele Rosewoman trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27: Paquito D'Rivera. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28: Charles Moffett Family and Abdullah. . . . ¶ Monday, June 29: Commitment and the Errol Parker Experience. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 1: Kalaparush Maurice McIntyre & the Light and the Billy Bang quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 2: Jemeel Moondoc's Muntu and Marilyn Crispell. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3: Ronald Shannon Jackson & the Decoding Society and Frank Lowe & the Serious Fun Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4: Sonny Sharrock. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Shows begin at 11:30.)

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Benefit Concert—Max Roach & M'Boom and the World Saxophone Quartet. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, June 26, at 8. For tickets, call 662-2133.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Alechinsky—Prints. Through Thursday, July 2. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.) A larger show is currently at the Museum of Modern Art.

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—About twenty of his boxes (all miniatures) on the gallery walls. Through July 31. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

A. Oscar—Lusty watercolors and oils by an artist who leans toward caricature. Through Friday, June 26. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Shari Urquhart—Large tapestries that tell vivid stories: "Rape" is the title of one, and "Fantasy, or Splash to Quell the Heat" is another. The artist teaches at Rikers Island. Through July 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Group Shows—At the **aca**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by contemporary Americans (Roy Carruthers, Anthony Toney) alongside works by earlier artists (Burchfield, Marsh, Shinn). Through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Todd McKie, Catharine Warren, Edward Youkilis, others. Through Sept. 4. . . . **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings by American painters and sculptors: Chaim Gross, Raphael Soyer, Max Weber, David Levine, Milton Avery, Elie Nadelman, and others. Through Aug. 14. (Closed Friday, July 3.) . . . **nardin**, 25 E. 73rd St.: New York City scenes of the past fifty years by Marsh, Sloan, Marin, and numerous others (including, unexpectedly, Alice Neel), plus contemporary works, among them collages by Loreen Matsushima and spooky sculpture in a shadowbox by Jack Gavin. Through July 31. (Open daily except Saturday, July 4; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.) . . . **schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Figure drawings by realists, among them William Bailey, Bruno Civitico, and Leland Bell. Through July 15. (Closed Friday, July 3.) . . . **willard**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Essentially abstract paintings and sculptures by gallery artists Harriet Korman, Ken Price, Joan Thorne, Tod Wizon, and others. Through Thursday, July 2. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Power Boothe—Abstractions by a painter who has recently shifted over from acrylics to oils and has also brightened his palette considerably. Through Saturday, June 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Louis I. Kahn (1901-74)—Drawings. Through July 31. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland—A new set of irregularly shaped canvases. Through Friday, June 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

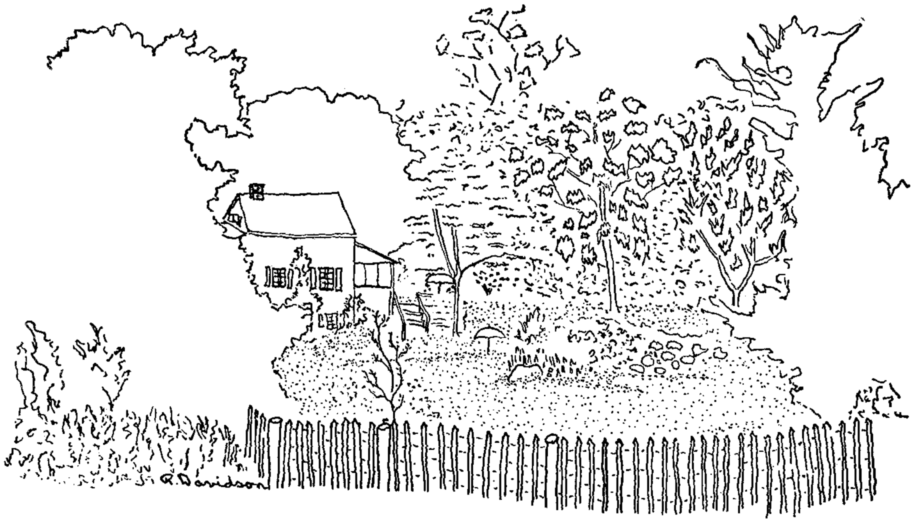
Liana Vassaloy—Wistful, romantic paintings and porcelain-headed doll-like figures. Through Saturday, June 27. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Kay WalkingStick / Kay Rosen—Dark, emblematic drawings in encaustics by a Cherokee artist. / A series of drawings diagramming the movements of people on three stairways. Through Saturday, June 27. (Urdang, 29 W. 57th St.)

William Zorach (1889-1966) / **Turku Trajan** (1887-1959)—Early paintings, done from 1911-22. / Sculptures, and paintings on paper. Through July 10. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Architecture by Artists—A diverting exhibition of drawings and maquettes by twenty-odd artists includes a photograph of a refrigerator and kitchen sink that Saul Steinberg has converted into a cityscape with a few strokes of a brush; a model by Ed Kerns of a frantic munitions factory installed behind an innocent-looking hill on a desert plain; and a *model of a droll little pleasure dome by Elisa* D'Arrigo. Through Saturday, June 27. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **pam adler**, 37 W. 57th St.: An invitational show, with works by Robert Bordo, Cynthia Karasek, Jack Chevalier, Larry Kagan, and Lynn Elton. Through Friday, July 3. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **blum helman**, *20 W. 57th St.:* Recent paintings by Craig Kauffman, Edda Renouf, Bruce Robbins, and Hap Tivey. Through July 18. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **borgenicht**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A refreshing group show in which seven satiric artists (Ida Applebroog, Mark Tansey, and Richards Jarden among them) aim their shafts at such targets as movie posters, television, and the art establishment. Through Friday, July 3. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: Recent works by gallery artists: paintings (by, among others, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, William T. Wiley) and one sculpture (by James Surls), all accompanied by preparatory drawings. Through Aug. 14. . . . **galerie st. etienne**, *24* W. 57th St.: Kokoschka,



Klimt, Mihaesco, Grandma Moses, others. Through Sept. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRUENEBAUM,** 38 E. 57th St.: James Brooks, Giorgio Cavallon, George McNeil, Sonia Gechtoff, Esteban Vicente, John Seery, and others. Through July 30. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.) . . . **HAMILTON,** 20 W. 57th St.: Six drawings and other representative works by Rafael Ferrer, three paintings on shield-shaped canvases by Ron Gorchov, and three large abstract oils by Richard Hennessy. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **JACOBSON,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints having to do with flying—i.e., Malcolm Morley's painting of a plane crash, Bryan Hunt's drawing of a Concorde window (interior), and Vito Acconci's twenty-two-foot, twelve-part photoetching of airplane wings. Through Sept. 11. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery regulars, including Isabel Bishop, Ethel Magafan, and Gregorio Prestopino. Through Sept. 4. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings—Dine, Dubuffet, Matisse, Miró; sculptures—Nevelson and Tony Smith. Through Aug. 28. . . . **PEARL,** 29 W. 57th St.: American paintings of the nineteen-forties and fifties: Giorgio Cavallon, Charmion von Wiegand, Al Held, Alfred Jensen, others. Through Friday, July 3. . . . **TATISTCHEFF,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such realists as James Childs, William Clutz, John Stuart Ingle, John Gordon, Irene Buszko, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **ZARRE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings and sculptures by Nassos Daphnis, Dee Shapiro, Michael Malpass, and others. Through Friday, July 3. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

CARL ANDRE, SOL LEWITT, AND DONALD JUDD—The first is represented by a twenty-foot row of rectangular steel plates laid alongside one gallery wall; the second by a huge trapezoid chalked in white on a red ground that fills another wall; and the third by a series of seven metal boxes set in still another wall, at about eye level. Through Tuesday, June 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

BILL BECKLEY—New sculptures and watercolors. Through Tuesday, June 30. (Nosei, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

JUD FINE—Man-made materials (steel) are joined with natural ones (hay) in conceptual installations, the most prominent being a ninety-eight-foot shaft of metal wrapped in straw. Through Saturday, June 27. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St.)

DAN FLAVIN—The gallery space is divided into alleyways that glow with one or another of this artist's fluorescent installations—pink, yellow, green, orange. The show will remain up all summer. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

MICHAEL GALLAGHER—Colorful abstract paintings, all done on a diminutive scale. Through Saturday, June 27. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

ROBERT KOBAYASHI—Small works in which strips of found tin are tacked onto plywood to form landscapes, cityscapes, portraits, figure studies. Through Saturday, June 27. (Josef, 113 Prince St. Opens Saturdays at noon.)

PETER PLAGENS—Large diptychs. Through July 8. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BAYARD,** 456 West Broadway: Paintings and works on paper by three Canadian realists (Ken Danby, Tom Forrestall, and D. P. Brown). Through Sunday, June 28. (Opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **BOONE,** 420 West Broadway: Item: a large diptych by David Salle on which Julian Schnabel has superimposed a portrait head of Salle sketched in orange paint. Other contributors are Michael McClard, Robin Winters, Michael Tracy, and Ross Bleckner. Through Tuesday, June 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **COWLES,** 420 West Broadway: Works by six artists who live and work in Texas, including prickly looking wooden sculpture by James Surls and installations involving twenty-five stuffed iguanas by Bob Wade. Through Saturday, June 27. . . . **MEYER,** 410 West Broadway: Drawings for proposed installations by such artists as Vito Acconci, Agnes Denes, Les Levine, and Sol LeWitt are on exhibition. Through Saturday, June 27. . . . **NEILL,** 136 Greene St.: Sculptures in stone by Alan Shepp, John Van Alstine, Aijino Wakita, and Dennis Whitcopf. Through Wednesday, July 1. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **THORP,** 419 West Broadway: The summer show offers paintings and works on paper by gallery regulars as well as new artists. Included are Eric Fischl, Mira Schor, and David True. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **WEBER,** 142 Greene St.: Colorful wall pieces by Lynda Benglis, Richard Beckett, Joel Shapiro, Sol LeWitt, the late Robert Smithson, and eleven others. Through Saturday, June 27.

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OTHER GALLERIES

ART ON THE BEACH—From landfill to garden (of sand), Battery Park is the setting for Creative Time's show of sculptures by twelve artists, among them Gina Wendkos (a painted-concrete pool, benches, umbrellas), Tim Watkins (nylon-sailcloth pinwheels), and Cathey Billian (vertical bundles of rough wood). Through Sept. 13. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ALFRED CAPEL-CURE (1826-96)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of calotypes by this British amateur, whose subjects included architecture, his family, and the English countryside. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

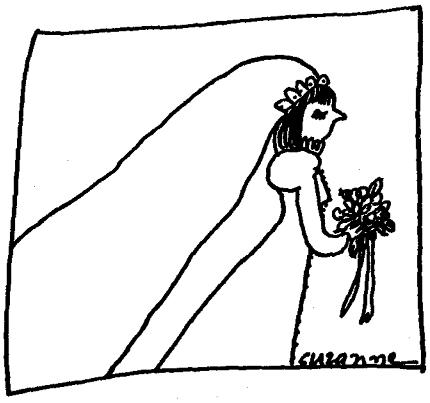
JED DEVINE—Palladium prints of landscapes and still-lifes. Also, portraits. Through Saturday, June 27. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT HEINECKEN—This photographer has developed a method of re-creating images by placing light-sensitive paper directly over a dark television screen and then turning the thing on for an instant. In this case, the set was busy with President Reagan's inauguration. Also, silk screens and color prints. Through Thursday, July 2. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GRACE KNOWLTON—A series of black-and-white photographs entitled "White Corners," all shot within the confines of an interior hallway. A first for this artist, known previously as a sculptor. Through Friday, June 26. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

CHARLES MARVILLE (1816-79)—Photographs of the streets of Paris (1852-70) before, during, and after the city's reorganization by Baron Haussmann. A loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through Friday, June 26. (French Institute-Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St.)

DON McCULLIN / HERBERT LIST (1903-75)—A retrospective of a hundred prints by a British photojournalist; most of the works are battlezone scenes done on assignment for the London *Sunday Times* and the *Observer*. / Ninety prints, including a number of portraits (Miró, Colette) and fashion and travel shots, by a German photographer who was influenced by Surrealism. Through Sunday, June 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Daily, 11 to 5.)



ARTHUR OLLMAN—Night views of houses and parks and bridges and trees by a California photographer. Through July 17. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

JAN SAUDEK—Off-key photographs of children by a Czech artist. Through Friday, June 26. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

KAREN TWEEDY-HOLMES / SAM HASKINS—Black-and-white studies of nudes. / Figure studies, mainly, plus still-lifes and landscapes, all bordering on the surreal. Through July 25. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

DORIS ULMANN (1884-1934)—Soft-focus photographs of the Gullah people who lived and worked on the Lang Syne plantation near Fort Motte, South Carolina, in the early part of the century. Through Aug. 14. (Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

GROUP SHOW—Photographs, together with prints, drawings, and paintings—all with New York as the subject. Central Park by Laura Gilpin, André Kertesz, Ruth Orkin, others; Wall Street by Berenice Abbott. Through July 10. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Astor Court and the Douglas Dillon Galleries for Chinese paintings (north wing, second floor) are permanent additions to the museum. The Court houses a Ming furniture room and a Ming garden (i.e., a reconstruction of an existing Ming Dynasty courtyard in Suzhou); the Dillon Galleries, which surround the Court on three sides, house some eighty works, the earliest of them a painting of a horse by the eighth-century court painter Han Kan. . . . ¶ The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman collection of modern and primitive art is being exhibited here for the first time. Paintings by Léger, Ernst, Pollock, Rothko, Oldenburg; sculptures by, among others, Moore and Lipchitz. The sculpture section also includes work from Africa and Oceania dating from the past hundred years, as well as pre-Columbian jewelry and artifacts. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ A show of traditional African masks and wood, ivory, and bronze sculptures arranged in geographical rather than chronological or stylistic groupings. The hundred and fifty articles, nearly all of which were created with a specific function in mind, are from the Tishman collection. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ "German Masters of the Nineteenth Century" (Caspar David Friedrich, Philipp Otto Runge, and Adolf von Menzel, among about thirty) contains some hundred and fifty paintings and drawings on loan. Through July 5. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except July 4, from 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Saturday, July 4, from 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Before Photography," a show whose point is the correlation between painting and photography. It consists of forty paintings and drawings (by Constable, Corot, and their early-nineteenth-century contemporaries) and an equal number of early photographs (by William Henry Fox Talbot, Gustave Le Gray, and others). Through July 5. . . . ¶ A retrospective of prints by Pierre Alechinsky. Through Aug. 11. A complementary show (ending Thursday, July 2) is at the Lefebre Gallery, 47 E. 77th St. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Forty calotypes made by Alfred Capel-Cure in the middle of the last century. Through Sunday, June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of Arshile Gorky. . . . ¶ A companion show of forty paintings by Europeans who influenced Gorky's work. Both shows through July 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Disney Animations and Animators," a show of drawings and other film artwork in a setting—dark walls and silvery lighting—appropriate to such stars as Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and Bambi. Also, short and full-length Disney films daily, except Mondays, at 1 and 3:30, and Tuesday evenings at 6:15. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ "Decade of Transition": nearly a hundred and fifty works (painted, drawn, or sculpted during the nineteen-forties) from the museum's permanent collection. The cast and styles are diverse: Wyeth, Marsh, Shahn, Rothko, Pousette-Dart, Pollock, and others. Through July 12. . . . ¶ Eighteen surrealist paintings by the artist O. Louis Guglielmi from the years 1934 to 1942. Through July 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except July 4, from 11 to 6. Sundays and Saturday, July 4, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of African furniture and household objects. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ An exhibit of contemporary Korean drawings. Starts Saturday, June 27. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, except July 4, from 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Folger Shakespeare Library has installed a show that does its eponymous hero proud: walk-through recreations of Elizabethan Stratford, a model of the Globe Theatre, the first collected edition of his plays, as well as evidences of his legacy, extending from language (a list of quotations) to movie productions (Olivier as Hamlet) to T-shirts. An electronic scoreboard flashes up-to-the-minute computations of Shakespeare's popularity in the world. He is popular, it turns out. Through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ A display of Japanese textile stencils, together with clothing (a deerskin coat is stencilled inside and out) and other related items. Starts Thursday, June 25. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The main galleries and the garden here have been given over to a show reflecting the influence of horticulture on the decorative arts—drawings, prints, furniture, glass, ceramics, metalwork, and textiles. The first floor has been turned into an actual garden, complemented by garden plans (Versailles, for one). The second floor is narrowed to flowers—flowers in Tiffany lamps, Fabergé *objets*, Morris wallpaper, Louis Sullivan architectural details. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Animated films are the subject of an exhibit of about a hundred pieces of artwork related to that craft, ranging from what are called concept drawings to the final cels, which are photographed. Both obscure (Winsor McCay's 1918 "The Sinking of the Lusitania") and perennial ("Fantasia") films are represented. Through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Samples of earthenware and stoneware (that is, pottery exclusive of porcelains) in a display taken from the museum's own cupboards. The decorative and utilitarian items range from ancient Greek and Egyptian terra-cottas to Wedgwood basaltware to Rookwood vases of the twentieth century. Through Aug. 9. (Open daily except Mondays and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Eight portrait busts by the eighteenth-century French sculptor Jean-Antoine Houdon. One, of Thomas Jefferson, must have pleased the subject enormously—he regarded Houdon as "perhaps the foremost artist in the world." Through Aug. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, except July 4, from 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—In an exhibit of music scores from Japan—mainly the notations of contemporary Japanese composers—is a Buddhist chant, dated 1472, said to be the oldest printed score extant. Also, occasional brief performances of some of the compositions; for information about schedules, call 832-1155. Through Aug. 2. (Open daily except Saturday, July 4. Hours: Daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of Maurice Golubov's work, consisting of more than a hundred abstract paintings on paper. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Three shows: A display of autograph manuscripts and letters by nineteenth-century British authors, among them John Keats (represented by "Endymion"), Sir Walter Scott ("The Lady of the Lake"), Jane Austen ("Lady Susan"), and Oscar Wilde ("The Picture of Dorian Gray"). . . . ¶ Hand in hand with the manuscript show are David Levine's contemporary caricatures of these and other British authors—more than forty drawings in all. . . . ¶ Forty manuscripts of music for the piano by such composers as Mozart, Schubert, Saint-Saëns, Ravel, and Cage. (Open daily except Mondays and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All three through July 31.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A quilt show in two parts. At this museum: Twenty-one items (mostly quilts but also coverlets and bedspreads) including one mid-nineteenth-century bridal quilt in a Bird of Paradise pattern, for which the templates, cut out of a Poughkeepsie newspaper, are intact. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . ¶ At the Fashion Institute of Technology: Sixty quilts. Through Aug. 22. (Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Open daily except Sundays, Mondays, and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A reincarnation of the Chicago Tribune Tower architectural competition of 1922, conceived by a group of contemporary architects who call themselves the Chicago Seven. Designers from around the world were invited to submit drawings and models to this (often tongue-in-cheek) rerun of the original contest. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily, except Mondays and Saturday, July 4, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's survey of satire begins with the classical poets, moves on to Chaucer, takes in Swift, Pope, and Johnson, and closes with Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman. Eighty-six authors, all told; manuscripts, first editions, drawings. . . . ¶ A show of printed ephemera of historical and literary interest which includes a truly ephemeral leaflet with a plea to "Save the 15¢ Fare!" Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Sundays, Thursdays, and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

MUSIC

New Baroque Soloists—Daniel Waitzman, flute; Marsha Heller, oboe; Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; and William Scribner, bassoon, with assisting artists. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, June 25, at 8.)

Summermusic at the Y—The first three in a series of six chamber-music programs. The participants include Jaime Laredo and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Michael Tree, violin and viola; Samuel Rhodes and Walter Trampler, viola; Sharon Robinson and Joel Krosnick, cello; Julius Levine, bass; Harold Wright, clarinet; and Joseph Kalichstein and Lilian Kallir, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, June 30, at 8:30, an all-Mozart program; Wednesday, July 1, at 8:30, a Dvořák-Schumann-Brahms program; and

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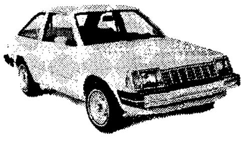

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Thursday, July 2, at 8:30, a Boccherini-Mendelssohn-Dvořák program.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 23—Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, at 8:30, and Sunday, June 28, at 2:30. Three programs of chamber music, with the Boston Symphony Chamber Players; members of the Guarneri Quartet; and Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 2, at 8:30: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 7: Menahem Pressler, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Beethoven-Bartók program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 8:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting a Gershwin-Bernstein program. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting an all-Dvořák program, with Frans Helmerson, cello. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 23—Saturday, June 27, at 8:30: James Conlon conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Misha Dichter, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at 5:30: An all-Brahms chamber-music program, with Mr. Dichter; Naoko Tanaka and Miuki Fukuhara, violin; Louise Schulman, viola; and Marcy Rosen, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 2, at 4: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a Ginastera-Chopin-Beethoven program, with Ivo Pogorelich, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 5:30: Emanuel Ax, piano, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello, in a Beethoven-Rachmaninoff program. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, June 24, at 7: Jefferson Starship. . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8:15: Judy Collins. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 7: Santana. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at 8:15: Cleo Laine and James Galway. . . . ¶ Monday, June 29, at 8:15: Bill Monroe, Doc Watson, and Mac Wiseman. . . . ¶ Two twelve-hour offerings of the KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL—Saturday, July 4, at noon: Nancy Wilson, Woody Herman and the Young Thundering Herd, the Crusaders, Clark Terry, Frank Foster, Kilamanjaro, Chico Hamilton and the Mellifluous Rhythm Orchestra, the Nat Adderley quartet, and others. . . . Sunday, July 5, at noon: Weather Report, the Dave Brubeck quartet, Mel Tormé, Carmen McRae, the Dizzy Gillespie quartet, Doc Cheatham, Major Holley, Eddie Chamblee, Oliver Jackson, and others. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets through June 29, call 977-9020, in New York. For information about tickets to the Kool Jazz Festival concerts, call 787-2020, in New York.)

Summerfare '81—Opening a six-weekend festival of theatre, dance, and music at the State University of New York, at Purchase, will be the KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL (two nine-hour segments of it). Saturday, July 4, at 2: The Sonny Fortune quartet, Brooks Kerr, Sonny Greer, the Tiny Grimes trio, Billy Taylor, Emily Remler, Marian McPartland and Barry Harris, Helen Merrill, Hannibal Marvin Peterson, the Beaver Harris 360° Music Experience, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 2: The Ruby Braff quintet, Bob Wilber and the Bechet Legacy, the David Lahm octet, the John Bunch quintet, Barbara Carroll, Nick Brignola, and others. (For information about tickets, call 787-2020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Opening performances of a season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Friday, June 26, at 8:30: Kathakali dancers performing a South Indian dance-drama entitled "Daksha Yagam." . . ¶ Tuesday, June 30, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, July 1-3, at 8:30; and Saturday, July 4, at 3 and 8:30: Lar Lubovitch Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Boxing—A closed-circuit telecast from Houston of the Thomas Hearns-Pablo Baez WBC Welterweight Championship bout, the Ayub Kalule-Sugar Ray Leonard WBC Junior Middleweight Championship bout, and two other bouts. Also five live bouts *in situ*. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, June 25, at 7.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 27. The Fashion, Wednesday, June 24; the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 27; the Tidal Handicap, Sunday, June 28; and the Suburban Handicap, Saturday, July 4. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 12. Post time will be 6 on Friday and Saturday, July 3-4. The Matchmaker, Friday, July 3. . . . WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, July 4.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Fort Lauderdale. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, June 24, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Wednesday through Saturday, June 24-27, at 8:15; Sunday through Friday, June 28-July 3, at 2:15; and Saturday, July 4, at 2:15 and 8:15. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except July 4, from 10 to 5.) Friday, June 26, at 10:15: American and European paintings, prints, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 30, at 10:15 and 2:30: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, July 1-2, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints and Old Master prints. Exhibition starts Friday, June 26. . . . SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except July 4, from 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, June 24-25, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics and other works of art. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24, at 10:15 and 2: Watches, clocks, and scientific instruments. . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese paintings and prints. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese and Chinese works of art, including Chinese rugs and furniture and Japanese ivories. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except July 4, from 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, June 26, at 10 and 2: American paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 10 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco pieces. . . . ¶ Monday, June 29, at 10 and 2: Japanese prints and other Oriental works of art. . . . PHILLIPS, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Saturday, July 4, from 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Tuesday, June 30, at 2: American and European paintings and prints. Exhibition starts Friday, June 26.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

The Glorious Fourth—Herewith a listing of some of the events in store. SATURDAY, JULY 4: At ten-thirty, international teams will compete in races off the Battery for the International Lifeboat Race Trophy. . . . ¶ A parade of marching bands and floats will take off from Bowling Green at eleven, headed up Broadway for City Hall. . . . ¶ An arts-and-crafts fair will be in effect along Water and Broad Streets, from noon until six. . . . ¶ At one, Paul Ellis will conduct the Garden State Chamber Orchestra, at Castle Clinton, Battery Park. . . . ¶ Seven NATO ships will be open to the public, from one to four, at Pier 92, Twelfth Ave. at 54th St. . . . ¶ At two, Bob January's orchestra will give a concert on the World Trade Center plaza. . . . ¶ At five, Martin Josman will conduct the National Chorale in an all-Gershwin program, at Castle Clinton, Battery Park. . . . ¶ The windup, at nine-fifteen, will be Macy's half-hour fireworks display, set off from barges in the vicinity of the Statue of Liberty. . . . SUNDAY, JULY 5: Nine o'clock will be the starting time for a 6.2 mile running race across the George Washington Bridge to Inwood Hill Park. . . . ¶ The seven NATO ships will again be open to the public, from one to four, at Pier 92, Twelfth Ave. at 54th St. . . . ¶ Two hundred pleasure boats will sail at one from the Chelsea piers, on the Hudson River, to the Upper Bay.

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of THE TEMPEST, with Raul Julia as Prospero, will start on Friday, June 26, and will run through Sunday, July 26. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—The final performance—"Samson et Dalila," with Bianca Berini, Guy Chauvet, Richard Clark, Richard Vernon, and Norman Andersson; conducted by Neeme Järvi. (Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Friday, June 26, at 8:30; rain date, June 28.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore," in English. The first in a series of four productions. (Thursday, July 2, at 8:30.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.)

Music Festival on the Pier—Opening performances of the Dr Pepper wingding, in a new location this year, Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. Wednesday, June 24, at 7: Harry Chapin. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, June 27-28, at 6:30: Jefferson Starship and the Dregs. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 30, at 6:30: ZZ Top and Loverboy. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 1, at 6:30: Jorma Kaukonen & Vital Parts. (For tickets, call 977-9020.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Musical offerings on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. BLUEGRASS: Wednesday, June 24, at 8: Robin and Linda Williams and Charged Particles. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 2, at 8: Buffalo Chipkickers. (For information about tickets, call 687-9000.) . . . JAZZ: Benefit concerts—Sunday, June 28, at 8: Dizzy Gillespie and Bobbi Humphrey. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 1, at 7:30: Paul Butterfield and Esther Phillips. (For information about tickets, call 766-9066.). . . Free concerts—Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, at 8: Guanabara. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, at 8: ROAD Quartet.

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of DAMN YANKEES, with Joe Namath and Eddie Bracken, is this summer's production. Opens Tuesday, June 30. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.

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28	29	30	1	2	3	4

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 28: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté." (†)
June 29: Theatre closed.
From June 30: "The Diary of a Chambermaid." (†)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through June 30: "We Are the Guinea Pigs" (directed by Joan Harvey), a documentary film.
July 1-2: "That's Entertainment!" (†) and "That's Entertainment, Part 2." (†)
July 3-4: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (†); and "Stars and Stripes Forever" (1952; Henry Koster), with Clifton Webb, Debra Paget, and Robert Wagner.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 25: "La Cage aux Folles II" (†) and "The Stunt Man." (†)
From June 26: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 25: "Tess." (†)
From June 26: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through June 25: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).
From June 26: "Dragonslayer" (Matthew Robbins), with Peter MacNicol and Caitlin Clarke.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson. From June 26: "Stripes" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray.
Theatre 2: Through June 25: "Outland." (†) From June 26: "For Your Eyes Only" (John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond.
Theatre 3: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"History of the World—Part I." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 25: "Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.
From June 26: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"History of the World—Part I." (†)

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve.
Theatre 2: "Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong). From June 26: "Dragonslayer" (Matthew Robbins), with Peter MacNicol and Caitlin Clarke.
Theatre 2: Through June 30: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†) From July 1: "S.O.B." (Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and William Holden.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through July 1: "New York, New York." (†) From July 2: "Lili Marleen" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
Theatre 2: "Richard's Things" (Anthony Harvey), with Liv Ullmann.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson. From June 26: "For Your Eyes Only" (John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond.
Theatre 2: Through June 25: "Brubaker" (†); and "My Bodyguard" (Tony Bill), with Chris Makepeace and Ruth Gordon. From June 26: "For Your Eyes Only" (John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Atlantic City." (†) From June 26: "Stripes" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray.
Theatre 2: "Outland." (†)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through June 25: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.
June 26-July 2: "Atlantic City." (†)
From July 3: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)
Theatre 2: "Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 25: "2001: A Space Odyssey." (†)
From June 26: "For Your Eyes Only" (John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond.

R.K.O. 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong). From June 26: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through June 30: "Polyester" (directed by John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.
From July 1: "The Decline of Western Civilization" (Penelope Spheeris), a documentary on punk rock.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.
Theatre 2: Through June 25: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. From June 26: "The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward. From June 26: "Atlantic City." (†)
Theatre 2: Through June 25: "Mon Oncle d'Amerique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia. From June 26: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.
Theatre 3: Through June 25: "Café Express" (Nanni Loy; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi; and "The Seduction of Mimi." (†) From June 26: "Outland." (†)
Theatre 4: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 25: "American Hot Wax" (†); and "Roadie" (Alan Rudolph), with Meat Loaf, Kaki Hunter, and Art Carney.
June 26-27: "The Kids Are Alright" (Jeff Stein), with The Who; and "Tommy." (†)
June 28: "The Grateful Dead" (1977), a filmed concert.
June 29-30: "Wild in the Streets" (†); and "Rock 'n' Roll High School" (1979), with the Ramones.
July 1-2: "Wattstax" (1973), a filmed concert; and "The Harder They Come." (†)
July 3-4: "Jimi Plays Berkeley" (1970), a filmed concert; and "Sympathy for the Devil." (†)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 25: Theatre closed.
From June 26: "The Great Muppet Caper" (Jim Henson).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through June 25: "Tess." (†)
From June 26: To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through June 25: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
From June 26: "Stripes" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through June 25: "Atlantic City." (†)
From June 26: "Dragonslayer" (Matthew Robbins), with Peter MacNicol and Caitlin Clarke.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through June 25: "The Valley" (1972; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier.
From June 26: "History of the World—Part I." (†)

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: Through June 25: "Messidor" (Alain Tanner; in French). From June 26: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)
Theatre 3: "Voyage en Douce" (Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English).
Theatre 2: Through June 25: "Coup de Sirocco" (Alexandre Arcady; in French). From June 26: "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Moscow Does Not Believe in

Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through *June 25*: "Tess." (†) From June 26: "Atlantic City." (†)
Theatre 2: "Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve.
Theatre 3: "Outland." (†)
Theatre 4: Through June 25: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward. From June 26: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter. From June 26: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.
Theatre 2: "The Stunt Man" (†) and "Eyewitness." (†)

Olympia Fourplex, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through June 25: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner. From June 26: "Atlantic City." (†)
Theatre 3: Through June 25: Theatre closed. *From June 26: "Cheech and Chong's Nice* Dreams" (Thomas Chong).
Theatre 4: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Outland." (†)
Theatre 2: "History of the World—Part I." (†)
Theatre 3: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (directed by William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse.
Theatre 4: Through June 25: "People Who Own the Dark." From June 26: "Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.
Theatre 5: Through June 25: "Brubaker" (†); and "My Bodyguard" (Tony Bill), with Chris Makepeace and Ruth Gordon. From June 26: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.
Theatre 6: Through June 25: "Excalibur." (†) From June 26: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
Through June 25: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.
From June 26: "Dragonslayer" (Matthew Robbins), with Peter MacNicol and Caitlin Clarke.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through June 25: "Beyond the Fog" and "They're Coming to Get You." From June 26: "Return of the Dragon" (1974), "The Chinese Connection" (1972), and "Game of Death" (1979), all with Bruce Lee.
Theatre 3: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Hobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns.
Theatre 4: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner).

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
"The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett. From June 26: "For Your Eyes Only" (John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond.
Theatre 2: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through June 30: "The Blues Brothers" (†); and "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie" (1980; Thomas Chong).
From July 1: "S.O.B." (Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and William Holden.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through June 25: "Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.
From June 26: "Stripes" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray.

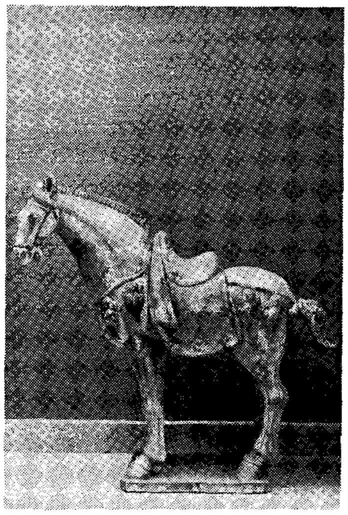
Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through June 25: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.
June 26-July 2: "High Risk" (Stewart Raffill), with James Brolin and Anthony Quinn.
From July 3: "Force Five" (Robert Clouse).

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.
Theatre 2: "Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 24: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971; directed by Robert Altman), with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie; and "Thieves Like Us" (1974; Robert Altman), with Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvall, John Schuck, and Bert Remsen.
June 25: "Masculine Feminine" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya; and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Claude Brasseur, and Sami Frey.
June 26: "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright.
June 27: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.
June 28: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.
June 29: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "Scum" (1980; Alan Clarke), with Ray Winstone.
June 30: "Sworn Brothers" (1969; Kagi Yasuda; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa; and "The Life and Opinion of Zatoichi" (1962; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu.
July 1: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "The Loved One" (1965; *Tony Richardson*), *with* Robert Morse and Jonathan Winters.
July 2: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.
July 3: "Marat/Sade" (1967; Peter Brook), performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company.
July 4: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both films directed by *Sam Wood, with the Marx* Brothers.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 24: "Viva Zapata!" (1952; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, and Anthony Quinn; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.
June 25: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972) and "Love and Death" (1975), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
June 26-28: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and six films about jazz, showing three a day. Call theatre for titles and time schedules.
June 29: "Teresa the Thief" (1973; Carlo Di Palma; in Italian and English), with Monica Vitti; and "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina.
June 30: "Antonio das Mortes" (†) and "Contempt." (†)
July 1: "The Glenn Miller Story" (†); and several films about jazz. Call theatre for titles and time schedules.
July 2-3: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and several films about jazz. Call theatre for titles and time schedules.
July 4: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria



How long has it been since you talked about where you stayed, instead of just how many miles you covered?

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Casarès; and several films about jazz. Call theatre for titles and time schedules.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 25: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
June 26-27: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shephard, and Jodie Foster; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.
June 28-30: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman" (†) and "The Incredible Shrinking Man." (†)
July 1-2: "Doctor Zhivago" (1965; David Lean), with Omar Sharif, Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger.
July 3-4: "2001: A Space Odyssey." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 2: "House of Wax" (1953; André de Toth), with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D.
From July 3: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through June 27: "The Young Lions" (1958; Edward Dmytryk), with Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, Dean Martin, and Maximilian Schell; and "The Men" (1950; Fred Zinnemann), with Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright, Jack Webb, and Everett Sloane.
June 28-30: "Old Acquaintance" (†); and "Harriet Craig" (1950; Vincent Sherman), with Joan Crawford and Wendell Corey. (No performances on Monday, June 29.)
July 1-4: "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson; and "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through June 28: "Dark Star" (1974; John Carpenter), with Brian Narelle; and "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards.
June 29: Theatre closed.
June 30-July 2: "On the Waterfront" (†) and "A Face in the Crowd." (†)
From July 3: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
June 24: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives; and "Conspirator" (1950; Victor Saville), with Robert Taylor and Elizabeth Taylor.
June 25-26: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.
June 28-30: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.
July 1-3: "The Innocents" (†) and "The Haunting." (†)
From July 4: "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1967; John Schlesinger), with Julie Christie, Terence Stamp, Peter Finch, and Alan Bates.

Olympia Fourplex 1, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 25: "Manhattan" (1979) and "Annie Hall" (1977), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
June 26-27: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.
June 28-30: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson.
July 1-2: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.
July 3-4: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "The Treasure of Sierre Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
June 24: "Get Carter" (1971; Mike Hodges), with Michael Caine, Ian Hendry, and Britt Ekland; and "Dirty Harry" (1971; Don Siegel), with Clint Eastwood.
June 25-27: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (1970; Billy Wilder), with Robert Stephens, Colin Blakely, and Geneviève Page; and "Murder on the Orient Express" (1974; Sidney Lumet), with Albert Finney, Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman.
June 28-29: "Out of the Past" (1947; Jacques Tourneur), with Jane Greer, Robert Mitchum, Kirk Douglas, and Rhonda Fleming; and "They Won't Believe Me" (1947; Irving Pichel), with Susan Hayward and Robert Young.
June 30-July 1: "Silver Streak" (†) and "Bullitt." (†)
July 2-4: "After the Thin Man" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "Suspicion." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
June 24: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen; and "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan.
June 25: "Baby Face" (1933; Alfred E. Green), with Barbara Stanwyck, John Wayne, and George Brent; and "Juke Girl" (1942; Curtis Bernhardt), with Ann Sheridan, Ronald Reagan, and Richard Whorf.
June 26-27: "High Heels" (1978; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Laura Antonelli, and Mia Farrow; and "Dandy, the All-American Girl" (1976; Jerry Schatzberg), with Stockard Channing and Sam Waterston.
June 28: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Beethoven"

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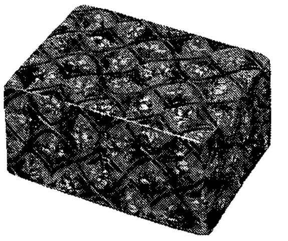
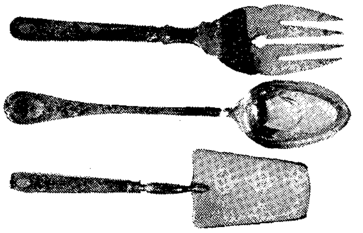
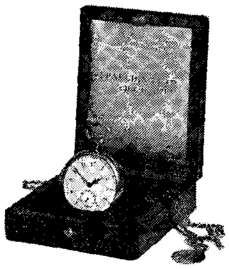


Enamelled gold snuff box by M.R. Halle, Paris 1750.
Sold: Oct. 5, 1979 for $150,000.

One of a pair of fine silver sauce boats by Paul Storr, London 1812.
Sold: June 7, 1979 for $46,000.



Silver gilt table service by Fabergé, Moscow, circa 1910.
Sold: Oct. 17, 1979 for $85,000.



Minute repeating watch by Patek Philippe.
Sold: Oct. 29, 1980 for $13,000.

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(1936; Abel Gance; in French), with Harry Bauer.

June 29: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen.

June 30: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "Nazarin." (†)

July 1: "Closely Watched Trains" (1966; Jiří Menzel; in Czech); and "Black Peter" (1964; Miloš Forman; in Czech).

July 2: "The Conspirators" (1944; Jean Negulesco), with Hedy Lamarr and Paul Henreid; and "The Verdict" (1946; Donald Siegel), with Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre.

July 3-4: "London Rock and Roll" (1974) and "Blue Suede Shoes" (1981), both English films.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 24: "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French); "L'Affaire Est dans le Sac" (1932; Pierre Prévert; in French); and "Zero for Conduct" (1933; Jean Vigo; in French).

June 25: "Charlie Chan on Broadway" (1937) and "Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo" (1937), both films directed by Eugene Forde, with Warner Oland as Charlie Chan.

June 26: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The Spiral Staircase" (1948; Robert Siodmak), with Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, and Kent Smith.

June 27-28: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both films directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers.

June 29: "Night Nurse" (†); and "The Purchase Price" (1932; William Wellman), with Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent, and Lyle Talbot.

June 30: "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Go Into Your Dance." (†)

July 1: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (1946; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.

July 2: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "The Paradine Case." (†)

July 3-4: "Nothing Sacred" (†) and "My Man Godfrey." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—The first programs in a series of films directed by Satyajit Ray, in Bengali, with English subtitles: June 25 at 2:30: "Satyajit Ray" (1970; James Beveridge), a documentary; and "Rabindranath Tagore" (1961; narrated in English by Ray). . . . June 25 at 6: "The Music Room" (1958). Mr. Ray will be present. . . . June 25 at 8:30: "The Kingdom of Diamonds" (1980). . . . June 26 at 2:30: "The Music Room." . . . June 26 at 6: "Devi" (1960). Mr. Ray will be present. . . . June 27 at 2:30: "The Kingdom of Diamonds." . . . June 27 at 5: "Three Daughters" (1961). . . . June 28 at 2:30: "The Philosopher's Stone" (1957). . . . June 29 at noon: Three short films: "Inner Eye" (1974), "Bala" (1976), and "Two" (1964). . . . June 29 at 2:30: "Three Daughters." . . . June 29 at 6: "Satyajit Ray" and "Rabindranath Tagore." . . . June 30 at noon: "Inner Eye," "Bala," and "Two." . . . June 30 at 2:30: "Devi." . . . July 2 at 2:30: "Pather Panchali" (1955). . . . July 2 at 6: "Aparajito" (1956). . . . July 2 at 8:30: "The World of Apu" (1959). . . . July 3 at 2:30: "The Philosopher's Stone." . . . July 3 at 6: "Kanchanjungha" (1962). . . . July 4 at 2:30: "Pather Panchali." . . . July 4 at 5: "Aparajito." . . . ¶ Other, non-Ray, films scheduled during this period: June 27-28 at noon: Three short films from the collection of Pyramid Films. . . . June 28 at 5: "Pygmalion" (1938; Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard), with Howard and Wendy Hiller. . . . June 30 at 6: "Ireland: Behind the Wire" (1974), a documentary film. . . . July 3 at noon: Two films about Pierre Alechinsky: "Encre" (1963; no dialogue) and "Alechinsky" (1970; Luc de Heusch). . . . July 4 at noon: "Hardware Wars" (Ernie Fosselius and Michael Wiese), "River Boy" (Noel Black), "The Wizard of Speed and Time" (Mike Jittlov), and "A Time Out of War" (Denis and Terry Sanders). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A summer-long series of short and full-length animated films from the Disney Studios. Through June 28: Ten short films, showing daily at 1 and 3:30. . . . ¶ Starting June 30: Two sets of short films, under the title "Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphonies." Part I will be shown daily at 1 (and Tuesday at 6:15), and Part II will be shown daily at 3:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—June 24 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ June 24 at 8: "She/Va" (1973) and "Misconception" (1977), both films directed by Marjorie Keller; and "Mary Smith" (1980; Gail Vachon). . . . ¶ June 25 at 7: A program of home movies. . . . ¶ June 25 at 10 and June 26 at 8: Seven films by Bruce Conner. . . . ¶ June 26 at 10: "She/Va," "Misconception," and "Mary Smith." . . . ¶ June 27-28 at 8: "My Word" (1973-74; Vito Acconci).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A *MOVIE* HAS BEEN *REVIEWED* IN THESE *PAGES* DURING THE *PAST* TWO YEARS, THE *DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.*

American Hot Wax (1978)—Cheerfully, trashily enjoyable, even though the hero, the disc jockey Alan Freed (well played by Tim McIntire), is made so righteous that he's like Buford Pusser fighting the enemies of rock 'n' roll. The moviemakers (the director Floyd Mutrux, the producer Art Linson, the screenwriter John Kaye) should have had more trust in the fifties rock milieu and in their own talents. Freed's secretary, Sheryl (Fran Drescher), is so entertainingly shrill that she might have had Jean Harlow for a voice teacher; his shovel-faced chauffeur, Mookie (Jay Leno), teases her and keeps her shrieking in outrage. This is a super B movie. With Laraine Newman, Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Moosie Drier as the twelve-year-old president of the Buddy Holly Fan Club (five thousand members). The lively cinematography is by William A. Fraker. (Harold Clurman; through June 25.)

Antonio das Mortes (1970)—Glauber Rocha, a leader of Brazil's *cinema-novo* movement, made this explosive, mystical fantasy-melodrama about a killer hired by a tyrant to crush a peasant revolt. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 30.)

Atlantic City—The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes the director, Louis Malle, a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/6/81.) (Loews New York, and Little Carnegie; through June 25. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; June 26-July 2. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia Fourplex; starting June 26.)

The Blues Brothers—A musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their tactiturn style doesn't allow them to reveal enough personality for this full-length movie, and they don't really click together in the slightly hallucinated way one expects them to. It's a good-natured, sentimental folk-bop movie, in which the Blues Brothers antagonize so many people in the course of rounding up their old band that thousands of vehicles chase them and converge on unlucky streets and plazas. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film's big joke is how overscaled everything in it is; this has an unfortunate result—Landis is working with such a lavish hand that his miscalculations in timing are experienced by the audience as a form of waste. There are too many jokes that miss, too many musical numbers that fizzle. The film, however, brings Aretha Franklin to the screen, and she's so completely there and so funny as she sings "Think" that she transcends the film's incompetence. The picture's tragedy is that she has only one number. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson, Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (7/7/80) (Movieland; through June 30.)

Brubaker—Suggested by the Arkansas prison scandals of the late sixties, this muckraking melodrama has considerable power and some strong performances. In the film, the prison, which is under the control of gun-carrying convict guards who supply slave labor to nearby farms and businesses, is in an unidentified Southern state. Robert Redford plays the warden who tries to clean up the place, but he's the wrong kind of actor for a prison movie—he isn't a tough man of action, and so the character has been mythologized, softened, and honeyed, and he seems to be the selfless white knight of the Westerns. Despite some perplexing scenes—probably occasioned by the fact that the director, Stuart Rosenberg, took over a project that had been shaped for a different director (Bob Rafelson) and tried to mold the material his way—there are individual sequences that may be the best work Rosenberg has ever done on the screen. The script, by W. D. Richter, has offhand dialogue with a warm, funny edge; the cinematography, by Bruno Nuytten, has a marvellous ease. And the remarkable cast includes Morgan Freeman, Richard Ward, Yaphet Kotto, David Keith, Tim McIntire, David Harris, M. Emmet Walsh, and Matt Clark. There are also performers who are used poorly (Murray Hamilton, John McMartin, Jane Alexander) or use themselves poorly (Everett McGill). (7/7/80) (Gemini, and Criterion Theatres; through June 25.)

Bullitt (1968)—There is a good chase over the hilly streets of San Francisco in this pointless police melodrama, which is, however, given some tension by the competent director Peter Yates and some interest by Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma. (Regency; June 30-July 1.)

La Cage aux Folles II—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (by Edouard Molinaro, who also did the first). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (3/23/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 25.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 30.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1964)—Luis

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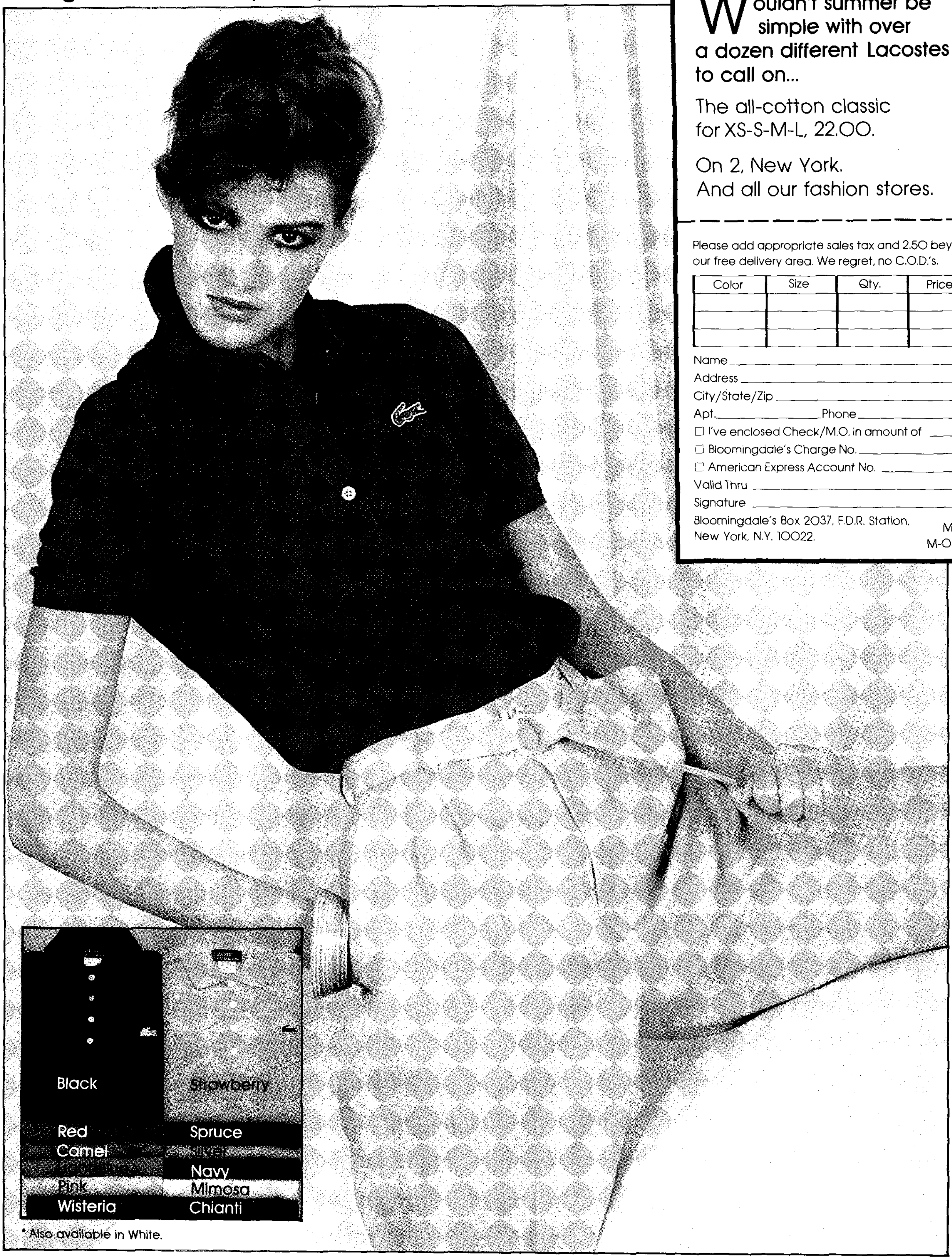
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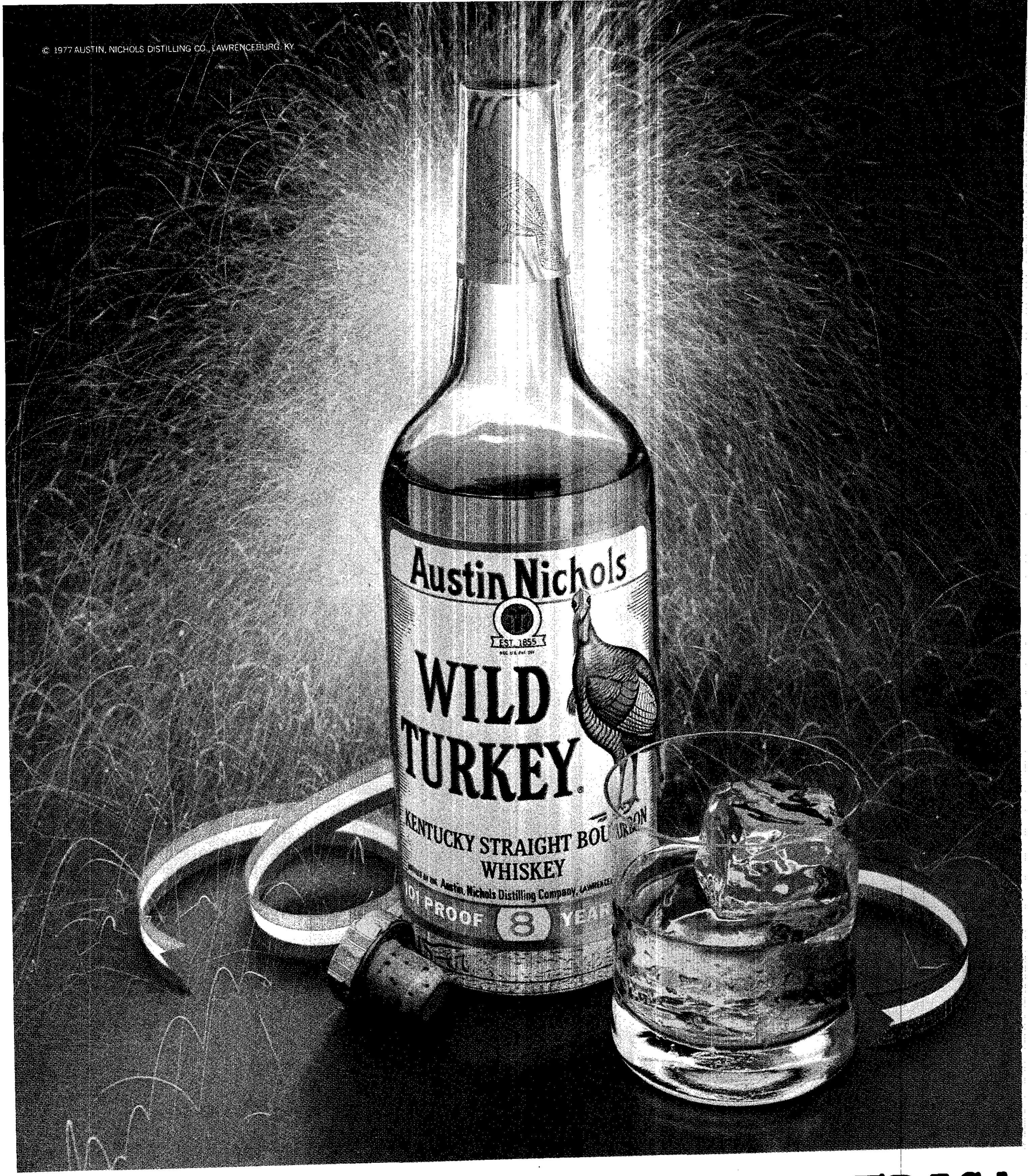
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Buñuel's version of a film first made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid, required to read Huysmans to her old, persnickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting June 30.)

Excalibur—John Boorman's retelling of the Arthurian legends is a serious, R-rated fairy tale. Boorman plunges into the Dark Ages, smiting us with raging battles, balls of flame, mists of dragon's breath, knights with horns and tusks jutting out of their armored heads, and battle-axes that hack off limbs, which seem to ricochet off the armor. The dialogue is pedantic, we hardly have a chance to meet the characters before they're off and running, and the whole film is soaked in Jung, but it has its own crazy integrity. Merlin (Nicol Williamson, who affects a touch of the Gaelic and makes wonderful lilting and growling sounds) is the presiding spirit of this movie; he stands in for Jung, and he informs us of the meaning of what we're seeing. Also with Nigel Terry as Arthur, Paul Geoffrey as Perceval, Cherie Lunghi as hot little Guenevere, Helen Mirren as Morgana, and Nicholas Clay as Lancelot. Made in Ireland. (4/20/81) (Criterion Theatres; through June 25.)

Eyewitness—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero; he's a janitor in an office building. William Hurt (who plays him) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. With Christopher Plummer, Irene Worth, Morgan Freeman, Steven Hill, Pamela Reed, and Kenneth McMillan. (3/23/81) (New Yorker.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith as a hillbilly guitarist who rises to dangerous prominence on television in Elia Kazan's blast at the Fascist potential in this country. Some exciting scenes in the first half, but the later developments are hysterical and discordant. With Patricia Neal, Lee Remick, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa. They could all use a good cold shower. Budd Schulberg wrote the script. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 30-July 2.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté (1974)—Buñuel's theme is freedom, in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through June 28.)

From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China—A documentary devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching done by Stern's Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; starting June 26.)

The Glenn Miller Story (1954)—Blandly dull big bio, with James Stewart as a pedantic Glenn Miller; with Miller trying to discover "his own sound," it's like a Hollywood version of the life of an inventor. June Allyson plays the all-American square Miller marries; right after the ceremony, she is taken up to Harlem, where Gene Krupa and Louis Armstrong get into a jam session (they do "Basin Street Blues"), and it's typical of the family-films format that we're expected to identify with her getting tired and sleepy. And, in truth, the music in this film has a soporific quality. Miller's famous numbers, such as "Tuxedo Junction" and "Little Brown Jug," have been re-created (Joe Yukl dubs Stewart on the trombone), and they don't quite swing. The director, Anthony Mann, seems out of his element. With Henry Morgan, Sig Rumann, George Tobias, Charles Drake, Carleton Young, Frances Langford (as a blonde), and the Modernaires, the Archie Savage Dancers, and the Mello-Men. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 1.)

Go Into Your Dance (1935)—Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have a number together ("About a Quarter to Nine"), and Jolson sings "She's a Latin from Manhattan." The movie isn't top-notch, but it does have Helen Morgan and Glenda Farrell and Patsy Kelly; the songwriters Al Dubin and Harry Warren also appear. Miss Keeler had been in many musicals before this one, but she retains her peculiarly appealing amateurishness. Archie Mayo directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 30.)

The Harder They Come (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (Harold Clurman; July 1-2.)

The Haunting (1963)—An elegantly sinister scare movie, literate and expensive (though basically a traditional ghost story), with those two fine actresses Claire Bloom and Julie Harris. As a Greenwich Village lesbian, Bloom plays a female variant of the role that would once have been assigned to Dwight Frye; Julie Harris is the chaste heroine, a post-Freudian version of those anemic virgins Helen Chandler used to play. This "old dark house" movie is set in a marvellous Victorian Gothic pile in New England, and it's good fun. With Richard Johnson, Russ Tamblyn, Fay Compton, Valentine Dyall, Rosalie Crutchley, and Lois Maxwell. The director, Robert Wise, hadn't done a simple amusement like this since his youth; Nelson Gidding did the adaptation of the Shirley Jackson novel "The Haunting of Hill House." (Mini Cinema; July 1-3.)

History of the World—Part I—With Mel Brooks and Dom DeLuise, directed by Brooks. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Sutton, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting June 26.)

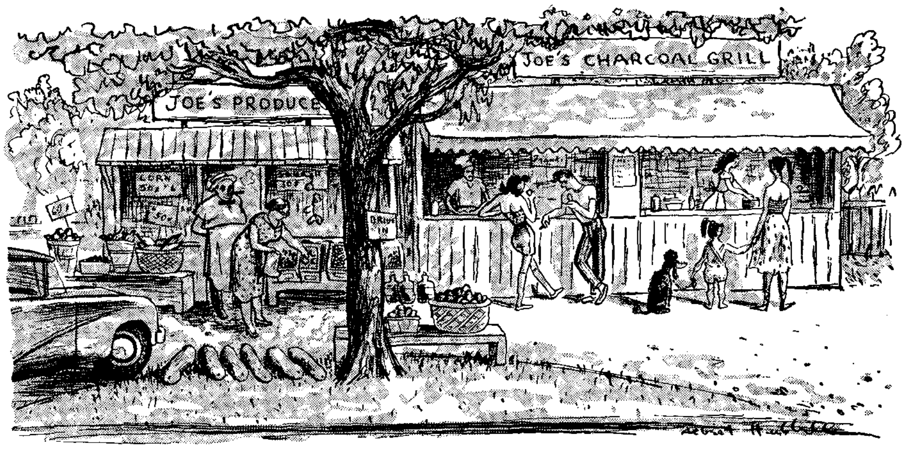
The Incredible Shrinking Man (1957)—Good horror picture for older children, and perfectly standable for parents. A healthy young American (Grant Williams) getting a tan on the beach is caught in a cloud of radioactive dust and shrinks in height an inch a week. Directed by Jack Arnold. (Cinema Village; June 28-30.)

The Incredible Shrinking Woman—An amiable, sloppy light satirical fantasy starring Lily Tomlin as Pat, a sweetly loony happy housewife in a pretty-poison dream world. The film is an idyll of consumerism. Everything in the suburban development where Pat lives with her advertising-man husband (Charles Grodin) and their two children has a muted artificiality; the style is Necco Deco—a sort of plastic lyricism. The whole family is a little benumbed—like the people in TV commercials, who don't react to anything that doesn't roll on or come in an aerosol can or make the floor shine. Then Pat starts to shrink (because of exposure to the chemicals in the products that the family delights in). Directed by Joel Schumacher, from a script by Jane Wagner (which retains only a few incidents from the Richard Matheson novel that was the basis of "The Incredible Shrinking Man"), the picture loses much of its stylized originality when it sets up a good-guys-versus-bad-guys conflict in order to give us a rooting interest in the outcome. But even when it turns into a gimcrack farce it's offhand and likable. Pat, imprisoned in a hamster's cage, finds a friend in a zonked lab technician (Mark Blankfield), and she becomes the beloved of a gorilla named Sidney (played by Rick Baker). It should be a great movie for kids; it's full of toys. With Ned Beatty, Henry Gibson, Elizabeth Wilson, and John Glover. (3/9/81) (Cinema Village; June 28-30.)

The Innocents (1961)—Jack Clayton's most shapely and elegant film, from Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw." Deborah Kerr is wonderful as the governess; the hysteria is movingly suppressed. The two children are played with chilling English social precocity. Screenplay by William Archibald, John Mortimer, and Truman Capote. The beautifully judged black-and-white camerawork is by Freddie Francis. Everything is in proportion, delicate, correctly ambiguous. (Mini Cinema; July 1-3.)

My Man Godfrey (1936)—In this entertaining (and hugely successful) screwball comedy about the Depression, Carole Lombard is a rich, gorgeous nit who goes to the city dump to find a "forgotten man." The man she finds—a suave, bitter victim of the economic collapse—is played by William Powell. When she tells him she needs to take him back to her party in order to win a scavenger hunt, he asks what that is, and, sighing, she says, "A scavenger hunt is just like a treasure hunt, except in a treasure hunt you find something you want, and in a scavenger hunt you find things you don't want, and the one who wins gets a prize, only there really isn't any prize, it's just the honor of winning, because all the money goes to charity, if there's any money left over, but then there never is." There is a delirious, breathless plaintiveness in Lombard at a moment like this—recognition dawning in her. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's likable and well paced even at its silliest. Lombard shrieks happily, and Powell modulates impeccably. With Mischa Auer, doing a simian imitation to amuse his patron, Alice Brady. Also with Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Jean Dixon, Gail Patrick, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, and, in a bit part, Jane Wyman. Directed by Gregory La Cava, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. Like several of the Astaire-Rogers musicals, this film has a sleek and silvery Art Deco look; the black-and-white cinematography is by Ted Tetzlaff. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 3-4.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheat-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ed—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Thalia; June 30.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground; the director seems to be feeling his way through a forest of possibilities (he shot a much longer film and then cut it down to a hundred and thirty-seven minutes). The effect is of desperately talented people giving off bad vibes. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. Though his role lacks depth and likability, De Niro, sleek and handsome and jumpy, brings it a locked-in, hotheaded intensity that almost holds the picture together—for the first half, anyway. But the story loses momentum once the girl gets pregnant. Trying to be subdued, Minnelli seems somewhat dazed—openmouthed and vacuous and unpleasantly overripe. She pushes her scenes; in her hyper way, she's as false as Julie Andrews. Her two big numbers ("But the World Turns Round" and the title song) are, however, in their own wildly hysterical show-biz terms, smashing (and she's in superb voice). With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch; then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Cinema I; through July 1.)

Night Nurse (1931)—There's a memorable moment in this hardboiled early talkie melodrama when a drunken rich woman has passed out on the floor of her home, and Barbara Stanwyck, the nurse who is tending the woman's sick children, stands over her and says disgustedly, "You mother!" William Wellman directed this picture in his fast, unvarnished style; it has a grungy likability. Clark Gable is the sexy villain, a thieving gigolo-chauffeur in a black uniform; his speciality is socking women; Stanwyck gets it right on the jaw. But Wellman knew how to use Stanwyck for her unsentimental strength, and she does some no-nonsense slugging that startled audiences at the time—and helped make her a public favorite. With Joan Blondell, Ben Lyon, Charles Winninger, Ralf Harolde, Edward Nugent, and Marcia Mae Jones. From a novel by Dora Macy; adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett, with additional dialogue by Charles Kenyon. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 29.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—What are generally sentimentalized as "the little people" are the satiric targets of this famous thirties comedy. According to Ben Hecht, who wrote the script, they are boobs and lascivious slobs. They drip crocodile tears over a girl they think is dying of radium poisoning, and enjoy every minute of it. The audience may begin to wonder what makes the reporter hero, Frederic March, and the girl, Carole Lombard—who was by that time "the screwball girl" and the "Duse of daffy comedy"—any better than anyone else. The answer can only be that they, like the author, hate phoniness. William Wellman's direction is more sluggishly paced than usual, but the film has many classic sequences: March's leg being bitten by a small boy; Lombard passing out while showgirls impersonating the heroines of history parade in her honor; and a great slugging match between March and Lombard. With Walter Connolly as the dyspeptic big-city editor, Charles Winninger as the alcoholic small-town doctor, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, in his acting début, and Frank Fay. (The film spawned a Broadway musical, "Hazel Flagg," as well as a movie with Jerry Lewis in the Lombard role.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 3-4.)

Old Acquaintance (1943)—Trashy fun, on an unusually literate level. One of the rare dry-eyed "women's pictures," it features bitchery and keeps its passages of self-sacrifice fairly tart. Bette Davis is an admirably tough-minded, no-nonsense serious writer, and Miriam Hopkins is her flouncy, butterfly-brained friend, who, out of envy, becomes the author of slovenly big best-sellers. Adapted from John Van Druten's play, it spans eighteen years of their love-hate friendship, including a glorious scene in which Davis shakes the catty, hysterical Hopkins. John Loder is Hopkins' husband, who wants to leave her for Davis; Dolores Moran is Hopkins' rebellious daughter; Phillip Reed is a playboy seducer; and Gig Young is the young man who falls in love with the middle-aged Davis. With Esther Dale, Anne Revere, and Roscoe Karns. Directed by Vincent Sherman. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 28-30. No performances on Monday, June 29.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—The director, Elia Kazan, and the writer, Budd Schulberg, start out to expose racketeering in the waterfront unions and wind up trying to make the melodrama transcend itself. They fail, but the production took eight Academy Awards anyway, and most of them were deserved. It is one of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, and few movies caused so much talk, excitement, and dissension—largely because of Marlon Brando's performance as the inarticulate, instinctively alienated bum, Terry Malloy. Some of Brando's scenes, such as his having a beer with Eva Marie Saint and his conversation with Rod Steiger in a car, have real vibration. (The latter one has been imitated to the point of notoriety.) The attempt at dynamic Christian symbolism and Karl Malden's big scenes as a conscientious priest are far below the imaginative level of the simpler, more realistic scenes, and Kazan hypes up the hollowest parts of the melodrama, achieving some effects of shrieking emptiness. (In order to have a triumphant, audience-pleasing finish, what actually happened in the dock situation that the film was based on has been falsified: the model for Terry Malloy did not succeed in toppling the crooked bosses.) It's a near-great film, though. Score by Leonard Bernstein; cinematography by Boris Kaufman; based on articles by Malcolm Johnson. With Lee J. Cobb as an avaricious union boss, and Leif Erickson, Martin Balsam, Tony Galento, Fred Gwynne, Pat Hingle, Nehemiah Persoff, Clifton James, and Michael V. Gazzo. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 30-July 2.)

Outland—With Sean Connery and Peter Boyle, directed by Peter Hyams. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews New York, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through June 25. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 26.)

The Paradine Case (1948)—There are few thrills in this big, misconceived courtroom thriller, directed by Hitchcock and ornately produced by David O. Selznick. Alida Valli, at the center, is surrounded by Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Ann Todd, Ethel Barrymore, Louis Jourdan, Charles Coburn, and Leo G. Carroll, who are mostly miserably miscast. The characters and their problems don't make much imprint on a viewer; if you can't remember whether you've seen the picture or not, chances are that you did and forgot it. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 2.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Coronet; through June 30.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five chil-

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dren before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through June 26.)

Silver Streak (1976)—Some studio executive must have looked at the Colin Higgins script, noticed that most of the action took place on board the train from Los Angeles to Chicago, and said, "Who the hell travels by train?" The movie starts with a mess of exposition, explaining why each of the principal characters didn't take a plane. Jill Clayburgh, Gene Wilder, and Richard Pryor are nineteen-seventies performers trapped in this fake thirties mystery-comedy, which is so inept you can't even get angry: it's like the imitations of sophisticated entertainment that high-school kids put on. For about fifteen minutes, Pryor gives the picture some of his craziness. His comedy isn't based on suspiciousness about whites, or on anger, either; he's gone way past that. Whites are *unbelievable* to him. He's stupefied at the ignorance of the hero (Wilder), and he can't believe the way this white man moves. His attempt to teach Wilder how to move like a black man is genuinely funny, but then the picture relapses, and when Pryor is required to show pure-hearted affection for Wilder you have never seen such a bad actor. The villains, headed by Patrick McGoohan, are art forgers. (Has there ever been a good movie about art forgery? The idea is even more hopeless than having an amnesiac hero.) Arthur Hiller directed, lamely; the film features pathetic double-entendres—horticultural and barnyard—and there's a callously unfunny gag: a plane buzzing a flock of sheep just for the fun of it. It was a considerable success at the box office. With Ned Beatty, Clifton James, Richard Kiel, Scatman Crothers, Valerie Curtin, Ray Walston, Lucille Benson, Len Birman, and Stefan Gierasch. (Regency; June 30-July 1.)

The Stunt Man—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (New Yorker. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through June 25.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock cast Cary Grant as a wife-killer; the studio insisted that the ending be changed. The result is a very unsatisfactory movie about a wife (Joan Fontaine) who is preposterously suspicious of her innocent husband. And since the movie is told from her point of view, it seems rather a cheat that we're being alerted to false clues. Not top-grade Hitchcock. (Regency; July 2-4.)

Sympathy for the Devil (1968; also called "One Plus One")—Godard's first English film. The Rolling Stones are rehearsing a song; the fragments of work in progress are interrupted by Godard's particular vision of modern life, full of stammered interviews and push-button incantations about politics and the Pop Art of billboard signs. The film is subtle, meticulous, with the director's typical way of pitting finely calibrated thoughts against crass images. (Harold Clurman; July 3-4.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) isn't a protagonist, she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France; cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Gramercy, Festival, and Loews 83rd Quad; through June 25.)

That's Entertainment! (1974)—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (Art; July 1-2.)

That's Entertainment, Part 2 (1976)—There are some splendid things here, too, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration (by Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire) is of the A = A sort. A mood of buoyancy presides, and so does the child's dream of being allowed to stay up all night ("Singin' in the Rain"). There are the Marx Brothers in the packed-stateroom scene from "A Night at the Opera;" there is Grace Kelly graciously running her finger around the rim of a champagne glass (and, as you would expect, not touching the stuff) in Cole Porter's "You're Sensational," from "High Society." Highly recommended for kids, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (Art; July 1-2.)

Tommy (1975)—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many other mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (Harold Clurman; June 26-27.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (86th St. East; through June 25. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; July 3-4.)

Wild in the Streets (1968)—This blatant, insensitive, crummy-looking American International Pictures movie is entertaining in a lot of ways that more tasteful movies aren't; it has wit without any grace at all, and is enjoyable at a pop, comic-strip level. The story (by Robert Thom) is a satiric fantasy about the freaked-out young as a new breed of Fascist; it's treated with lunatic relish and enough mockery to make it funny. Barry Shear's direction isn't up to the playful paranoia of the script, but the cast is good—Christopher Jones, Shelley Winters, Millie Perkins, Diane Varsi rattling a tambourine, Hal Holbrook as a congressman who has a faint twitch when he smells trouble, and a very young Richard Pryor in his first screen appearance. (Harold Clurman; June 29-30.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as the prodigious actor-playwright-songwriter George M. Cohan, in a big, enjoyable musical biography, well directed by Michael Curtiz. Made during the Second World War, it's packed with jingoistic Americanism, but this ties in with Cohan's own attitudes and with the unself-conscious Irish-American sentimentality of his songs, and Cagney's stiff-backed hoofing is so spirited that the soggy plot turns hardly bother one. He gets to dance more in this movie than in any of his previous films, and though he was born in 1899 and is somewhat portly here, he is so cocky and sure a dancer that you feel yourself grinning with pleasure at his movements. (He took the Academy Award for Best Actor.) With Walter Huston, Joan Leslie, Rosemary de Camp, Frances Langford, Richard Whorf, George Tobias, Jeanne Cagney, Eddie Foy, Jr., Walter Catlett, Irene Manning, S. Z. Sakall, and George Barbier. The script is by Robert Buckner and Edmund Joseph; the cinematography is by James Wong Howe. (Art; July 3-4.)

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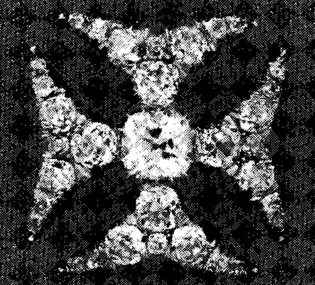

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When Neiman-Marcus began to offer alligator accessories again after a decade of unavailability, there were certain questions on our mind. For the answers, we went directly to Judith Leiber, a lady with whom we have a very special relationship (she won the Neiman-Marcus award for Distinguished Service in the Field of Fashion in 1980).

■ *N-M: How about the animals you use—are any of them on the endangered species list?*

Leiber: We use only legal skins that are examined and passed by the United States Wildlife Service. These are the crocodile skins of New Guinea and the alligators of Louisiana. None of us would wish to harm or deplete the environment of the world for our future generations. These reptiles are either farm-bred or cropped under state-controlled management programs, insuring an ample supply of skins. We are also using, legally, the sides of the Caiman Crocodilus which comes from South America and is recognizable by its rounded scales.

■ *N-M: Once you've designed it, how do you begin to create one of your fine alligator bags?*

Leiber: The finest alligator bag is center cut, using the full width: that way the most beautiful markings are prominently displayed. These skins must be well matched in scales and shading of color. This is quite difficult to achieve, as no two skins are exactly alike.

■ *N-M: And once that's done?*

Leiber: Once the skins are cut we match all the parts and reglaze them so they are nice and shiny, then we begin to assemble the handbag. Most bags consist of fifty to seventy parts, as each piece used has several interlinings to make the bag nicely padded and also very enduring.

■ *N-M: How does this process differ from making one of your other luxury handbags?*

Leiber: Making an alligator or crocodile bag is much more laborious than making a snake, calf or silk bag, since the stiff skins must be thinned and softened by skiving (paring) and hand scraping. It also takes longer to match, assemble and stitch, and once finished, the polishing takes skill and brawn.

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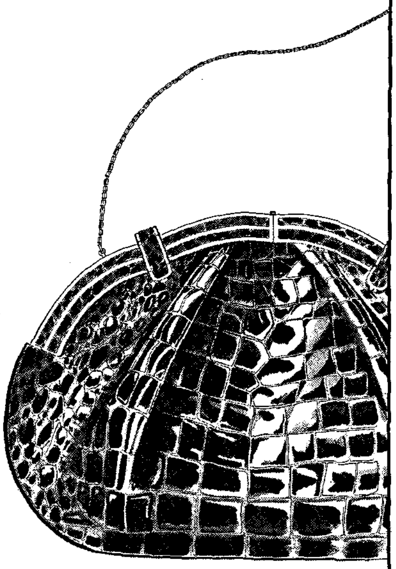

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

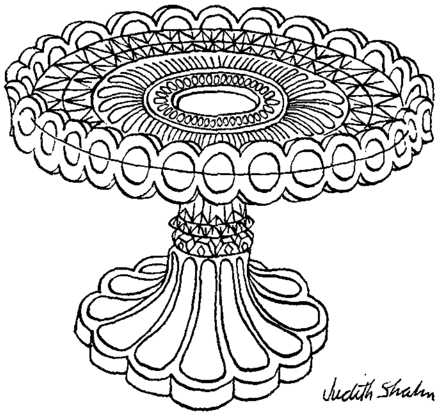
THE *Times*, City Edition, June 19th: Stewart Will Quit High Court July 3; Woman Considered; Justice, 66, Silent on Reason; White House Search Already On—Carla Hills and Wife of Dole Among Those Mentioned.

Wife of Dole?
What is that—like Wife of Bath?
No, no—she's a treasure.
She'd be just like part of the family.
She could come in on Thursdays.
Does she do windows?
Dusting?
It's awfully dusty in here.

(Late City Edition: Carla Hills and Elizabeth Dole Among Those Mentioned.)

A FRIEND who lives in the country writes:

It looks as if my part of the world were in for the worst gypsy-moth infestation this summer since the terrible defoliation of 1972. That was the year when the trees were as bleak and bare in July as at the bottom of February. And now the ugly little dark-gray caterpillars with their ugly little blue dots and red dots are back in their tens of thousands, and I am prompted again to wonder why *Lymantria dispar* is popularly known as a "moth," in reference to its final, and thoroughly harmless, phase, instead of a "caterpillar" or a "larva," in recognition of its uniquely rapacious incarnation—particularly since the larva is what possesses the gypsylike characteristic of far-flung mobility, being almost lighter than air in infancy, with a buoyancy that can waft it twenty-five miles or more from its birthplace. I am also prompted again to wonder about the quality of scientific observation. This latest invasion sent me to our local library the other day in the hope of learning something new and useful about the gypsy moth. I was referred there to a standard work, "The Common Insects of North America," by two California entomologists, Lester A. Swan and Charles S. Papp (Harper & Row; 1972). The section on *Lymantria dispar* included drawings (by Mr. Papp) of the larva, the moth (both male and female), and the egg mass; a detailed description of its phases; a note on the food preferred by the larva ("Oak and other deciduous trees . . ."); and one brisk sentence on its habits, reading, "It feeds mostly at night, descends to the ground and hides in the litter by day." Well! It is only too true that the gypsy larva has a taste for the leaves of the oak and other deciduous trees, and it is undoubtedly also true (though I have never held a midnight vigil) that it feeds at night. But my experience—my observation—denies that it feeds "mostly" at night. My observation makes it entirely clear that if the gypsy larva feeds at night, then it feeds around the clock, for every morning, every noon, every afternoon since this year's onslaught began I have found hundreds of larvae munching away at my oaks, my hickories, my beeches, my apples, and my plums—munching not only the leaves but also, and much worse (since defoliated trees can produce a second leafing later in the summer), the tiny, just forming fruit of my plums and apples. As for the larva's descending to the ground and hiding in the litter by day (like some urbanite on the night shift), I have seldom seen even one gypsy larva descending to the ground—only larvae ascending to the upper and outermost branches, and doing so in pairs, in squads, in columns. And I have poked in vain through the litter, then looked up and seen larvae (resting? sleeping? digesting?) by the dozen clustered together on the underside of branches or in any sheltering crevice. Oh, yes—one more thing. I have two pear trees—a Bartlett and a Bosc—and, except for an occasional windblown stray, I have never seen a gypsy larva on either of them. Nor have I ever seen one on any of my dogwood trees. I wish some entomologist would tell me why.



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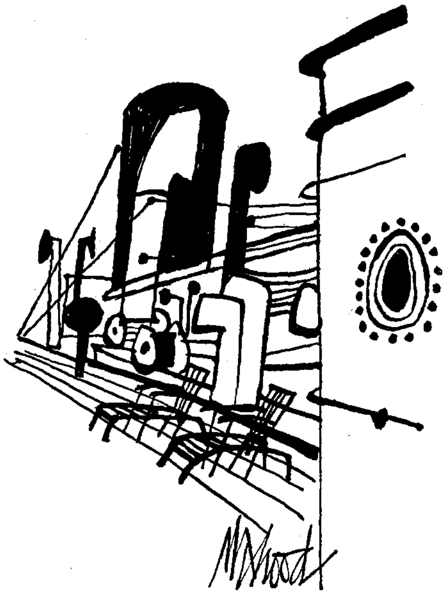
Zip + 4

HAVING managed fairly consistently since its imposition, in 1963, to remember our office Zip Code number (10036), we girded up for the probable advent of a nine-digit number—Zip + 4, as it is already zippily known—by taking a mail plane to Washington the other day and calling on William F. Bolger, the Postmaster General of the United States. Mr. Bolger, a native of Waterbury, CT 06075, and a current resident of Alexandria, VA 22304, was in 1976, while Deputy P.M.G., in charge of a task force assigned the job of getting mail sorting and delivering automated. "We were trying to figure out how to eliminate route sortation, most of which has had to be done simply by means of the knowledge that's in our employees' heads, because it is a very time-consuming and expensive operation," he told us. "Our first thought was to add a carrier's route number to the Zip Code number, but that got shot down quickly. As the country's population grows and people move around, routes have to be adjusted all the time. Then we studied the Canadian system, which is based on six characters—three alphabetical and three numerical. That has the advantage of infinite combinations, but it went down the drain, as far as we were concerned, for two reasons: for one, the five digits we have, which many people are familiar with by now, would have had to be dropped; and, for another, the optical readers we hope to use when automation comes along—we've gone about as far as we can go with mere mechanization—are more efficient with numerals than with letters. Those dumb machines—that's all they are—often can't distinguish between a zero and an 'O' or a 'Q.' Of the five existing digits, you know, the first two designate a large geographical area and the last three a local delivery area. We figured that with three new digits appended by a hyphen to the present five we could take care of most of the country but not of places like New York and Los Angeles, with their very high density of postal activity. So we finally concluded that four extra digits—enabling us to pinpoint mail for one side of a city block or for a single office building—would hold us nicely until the population of the United States reached four hundred million.

"Nearly three years ago, accordingly, we resolved to go with Zip + 4. I announced that publicly in September, 1978. But, to judge by the static we got when the matter came up for congressional consideration several months ago, not many people had been listening. One thing that many of the recent critics of Zip + 4 haven't seemed to realize is that we said from the outset it would be a voluntary system. Nobody will *have* to use it. Sure, it's a lot of numbers. But a nine-digit supplement to your address, when you stop to think about it, isn't any more cumbersome than a Social Security number or a long-distance-telephone number. And, in truth, we don't care a great deal what any individual does about Zip + 4. Our real target is the volume mailer. Eighty-four per cent of the one hundred and ten billion pieces of mail we're now moving along annually—that's up four billion from last year—are business mail. Automation works best when you have volume, whether you're dealing with automobiles or with mail. So we're proposing to offer a half-cent-per-item discount to businesses that send out mailings of five hundred or more machine-readable envelopes at a clip. Some businesses—especially third-class-mail users—have expressed concern about having to switch their computerized address files from five digits to nine. That's funny, because many of them are the same ones that complained in 1963 about five digits."

Mr. Bolger told us, with something close to a sigh, that although the Postal Service has since 1970 been a quasi-independent agency, Congress, which still oversees it, could, if it chose, pass a law banning Zip + 4. "I'm trying to convince Congress that this would be wrong," he said. "They have the authority to disagree with me, of course, and I'm glad they do—we're a nation of laws." So far, the loudest non-legislative voices to be raised against the new scheme have been those of the American Postal Workers Union, the largest of a half-dozen unions with which the Postmaster General has to contend. "They fear that automation could mean a drop in membership, and they're probably right about that," Mr. Bolger said. "But my job is to try to be more efficient—to handle more mail with fewer people than the six hundred and sixty-five thousand we have on the payroll today."

The Postmaster General, who has just completed forty years of postal service, has never handled any mail personally, having started out in the finance department and risen through the managerial ranks. He has walked delivery routes with many a carrier, though—fortunately, without being bitten. "Dog bites are no joke," he said. "Our safety-record statistics testify to that. I've seen carriers with huge gouges in their legs. I'm as well aware as anybody else, incidentally, of the criticisms of our service nowadays. I don't say it's perfect, but you've got to realize that we deal with three hundred and sixty million pieces of mail daily. If there's a one-per-cent error, that's three million six hundred thousand mistakes, and if you're on the receiving end of complaints about them, as I ultimately am, you don't like *any* mistakes."



Unlike his predecessors up to 1970, Mr. Bolger does not sit in on Cabinet meetings. "Anybody who says he wouldn't be proud to be a member of a Presidential Cabinet is not telling you the truth," he said. "But it's probably better for the Postmaster General not to be involved in partisan politics, as so many used to be." Barring a congressional roadblock, the new, elongated Zip Code numbers are expected to become available to their prospective business users within the next few weeks. Mr. Bolger already knows his office number. It will change from 20260 to 20260-0010. "Somebody must have been trying to do me a favor by assigning me a number so easy to remember," he said. "I'd have been perfectly content with something more complicated."

It isn't often that a weekly journal has a chance to give its readers a genuine scoop, but we report herewith that we have it on the very highest postal authority that in the future you can expect to reach us most expeditiously by mail at 10036-7468. Or is it 7448? Hard to remember.

Let's Hear Some Chatter

ONE baseball season has now reached its appointed end—the season of a bunch of Little Leaguers in southern Connecticut. Though it was hectic and short, it was long enough so that everybody on every team got to first base at least once. Now the relatively carefree voices of the players and fans hang in the air over the Little League's empty fields.

"You're batting ninth, you're batting ninth!"

"See, I'm never batting anything better than tenth. In fact, eleventh is the best I've ever batted."

"We're missing Chad."

"Batters up first can start swinging."

"Yuck."

"O.K., Gary, get over here!"

"Remember to run."

"Chad always comes last."

"Where . . ."

"You guys are up first."

"Lots of hits, guys, lots of hits!"

"Where's—uh . . ."

"Dodgers, that's it, on the bench, on the bench, guys."

"Dodgers? I thought they were the Royals."

"Whatever T-shirts came in."

"You're second."

"I'm first."

"I'm fourth."

"I'm on deck, Richard."

"Who's up fourth?"

"That means you gotta slug it."

"He's real busy today. He's doing all the money stuff."

"O.K. All right—that's a good one, Evan."

"O.K., Evan, just throw it, Evan."

"Good eye, Gary, good eye!"

"Wait for the one you want, Gary."

"Evan! Start from the rubber."

"Wait a minute. What are you doing, Tony?"

"O.K., Eric, be a hitter."

"Come on, Eric."

"O.K., Evan. Chuck it in there."

"Good eye, Sean. Come on!"

"Strike."

"All *right!*"

"Ball outside. Two and one."

"Come on, Sean!"

"Give him a lower target, Robert."

"Let's go, Sasha, come on, come on, you can do it, two outs."

"Go on anything."

"Good eye!"

"Be a hitter!"

"Good eye!"

"Ball four."

"Come on, Jeff, bases are loaded."

"Throw strikes, Evan."

"Sean, go on anything."

"Good cut!"

"Throw strikes!"

"Come on, throw it. You're not throwing it."

"Relax, relax, relax, Jeff!"

"Ball four."

"Good eye!"

"Let's go, Phil. Good and relaxed up there, Phil."

"This is it, Evan!"

"All *right!*"

"Come on, let's hustle, guys, come on!"

"Daddy shouldn't park there—his windshield's going to be smashed."

"This kid's riding his bike around like a killer."

"Well, hello, Jennifer. Have you been here all the time?"

"See the kid pitching? I mean catching. Good catcher, right?"

"Bobby, you're on deck."

"I ordered a total of six tons of sand and gravel this morning."

"No, you're on third."

"Oh, wait a minute, Tony. Come on back—you're sitting this one out."

"Hi, how're you doing?"

"They play four innings?"

"Ooh, did you see that?"

"Good cut!"

"Nice cut!"

"Be a hitter, Sim. Just watch the ball."

"One more ball!"

"Walk's as good as a hit!"

"Nice swing!"

"I like your hair—it's nice."

"Is that Jeffrey catching?"

"Best in the league."

"Is it still bleeding or is it dry?"

"Michael, hit a home run!"

"Bruce and Tony are the next two batters."

"Be ready, Bruce, be ready!"

"Ooh!"

"Good thing you got a helmet."

"O.K., take your base."

"You all right?"

"Tony! Sean!"

"Mom! Mom! Mom! Hey, Mom! Mom! Lookit, no hands!"

"Sheila, are you still having a barbecue on Wednesday?"

"Want me to get down?"

"One out, play to first."

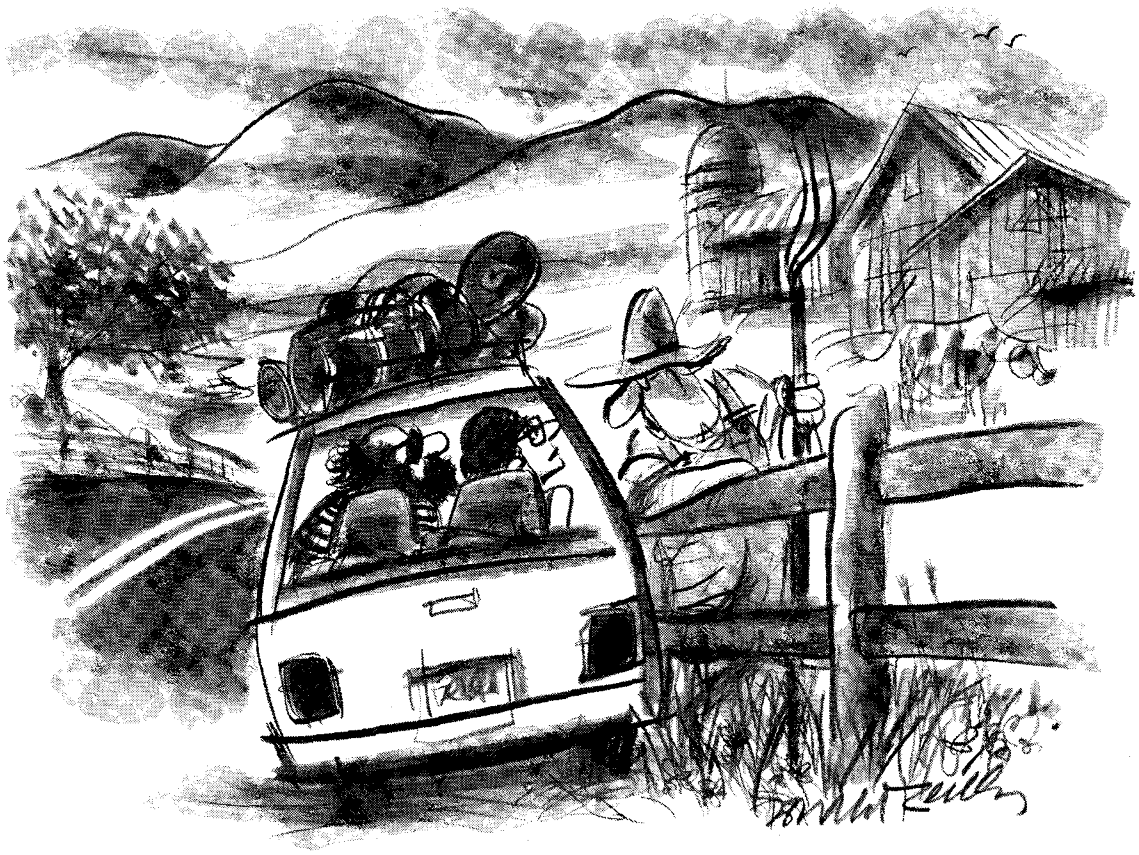
"Is this game almost over?"

"Mom?"

"What'd she do, get a base on balls?"

"I wasn't watching."

"Well, you can just spread it out



"Depends on which workshop you folks are headed for—Whither Fiction?, Nonfiction for Cash, or The Writer in Torment."

and walk on the gravel. That'll make it a little easier."

"Sean, Brian, Adam, and Eric!"

"You don't have a brother."

"This is the bottom of the third."

"You got an extra ball over there?"

"We just gave you two balls."

"Be a hitter, Sash, be a hitter!"

"I guess."

"Is that Brian?"

"Yeah, that's Brian."

"Take your base, Brian."

"Randy, you're on deck!"

"What is the strike zone? Is it eyes to . . ."

"There was no doubt about that, Sue Ann."

"Has this game started?"

"Foul! Foul! The ump is right!"

"Throw hard, Glenn."

"Way to look at the ball, Sim. That was a little high—don't worry."

"Whose is that?"

"Wait! Get off the field!"

"Do you know who's the home team? Does anybody know?"

"Anthony! Do you have your shin guards on?"

"Mom, can you get me a soda for when I get back?"

"Anthony, you pay attention and forget about sodas."

"Is there any score out there?"

"Did you have your yogurt?"

"No, Daddy had it."

"Daddy had it?"

"She didn't want anything but Cracker Jacks."

"Randy?"

"What?"

"Do you still like Jamie? Do you like her better than Molly?"

"Ma, can I have ten cents for a freeze pop?"

"Did you have any lunch?"

"Sometimes I'm not sure how much he's concentrating out there."

"That's it."

"Two-four-six-eight, who do we appreciate? Red Sox! Red Sox!"

"That was a terrific . . ."

"We're in a tie for first."

"Hey, Red Sox, the game's at four tomorrow!"

"Nice. You swung at one lousy one, though."

"Caleb, can you come over?"

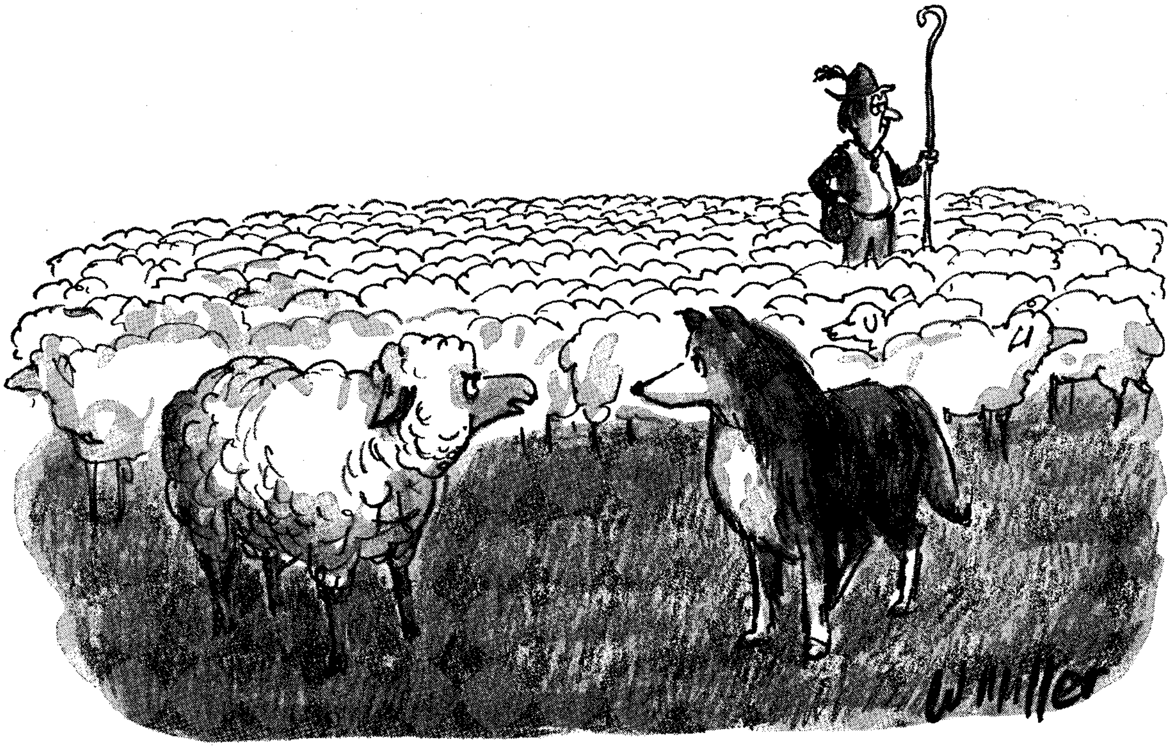
Testy Playwright

A FRIEND writes from abroad:

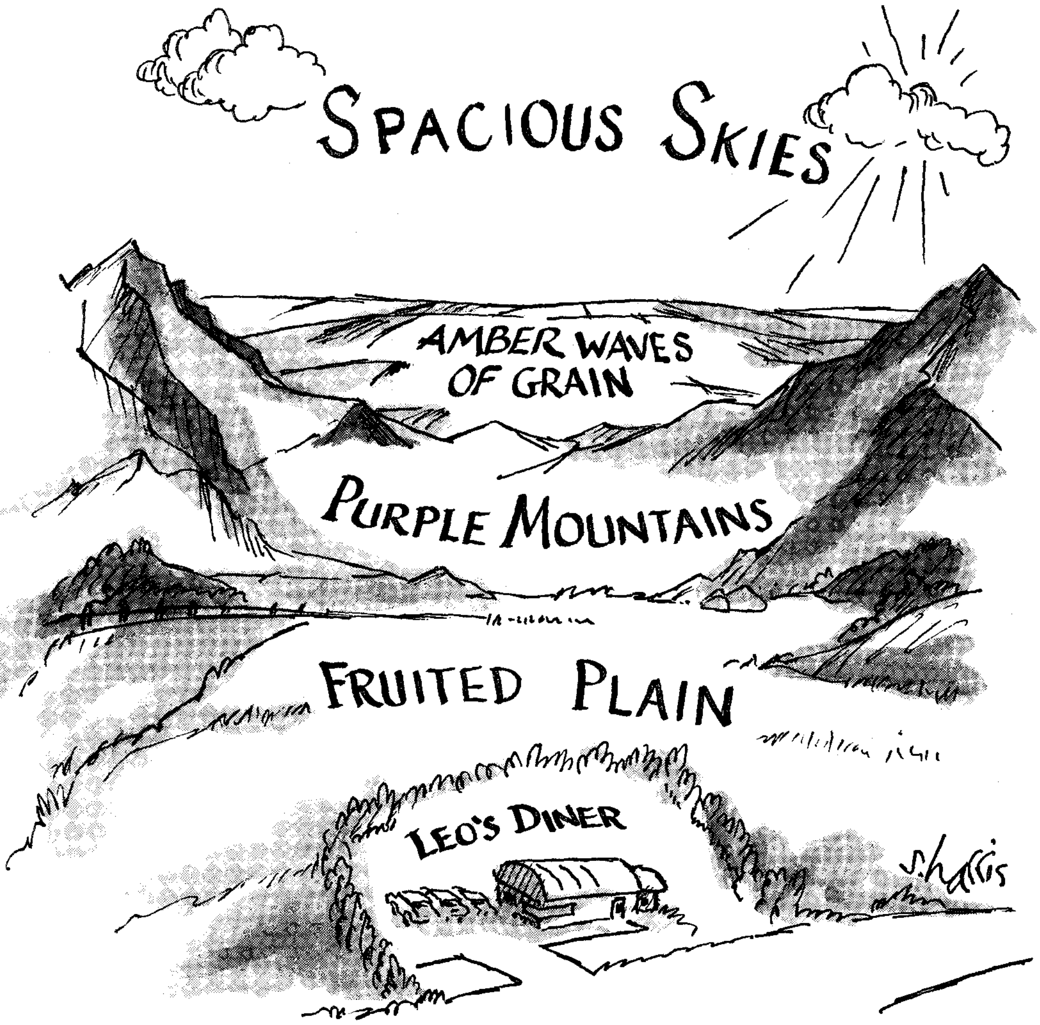
I accepted an invitation to serve as an "observer" at a Strindberg Festival held in Stockholm a few weeks ago, in part because I am an old hand at such affairs and so recognize the word "observer" to be a polite euphemism for "harmless window dressing." (The people known as "participants" do the hard work of giving papers, holding workshops, and the like.) Another reason I accepted is that I was piqued by the combination of the words "Strindberg" and "Festival." Surely, I thought, they amount to a radical contradiction in terms? August Strindberg (1849-1912) was one of the testiest men who have ever lived, and social intercourse in his presence was rarely permitted to resemble a festival. Violent controversies, searing insults, damnations, and threats of mayhem, yes. Merrymaking, particularly of the critical or scholarly variety, was by no means characteristic of him.

Well, it turned out that the Swedes take a generously open view of festivals: there was plenty of party-giving and partygoing in Strindberg's name, with no audible rumblings out of Valhalla, if that is where the great man currently resides. In life, he was always changing abodes—born in Stockholm, he spent many years abroad but nevertheless managed to occupy no fewer than thirty-three houses or apartments in his native city. He died at No. 85 Drottninggatan, in a three-room apartment on the fourth floor of a building that he christened the Blue Tower. That apartment, faithfully restored, has been linked with several adjacent rooms to form a Strindberg Museum, and a stroll through his quarters allows one to see how little taste a gifted dramatist may have on the domestic level; Strindberg moved into No. 85 in 1908 and decorated it with the latest department-store chic, which has grown tacky with age.

Strindberg was always falling in and out of love. His last surviving child, now seventy-nine, he had with a young actress, whom he met when he was in his fifties, and of whom, not bothering with small talk, he inquired at once, "Would you like to have a little child by me?" "Yes, thank you," she replied politely, with an alacrity that must have been exceptional in the Sweden of that day.



"As one four-legger to another four-legger, what do you think of old Two Legs over there?"



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Later, Strindberg fell in love with a young woman who painted miniatures, and they became engaged informally for a time, though it's questionable whether he was seriously of a mind to risk another marital misadventure. (He was married three times and divorced three times.) Strindberg has a reputation for being a vehemently misogynist writer. The truth is that he could simply never leave women alone, even as enemies. Their infamous wiles were like meat and drink to him.

In the course of the festival, Strindberg was to be encountered everywhere in Stockholm; even the Storkyrkan, or Great Church, though it was far from being Strindberg's favorite visiting place, put on a pretty little exhibition in his honor, featuring photographs of his mother amid bouquets of fresh flowers. The festival coincided with a sustained burst of warm weather, following an unusually cold and snowy spring. All the parks and squares of the city were strewn with the pale, motionless bodies of comely young men and women, stripped to within a centimetre of impropriety: blazing sun at last! Picnics by bicycle, sailboat, and car were organized; the entire city appeared bent upon having a pagan good time after the dour deprivations of winter.

Meanwhile, the festival presented the expected assortment of problems for earnest academics to solve: how to interpret Strindberg's Biblical metaphors, how to design stage sets appropriate to his wishes, how best to translate him out of Swedish into commoner tongues. The fierce-faced subject of discussion glared at us from a thousand lampposts and shopwindows, either in drawings or in the celebrated self-portrait that he took with a small box camera in the eighties. Strindberg had many disparate interests: he liked to paint and photograph almost as much as he liked to write, and he was as much concerned with science as he was with the arts. When movies came along, he embraced them heartily. An extraordinary movie version of his play "The Father" was made in the autumn of 1911, with his encouragement. It was shot out-of-doors, in order to take advantage of natural light; the weather was icy, and though the setting of the movie is a cluttered parlor, whenever the actors speak the audience sees clouds of vapor issuing from their mouths.

Not the least of the festival's pleasures was a trip to the Drottningholm Court Theatre and Museum, on an island in Lake Mälaren, on the outskirts of town. There, in the seventeen-sixties, Queen Lovisa Ulrika had built a beautiful small theatre, which came into its golden age a decade later, under her son Gustavus III, who was an amateur playwright, composer, and actor. Its elaborate stage machinery remains intact to this day, along with thirty interchangeable complete sets for the theatre pieces that the royal court enjoyed. With the help of a complex system of ropes, pulleys, and windlasses, complete sets could be changed within a matter of seconds, and convincing representations of fires, thunderstorms, and shipwrecks were a commonplace. The theatre is in use all summer long; it can hold an audience of four hundred, and every performance is sold out. The actors' dressing rooms have the original furnishings and wallpapers; from their windows one looks out over a French park and, beyond it, an English park. Gustavus III's busy ghost seems close at hand, staging "spectaculars" and making sure that all his many visitors are content. By an irony, it was the murder of Gustavus at a masked ball which provided the plot for Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera." The king's murderer was captured, flogged, and beheaded. One can stand on the very site of his execution, in Stockholm's Old Town, but, as the Strindberg Festival proved, it is hard to pursue dark thoughts in contemporary Stockholm—especially when the sun is shining. There are flowers everywhere, a sweet breeze is blowing in from the sea, and all those acres of smooth skin are turning honey-colored in the dazzling light.

HEALING GRACE

IN rolls Grace, my neighbor, out cold. Seconds later, she's awake and croaking, "Oh, sweet Jesus! Help me!" I'm just back over the line myself, so I stay put. The curtain's drawn between our beds. I wouldn't pull it if I could. I might be sick.

Surgery's like being mugged; you never know what you'll do going under or coming up. On Nembutal, I'm always sharp. I rolled off to the knives this morning memorizing names, numbers, faces, in case I should need to *get back alone*. I woke up whining, "Ah, ah, my I.V.'s too tight!" Sodium Pentothal. No shame. They gave me a shot. They give Grace a shot. I doze. I'm really concentrating on my first job, which is not vomiting.

Four of us sleep in this room, Grace on my left. By her second bad spell, the curtain's open and I can whisper to her, "You'll feel better." It's easy for me to talk. It's 10 P.M., I've finished my second job—taking a walk—and for me the suspense is over. The first walk is how you know your cut. In England, where I spent a month in hospital years ago, the entire ward watched one patient take her first steps after surgery. She was a blooming, muscular redhead of about thirty, and she was being a good girl, you could see it in her face as she worked at her job: One, two, three, four, five, the end. Then she burst into tears and had to have a chair brought to her where she stood. It's the truth of the cut.

Boy, what a month that was. One room, twenty women. We ate at one table and had to do ward work (beds, dusting), not for economy but to heal ourselves. Everyone complained. This was years before I came to Washington, met and married Tom, and tried to have our child. It was 1967, and the room hummed with racial tension. I had a Pakistani boyfriend, no emotional reserves, and was forever leaving conversations shaking like a china cupboard. On the whole, I made a good impression, though. I never screamed; I thought they'd throw me out. Only, I was bad at healing. I healed two weeks late. My visa expired, and the minute I got out I had to marry Amir or leave England, but for weeks it was the hospital I spoke of.

Grace has one more bad spell. I have a yogurt. Then we all go to sleep.

"The law, right?"

I WAKE up starving: I must be well. I've walked twice to the bathroom with only my I.V. cart for support. And now, as I wait for breakfast, the morning staff rush one by one behind the curtain to advise Grace, who woke up groaning. "You think you have to go, but it's because you have a catheter." They all tell her this; they never ask. This time it's the ward nurse, who leaves at a dead run. Next, the voice of Bette Davis: "I shot you up good, didn't I? And now you must help *me*. You must walk for me." A gaunt tennis type, white coat, white pageboy, rushes out. Whoosh!

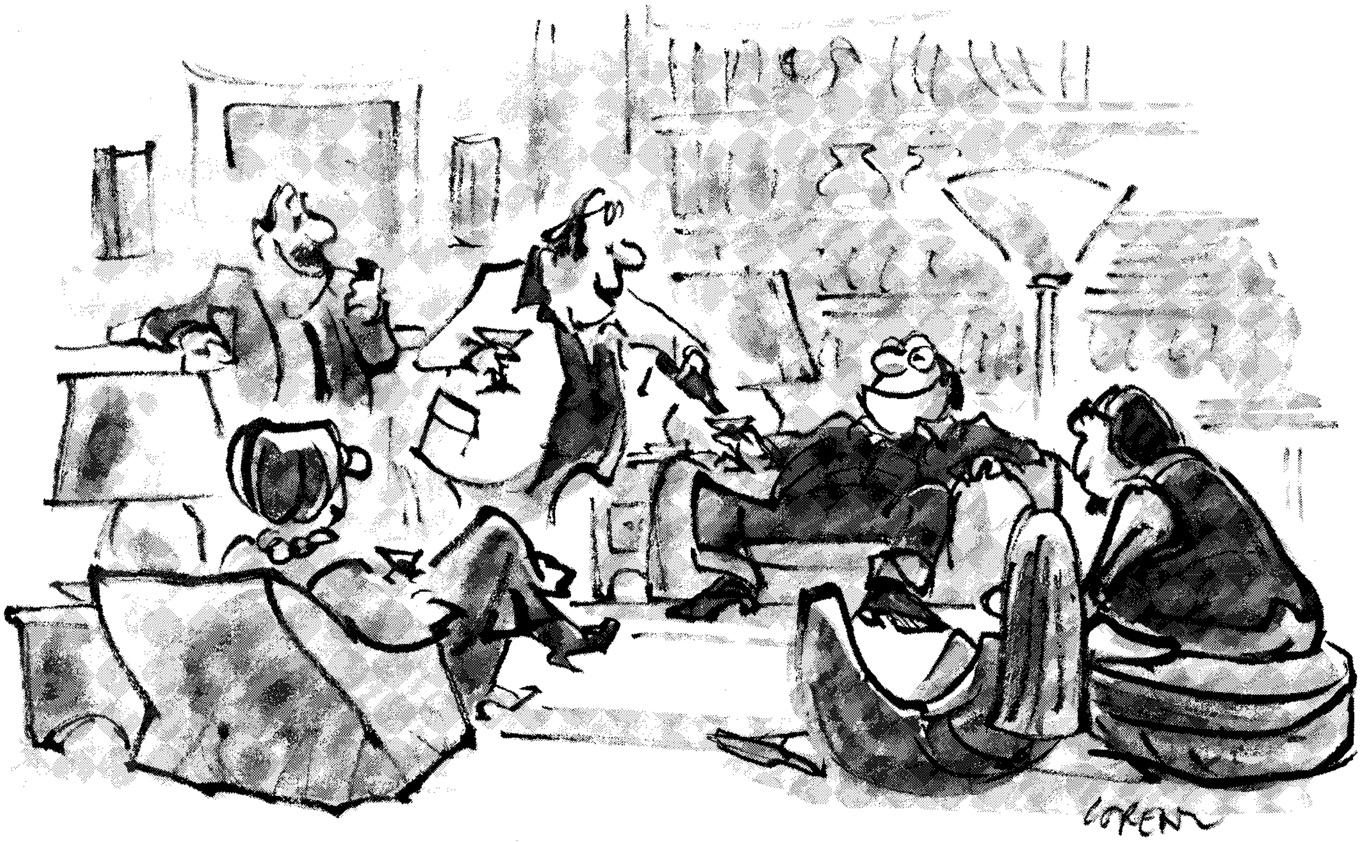
A small nurse in a perfect shag rushes in. She says her name is Nell and tells Grace in baby talk, "Now, you had a hysterectomy, so you don't have a uterus, so you won't ministrate anymore." Whoosh! But little Nell skids to a halt.

Across the room, my neighbor Marge, a nice, gray-haired woman, is waiting in bed, alone and pale, for her pre-op sendoff. Nell stops with her perky smile. What is Marge having? Marge has a little speech prepared and she gives it: "Hysterectomy. I'm sort of nervous."

I'd giggle if it didn't hurt. Get out of that one, Nell. But Nell's cool. She pauses just long enough to get a good spin on her rubber soles. "Routine!" she says.

Who teaches bedside manner? My first night here, a surgeon rushed up to the fourth patient in our room, Mrs. Ng, who had been cut that morning and was just surfacing. She had her daughter with her to translate. "Well!" the surgeon said. "We took one out but we left you one." Ovary. She and her daughter said, "Thank you, thank you."

Should I carp? Surgeons have their reasons; nurses, too. At the very least, they have no time. Next, they barely know us. Moreover, they can't heal us. Not as such. Sympathy might promote weakness, I can see that. What can they be but perky or dry? The truth is, I'm only making excuses. I find Nell as irritating as an I.V. I much preferred the night aide, who looked at me as if I'd lost my mind when I asked her to help me walk. I don't mind honest mistakes or even honest neglect, but I won't be talked down to—when I'm talked down to, I fight.



"*You can speak freely here, Jamison. We're all secular humanists.*"

• •

On the other hand, when I fight, I always win something—some fact I didn't know. From the resident: side effects of the tubal surgery I didn't have to have. From the morning nurse: my drug's second name. I don't want baby talk, I want theories, facts. I want knowledge. How am I? Why? What are my orders?

My orders are to do what I want. Everyone says this—nurses, internes, my doctor. I want to be better, so I act as if I am. I never ask for help. I urinate alone. I spilled yogurt and cleaned it up on my hands and knees. I clean everything. Except blood; that's their problem. Can I bathe myself, an aide asks, and I practically laugh in her face. *I crank my own bed.* Oh, then I want a shower? I fell right into that one. I'm great! But I couldn't manage a shower.

I ought to be great. When Grace croaks compliments on my great walking, I brush her off. I had nothing, compared to her. One D. & C., one two-inch slit through the belly. A long look through with the narrow laparoscope. No inside cuts. Alone of my neighbors I'll bring home everything I brought in with me: two tubes, two ovaries, one womb. Not only that—my news was good.

Everything works now. My doctor said so when I woke up last night, before I walked. Half of it didn't work when they looked in by culdoscope, five years ago. The culdoscope showed what was wrong, but not why. It only showed the scars. But bacteria hid inside the scars and spread until in time the whole system was sealed off. Infection shielded the system. Behind that shield, my doctor told me, the scars healed themselves. He gave my stomach a friendly poke as if to say "That's that."

"Don't make me laugh," I cried. But it was too late. I *was* laughing. He'd gone. Whoosh!

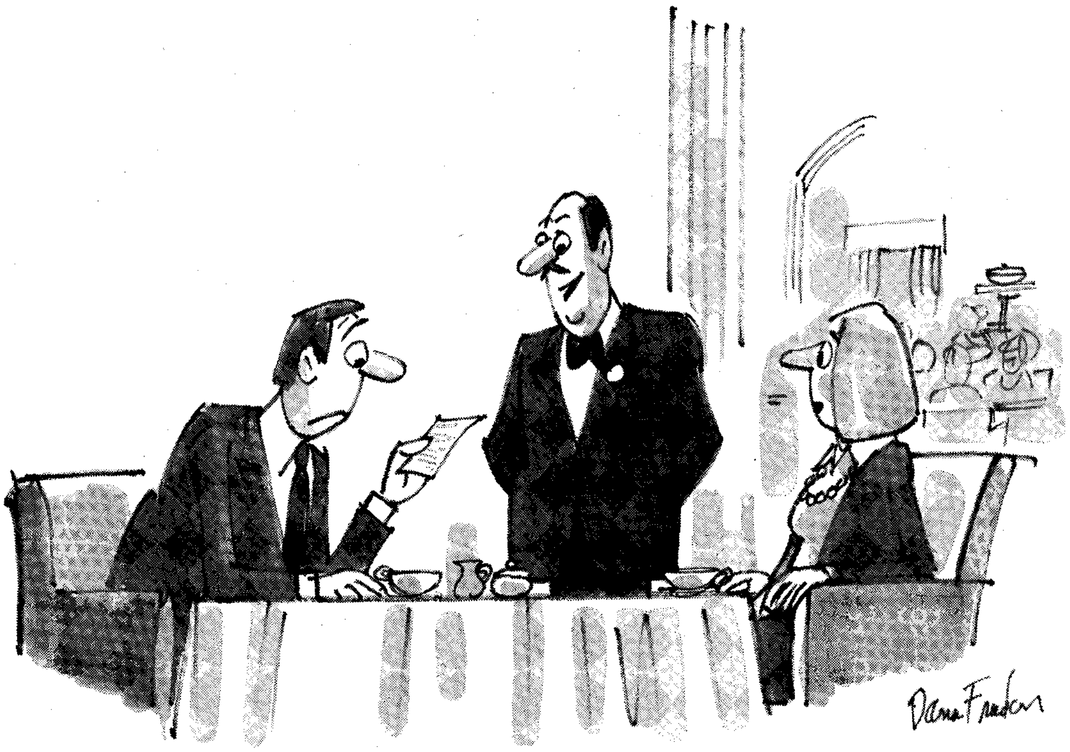
And I still had one more question.

LITTLE NELL is back, with a vengeance. She's given Grace a plastic pipe with three balls at the end. Grace's job is to blow through the pipe until the balls spin. This will clear the gas off—and, with her wound, gas is a real liability. No effort except breathing doesn't hurt—twisting to one side for a shot, even being cranked up in bed, and, God knows, the real terror of the abdominal-surgery convalescent: coughing. But Grace, a remarkably sweet and affable woman who, before surgery, fretted over other people's troubles on the evening news, is considerate even in pain. At night, in her third bad spell, what Grace wailed was "I don't want to be a nuisance!"

I'm working on breakfast. Up to a point. Surgery does something to your sense of ambiguity. One minute I could eat forever and the next I'm so clearly finished that I have to take egg out of my mouth.

Nell's theory of healing seems to be positive reinforcement, and she has no shame at all. She'll compliment anything: Grace turning for a shot, Grace raising one plump brown leg for washing. Nell moves on to common interests: fashion. She draws Grace out. What about knits? Skirt lengths? Rabbit coats?

I'm working overtime to get Nell off my nerves, but my real job is lying down again, by angles. Who really knows what heals? Take this operation of mine as a case in point. Why was this laparotomy a snap and that culdoscopy so bad that I was sick for weeks? After all, this wound's worse. It could be the angle of the cut. But it might not be that at all. It might be me. Maybe I'm stronger now. It might be that this time Tom knew he



"That's the price we pay, sir, for living in a free society."

• •

had a job and did it. Came when I called, to do what Mrs. Ng's daughter did. To watch me sleep. That could have made the difference. Or could it *simply* be that, after five years, I've stumbled on an infertility specialist *with charm?* What I had was nothing. But I couldn't get over my culdoscopy, could I? And that was nothing, too. They told me so.

I'm on my back, recovering from getting there. Nell, meanwhile, has called another nurse behind the curtain to help compliment the bedsocks, the interesting career aspiration, the newest progress. And finally Grace is taken in. She did blow that one well, Grace admits with a croak. They are good socks. She vows to blow even better next time. At each college try, the nurses pummel her with compliments. At each halting admission, a frog leaves Grace's hoarse throat. Grace's voice gets louder, clearer, and surer. Nell has taken Grace in, and healed her. At nine o'clock, Grace, who at eight could barely shift weight, emerges from behind her curtain, dazzled, on two nurses' arms, walking.

The rest of us, Grace's three neighbors, go wild. Marge claims she isn't afraid anymore. Mrs. Ng smiles very hard. She smiled at me, too, when she saw me walk. This is her first day smiling. "Grace?" I say, when the dust has settled behind Nell, and Grace, still dazed, has been put in a chair. I gesture after Nell. "She was good, wasn't she?"

Grace swears, "That girl was born to nurse!"

ONE day in the English hospital, an out-patient was rushed behind a curtain for an emergency procedure screaming so bloodcurdlingly that I had to leave the room in tears. That troubled me. I was twenty-two. I knew, at heart, I cared for no one but myself. What was this leaving rooms all about, then? Who was I trying to kid? Why go to such lengths?

I did care, but I was right to doubt my motive. I healed myself by caring, just as Grace healed herself with her own natural trust. "I'll miss you!" she tells me when twenty-seven hours after surgery I'm allowed to go home.

I brush it off. "Oh, well," I say, and go pack my fourteen books. For me, trusting is harder than caring. But trust heals, like sleep. I care for Grace, and let her trust for me.

On my way out, I have two bits of luck. First, Tom takes my bags. Next, I work out how to walk outside: pigeon-breasted on top, and crooked back at the hips like a seven. Clutching my tulips like a ballerina, I walk my walk up the street. One, two, three—only, I hadn't figured on the hill—four. Five. The end. No ambiguity. A cab has to be brought to me where I stand. No shame. —CAROLA DIBBELL

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THE SUPPLIANT

Tiny, half-blind life
Crouched by the marble stoop,
A hand huge and impulsive
Gathers you up

Past fear into a space
Peopled with dark woods,
Hushed airs, and high transparent
Rectitudes:

Odor of human law,
Its kissing sounds, its crumb
Of cheddar on a chair . . .
Study. Become.

(A phone call to Welfare
To distance you and us,
All, from the crushed paw
And eye-slit pus,

Then day will flame and swerve
About a moving car
This one time. You'll be far
Too gone to care.)

Ensconced upstreet, the sphinx
Of slacker household gods,
Great-great-grandmother blinks—
Against all odds

Still going strong, while you just
Blur into print, who for
That least of mercies came
To the right door.

—JAMES MERRILL

THE TENANT

AGAINST forgetfulness and an assembly of blurs, he would try to remember the first summer here in northern Virginia. Already, in his memory, colors were plainer, the chicory blowing against the green of the pastures with the Blue Ridge just beyond. There was a constant awareness of the mountains, among which the farm lay in a gap. The sun came up over one set of ridges and was claimed by another suddenly, in the midst of afternoon.

He was new here. At daybreak he would leap up and walk barefoot in the whitish dew around the cabin. The wood where the logs were fitted together had a damp and sour smell. There were two crude windows, with small wavery panes, and the door was flush with the ground. He could wander quite a way in the pasture and still see the fire on the hearth. This house, he thought, is out of some distant past. If I had always lived here, I would have had no bad days. I would arise in the morning with a quotation from the poets, sing an Ave or two, and throw sticks on the fire to boil coffee. I would be a serene scholar instead of a jittery farm laborer.

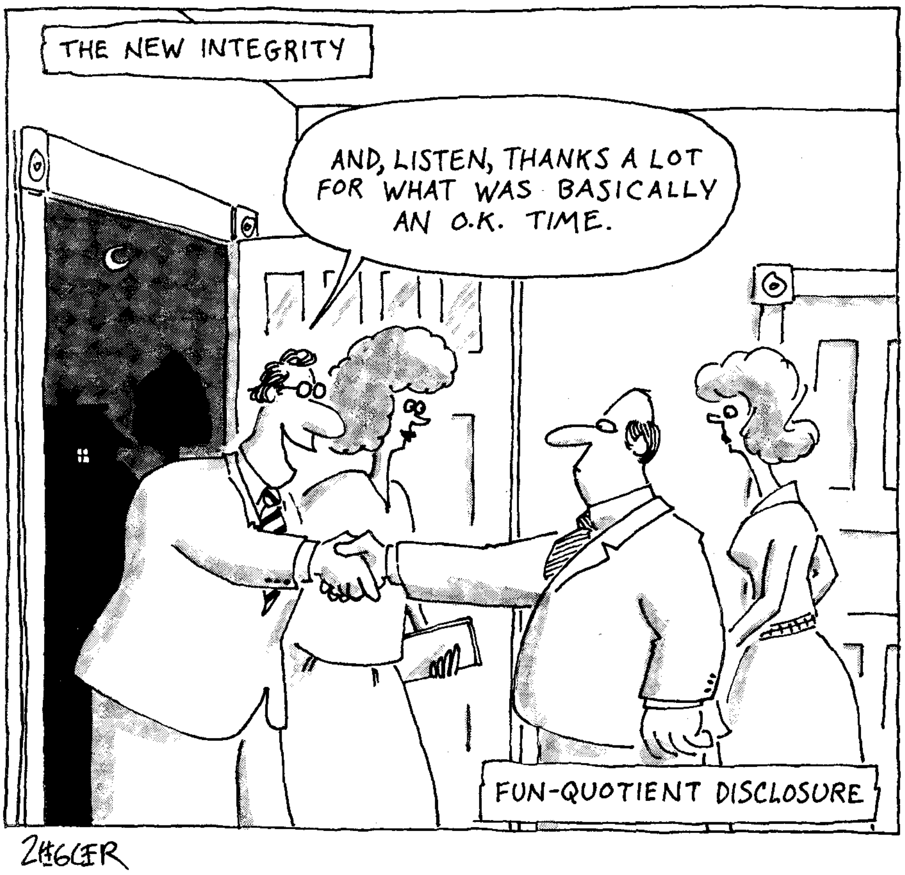
His child was with him. She made this hiding worthwhile. He was never through staring at her, astonished all over again by the perfection of her. We are in strange parts, my dear, he explained, because your father needs rest. He was always needing rest. Anyway it will be good for you to know material poverty at the age of six. He talked to her as he pleased in this place. What he said seemed to carry weight with their witnesses, the trees and the gray strands of limestone that outcropped, like whales' backs, on the uptilted pasture.

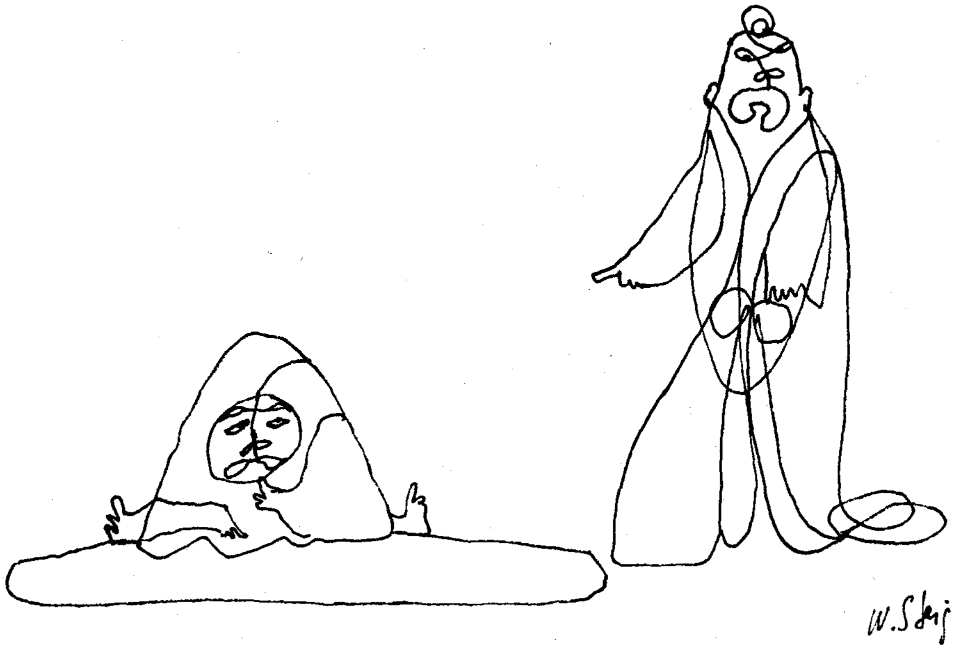
The farmer who had hired him was in real need of help. At first he seemed rude and officious, asking personal questions. Why did they want to come here? Did they know somebody nearby? But a little patience and the old man was deep in his own troubles. He was crippled up with arthritis and about on his last legs. The big estates all around him were holding their breath till he died—didn't like small farms. Then, this close to Washington the government was into everything and the government could condemn you, serve you a piece of paper in the middle of the morning and turn you into a park for more of their trash to play in. It was pitiful.

As the farmer talked, his complexion grew mottled and his small eyes looked congested behind the metal-rimmed glasses. He was not going to be troublesome. He was just a tired old man with a lot of bizarre delusions. On top of everything else, he was afraid of thieves who swooped out from the city and took whatever they wanted. One of the neighbors had been killed trying to defend his gas pump. Every once in a while the farmer stopped talking to look pointedly at the child. Did the mother die or something? It's generally the mother does the raising.

BY the end of the summer it looked as if they could stay in the gap as long as they wanted to. The work itself was no trouble. Each time the farmer needed something done, he went into explanations, repeating himself monotonously. Maybe he took politeness for refusal to understand. The old man paid him by check at the end of every Saturday. He wished it could be more, he said, but interest was eating him up. They put the checks in a turtle shell high on the cabin rafters. It was enough to be together, to be with the child all day, to talk and be talked to in a kind of musing way that had no end. The past could be wholly forgotten here, annulled, and the future never looked at. They contented themselves with an endless procession of weather signs and skyscapes, with the fluted lavender blooms of the hay as it was severed by triangular knives and toppled over gently like cut flowers to lie in state for the baler. Hay was their biggest job of the summer. The farmer believed that boys from his church would come and give them a hand in the heaviest part of the lifting, but no one came. At noon, the farmer's wife walked to wherever they were in the field, carrying a basket of pork sandwiches and jars of lemonade tea. This woman had about her an air of obstinacy, as if she was being persuaded to go against her better judgment. If spoken to or thanked, she bridled up and looked wall-eyed in another direction. He guessed that back in her house she would have a well-worn concordance and a pair of rubber gloves.

As soon as they were through baling hay, he could sense the farmer's relief that they had not encountered rain. Loading two bales at a time, while the old man drove the tractor, it was pos-


THE NEW INTEGRITY
AND, LISTEN, THANKS A LOT FOR WHAT WAS BASICALLY AN O.K. TIME.
FUN-QUOTIENT DISCLOSURE
ZIEGLER



Kabuki Drama

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sible to stack almost two hundred bales on each wagon. Then when they pulled under the eaves of the barn, the winter's feed was safe. In the cool of the mornings, with the child close by, he unloaded into the mows, breathing the fragrant scents of the loaves and watching the sunlight filter in between the boards of upright siding. On the pasture outside the barn the fat Hereford cows moved along, unable to keep up with the lush growth of the grass and *Cannabis sativa*. When there was no other noise, you could hear their tongues and teeth like rising and falling whispers. Calves came and nursed as at some mysterious signal, running to their mothers, all of them at once, with a comic rocking motion.

In the long green evenings he took the child by the hand and strolled slowly beside her into other fields, inspecting the summer's empire. Apples were ripening on old trees that no one even knew about. The persimmons were loaded with jadelike orbs that would be ready after the first frost. Everywhere they looked, something was offered to eat or to put away for winter. Just the place for a battered man and his child to find refuge. The best way, then, to straighten out one's worldly affairs was to have no affairs to straighten. Like a monk of old he had shed his friends and possessions. The friends were mostly fictitious and the possessions only books and his father's beads—the whole of his patrimony. Best of all, he could lose his old history here—the world's clumsy versions of it—his feverish comings and goings.

Sometimes they wandered away from the gap and onto the sculptured forests of the big estates to the east. There the trees were an ordered distance apart, and under the trunks of some were handsomely wrought plaques naming the genus and species. A little farther yet and there began the showy houses, each perched on an acre of garden, the style Potomac eclectic. Back of all this, just across the river, were the tracks of the fast train to Washington, its passengers held anonymous by windows you could not see into. It would be hard for him now, he felt, to take this train and plunge back into city life in any guise whatever. Had a little country quiet so quickly destroyed his nerve?

Walking along thus, talking on her level to the little girl, who liked the sound of the names of the trees, he began to feel uneasy. Along with the realization that he could not go back came a temptation to make this paradise perfect. Unknown to himself, he had figured the prognosis and knew the farmer was going to die. He would be subtracted from the gap as easily as one of the low-hanging maple leaves could be plucked off its branch. Then the child and he would be left in charge of the wild imperfections of ridge and stone and cedar. They could do for the bewildered old widow. It sat nicely with him. So, alas, out here in the country, cut off from the general consensus, he had reverted to his old cutthroat self. Extra prayers tonight, and another act of contrition. Thank God there were no priests out here to make hash of one's private foibles.

Over the next few days he had two recurring thoughts. More food should be hoarded in the cabin in case the farmer died. And next a matter of conscience: talk to the poor old man in case there could be some improvement. Excuse me, sir, your stomach is taut with ascites, otherwise known as dropsy. No, back up. That was the wrong approach. Sir, with all due respect, I used to work in medicine. But who would believe the hired man on such an important subject? Better just take on more of the work and let him rock along with his Indocin and Lasix.

FIRST the harvest moon and then the hunter's moon threw generous light on the gap. The remaining grains were harvested quickly by working after sunset. The child went to sleep in her harness on his back and only woke up when he drove into the yard and stopped the machine. He took her to the moonlit garden for a supper of dead-ripe cantaloupe. He observed there winter squash and other things that could be stored in the loft. Weeds that would dry and keep. Wild yeast was coating the leaves of the dock. He would scrape this off and mix it with sprouted barley to make beer.

By November the days were still warm, but as soon as evening came, a chill from the mountains would drive them in from the doorway, where they liked to listen for night birds. The place had become so peaceful that deer walked up to the well and drank from a pan of water, unaware of their presence. The loft was packed now with apples and nuts and vegetables—all they would need for winter. Here, he thought, right under the noses of the powers and potentates, we have our secret estate. It seemed too good to be true.

In sleep, though, some of his confidence vanished. He became aware of shadowy authorities who expected something of him. Snatches of opinions reached his ears. Cornered, he had to find his own definition on official-looking lists. The print was small and menacing. Under captains and kings, nothing. Physicians, his nervous breakdown. Prelates? Hardly. Reluctantly his eyes were forced down to the Ts. Tenant. There he was, an insignificant smudge. Other dreams found him near the end of a college semester and he had forgotten to attend a single session of the phenomenology class. What would he say on the final?

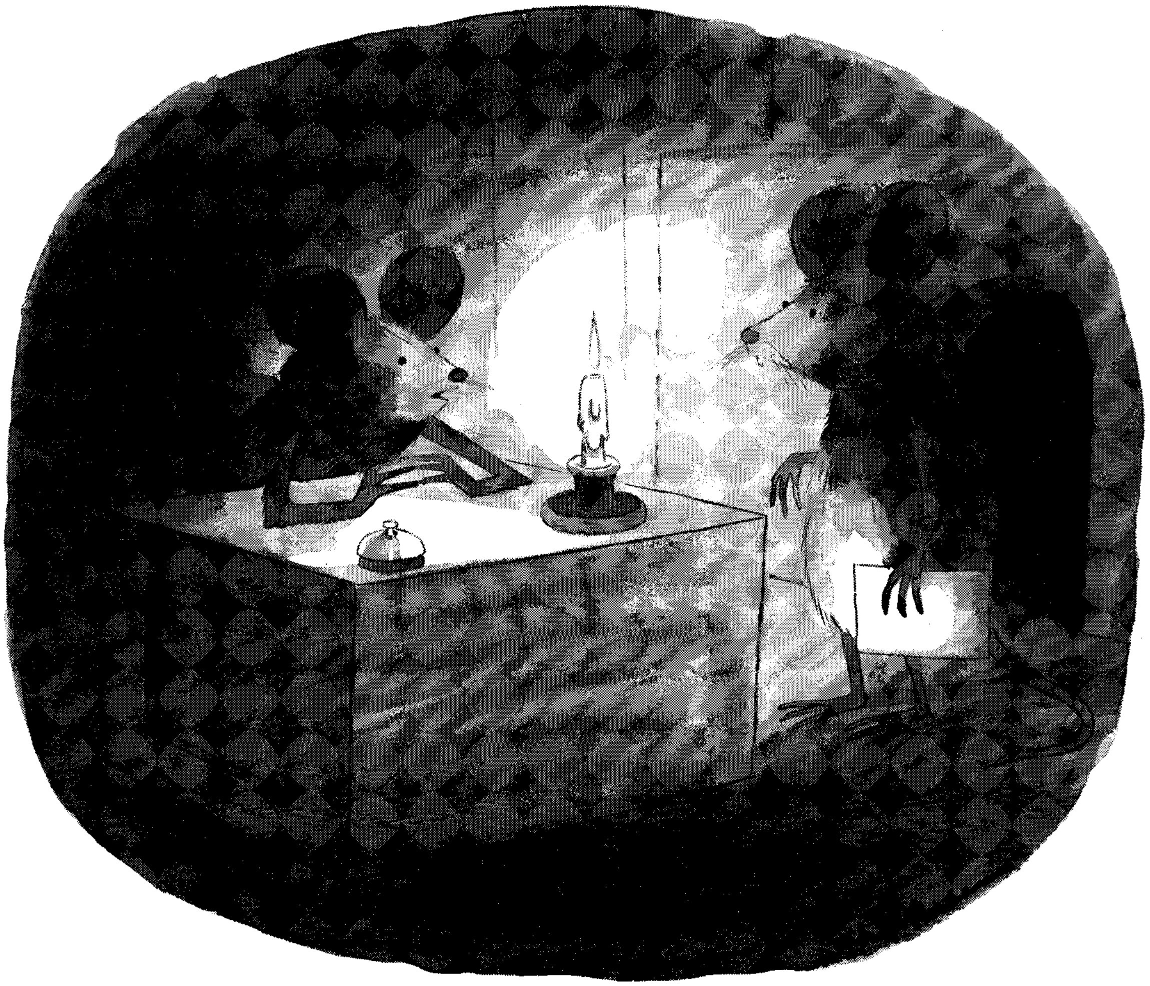
The seasons were hastening forward. The sun, when it lifted above the ridges, was often a quivering orange, shot through with azure lines. On cold mornings the farmer's lips were cyanosed and he was acutely short of breath. Reluctantly he gave over the chain saw with a request that wood be cut for his fireplace. He talked about going into the veterans hospital for a checkup but didn't know if he should. The wife is a little backward. You may have noticed that.

JUST before Christmas the first cold wave came through with a freezing wind and sleet. The farmer drove to the barn at the usual time but did not get out of his truck and kept the motor running for the heat. He watched as the silage was unloaded from the silo into the wagon and then was poured by the tractor's power takeoff into the swaybacked bunkers. On a kind impulse he signalled the little girl to come and sit beside him in the truck. They could be seen talking together while the hay was spread in the racks. Then on the following Sunday he did not come to the barn at all but contented himself with taking his wife to church. They brought back some warm clothes for the child, a gift of the congregation.

The cabin became very cold. On all sides of the room they had piled sticks and faggots from the deadfall in the woods. With the gasoline saw, green locusts were cut that would hold the fire all night. The rickety bedstead was moved in front of the stone chimney, and this way they had light and warmth when the days were at their shortest. Little farm work could be done except for feeding the herd, which stood patiently, heads down in the freezing air, hardly moving until the spout of the wagon began pouring forth their silage. Then each cow walked stiffly, extending her neck as far as possible in an effort to save a step. After the second feeding he and the child were hardly back in the cabin before the sun was gone. At the solstice it rose in the center of the east window and went down in the center of the opposite one. So whoever had built here in the wilderness was acquainted with the habits of the stars. The house was becoming, in the words of the poet Borges, "little by little, holy."

After the child fell asleep, he sat on the hearth and drank the terrible-tasting beer. When the flames brightened and fell back, it was unavoidable to glimpse in the stones lost profiles, half lips mortared with clay and horsehair. Buzzards—or was it their shadows—careened against the iron gates of the Sacred Heart Academy, where except for him the child would be going to school. Whenever he thought of this, he started to explain to a host of nameless judges who could never understand. Sometimes he said one thing and sometimes another, as if he himself was not sure. No, he was not sure. But he was living harmlessly, teaching the child the Faith. It is all my father asked of me, and it's silly and all that, but the only link between the generations. Faith. His words sounded poorly put together, unheard.

ALTHOUGH it was still January, the buds of the maples and forsythia were swelling for the spring. On a particular morning, when he awoke, there was the faint sense of change. It was not just the season. The farm and everything on it had moved overnight into a somewhat dif-



"Miss Egan, bring me everything we have on cats."

ferent perspective in his mind. It was a dark and windy scene from the little east window, with fresh snow. After he dressed and wrapped the child snugly so that only her face could get cold, he banked the fire and they set out for the barn. The air seemed vaguely threatening. A few venturesome cows were already sniffing the bunkers, afraid they had overlooked a bite of last night's feed. The farmer had not come out, although it was getting late. They would proceed with the work as usual, and then go see about him. The wind was blowing the snow so hard they had to squint to see. Rows of sparrows perched under the eaves of the barn, looking vexed and hungry. After the last of the troughs had been filled with steaming silage, he straightened the child on his shoulders and stepped off the hundred or so yards to the farmhouse. The pickup was not there, and he did not even see where it had been parked during the night. The faint blue of the television, which he had usually noticed from this angle, was not there. He found the back of the house unlocked. The enclosed porch was neat with boots and umbrellas and bushels of potatoes. On the kitchen table a meal had been served. There was a ham, partly sliced, dishes of macaroni and applesauce. The television set had been removed and a rectangle of dust was exposed. With the child's head almost brushing the ceiling, he strode through the small rooms with their potted plants and old folks' stale aroma. Pictures of Jesus and George Washington hung high on the flowered wallpaper. The only sign of disorder was a silver teaspoon dropped on the braided rug. What happened here last night? A telephone inquiry and the police would want to know who was speaking. The hired man—the tenant. He'd be done for.

LIKE BOATS

Who is this who has come in
and changed all the bedclothes,
folded them into neat piles in the closet
so I don't know what
belongs where?

Who
sent the cutlery into oblivion
so I've had to eat everything
with my fingers?

And who
sprayed milkweed with
Krylon Acrylic Spray
and left the can with a wreath
of dead daisies?

The rain knows no bounds.
It has smothered horizons.
Mist sneaks into the house,
and I burn the cheap bonded-sawdust
shed roof that collapsed
in the first storm.

I collapse onto the sofa.
Where are the insects?
The yellow jacket who stung me
as I sat on the toilet
last time up; who almost
killed me as I felt my heart
stop, then kick up again
as I drove, dead, twenty miles
to the nearest clinic
for allergy tests that
have set me back months?
And where are my spiders
who eat my flies? And where
are my flies?

She's
exploded a bomb! I know
its results. I'd done the same
two summers back, when the
bank president's hippie
vegetarian daughter, who couldn't
kill a living thing, had filled
the house with birds, who'd
filled the house with fleas.
Who'd never paid her rent.

I toss the orderly weeds
into the back of the damp fire.
And dusty caterpillars of goldenrod
she'd perched in a precarious
glass vase over the fireplace
drop, and shatter.

Where are the flies?
Above the dash of the rain
I hear a small buzz.
One dazed black fly
greets me like an old hound
from the corner of a chair.

In the night
rain ate into my sleep.
I woke in my sleep
and it stopped.
I woke,
and rain
had obliterated all distinction.

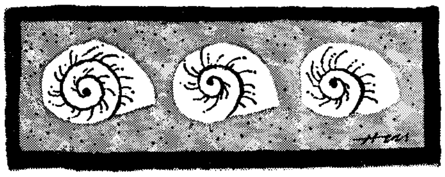
The glare of separation was in the room.

I push everything away from my life
like boats.

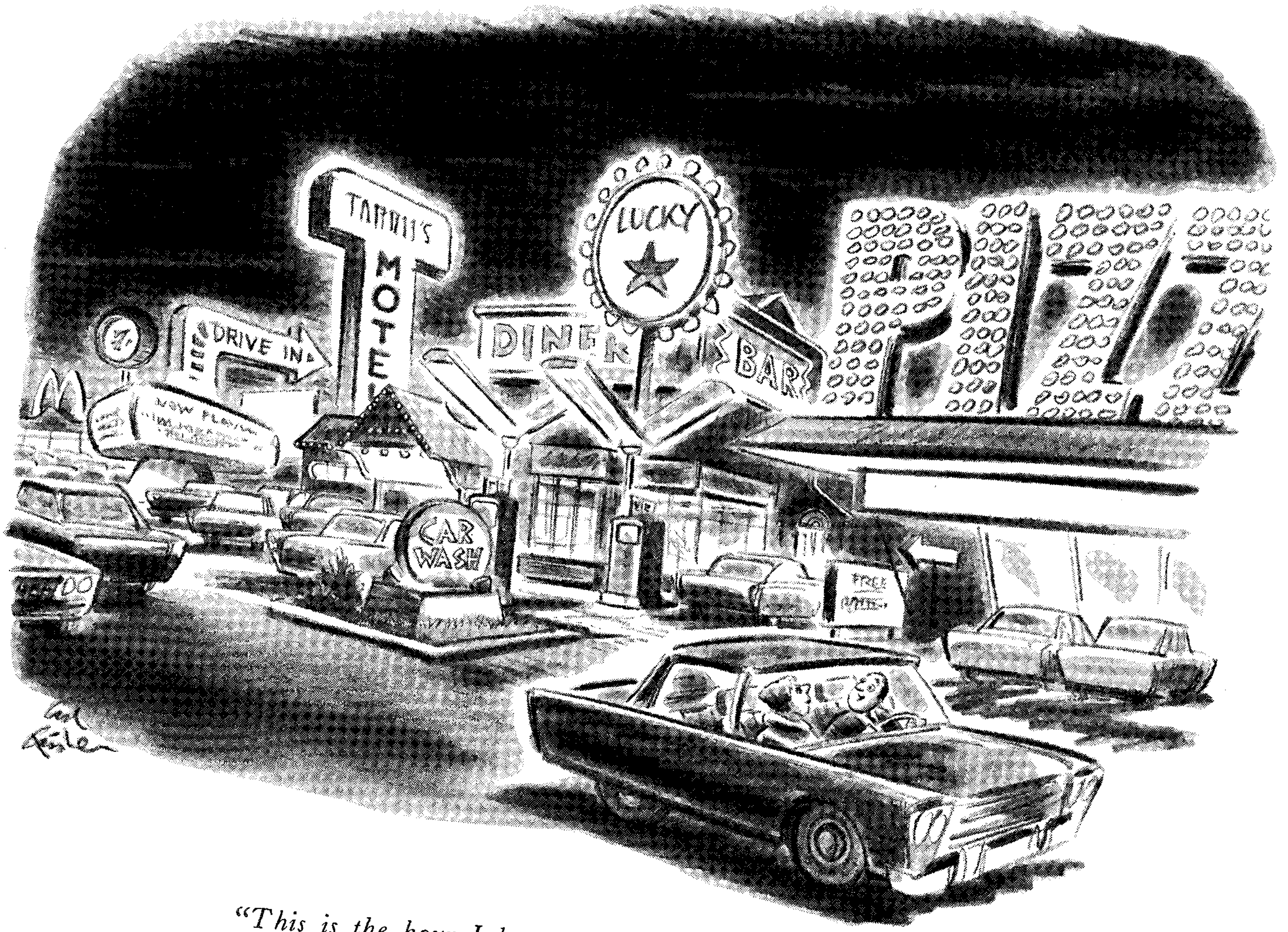
—Brian Swann

• •

He thought of West Virginia. He could carry the child and a few supplies, get up on the ridges early. But this was mad—almost an admission of guilt. No, if he had to leave, he had better head east. Somebody would need a butler. People on those estates would know that a man with his diction . . . would hire him as a tutor on the spot. I have been engaged in botanical research—a threatened wild flower—and now I am free to teach. Which one, if they had to know? All he could think of was the marsh pink, and it wouldn't grow around here. People at large these days had outrageous information. He cowered at the thought of leaving home.



As they left the farmhouse, he became increasingly nervous. His heart raced as if it was going into fibrillation. The wind had died, and a fog, ice fog, was taking its place. He heard himself speaking reassuringly to the child in the queer gray air, when suddenly he was turning back to the farmer's house. In the kitchen he found paper and pencil to write a note, saying he had fed the cattle, saying he would be back at the cabin. He propped this on the table, upright against the ham. Then he thought to look in the medicine cabinet in the bathroom in case there were tranquil-



"This is the hour I love the best—when the dusk deepens and the lights come twinkling on."

• •

lizers. There was a bottle of Percodan four-and-a-halfs and he put two of the tablets into his mouth, chewing hastily, stuffing the bottle into his pocket.

Back in the cabin, he remembered sipping beer and praying. Father, don't make us leave here. He felt his pulse and it was calming down. *Hosanna in excelsis. Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.*

He slept deeply, got up and fed the child, and drank more beer. Toward afternoon his head cleared, and he built up the fire and put a squash to bake in the coals. He needed to remember something—a garbled conversation—but with whom? He would ask the child to tell him. Just then he saw the white card of the state police and remembered taking it from them. Yes, they had come to the door, two troopers, wafer thin, and had stood with their uniformed backs against the fog. They wanted to know if he would agree to look after the cattle until arrangements could be made to hold an auction. The farmer and his wife had been found shot in their truck in front of an all-night teller.

Aha. The story was catching up with itself. But the wife, too— And how had his manner been? A little formal, perhaps, but not too formal. Properly accommodating. He would be glad to continue looking after the herd. That was what he was here for. He recalled distinctly saying that. That that was what he was here for. The only odd thing—why had he shown them his paychecks? The turtle shell had been taken down from the rafters and was perched on a rank of wood. They must have thought he was crazy, a man with disdain for money. Still, under the circumstances it might have been appropriate.

Sooner or later, when all this was past and they were more secure, he would mourn the ailing farmer, let his essence come back, the little squarish eyes and blocky cheeks. Now there was winter to worry about. So they wanted him right here. Creditors, no doubt. When the cattle were sold and everything settled up, he would be at the mercy of whoever owned the gap. Nobody permitted squatters. But maybe they would hire him. He would again become the tenant. He fitted the child into her wraps and kissed the top of her head. The orphaned herd was bellowing for its silage.

—Berry Morgan

•

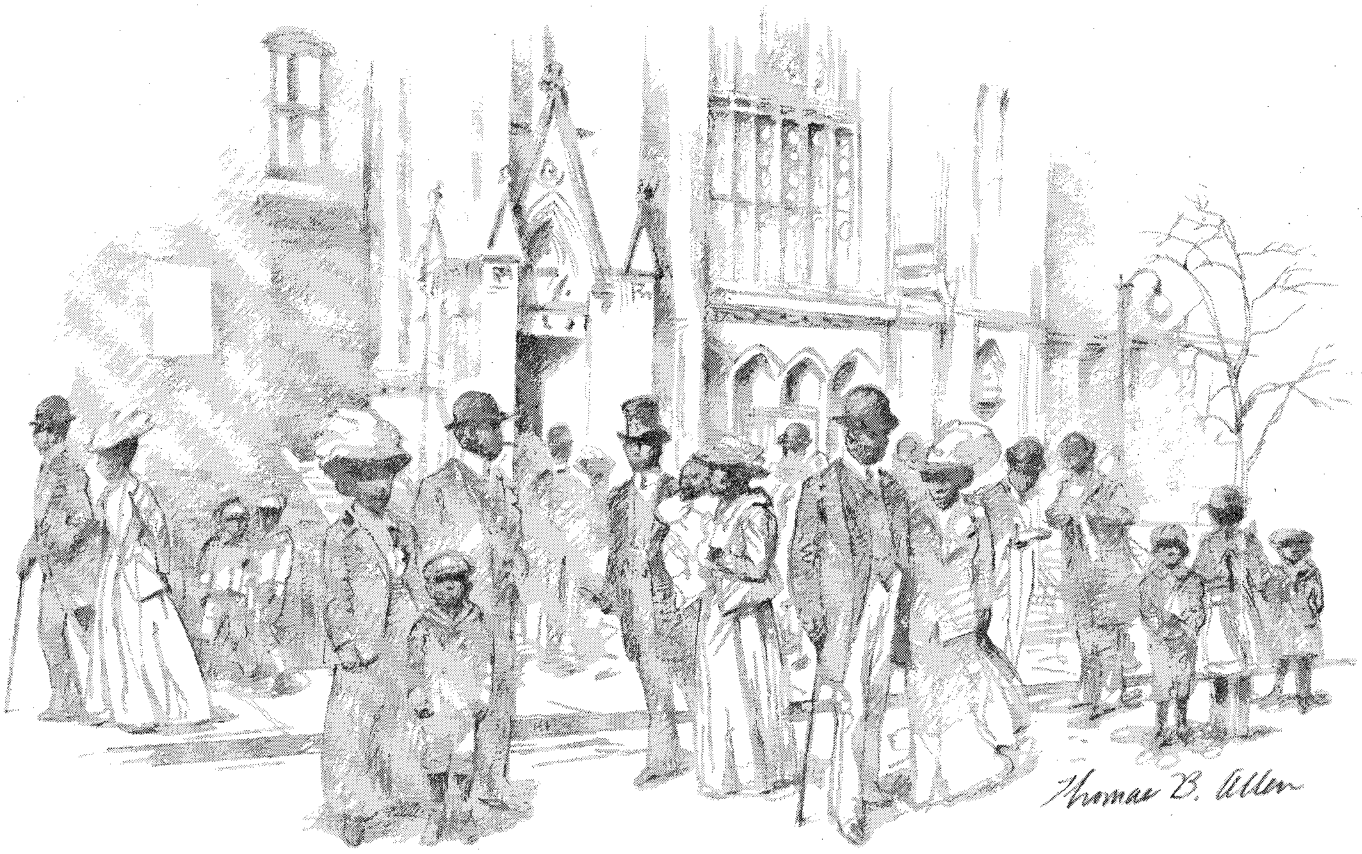
Only a year ago, Richard Taylor was a young leading tenor with New York City Opera. He had sung the top Verdi roles and sung in Massenet's "Manon" opposite Beverly Hills.—*San Francisco Daily Commercial News.*

You remember—a youngster from the Los Angeles area.

THAT WAS NEW YORK

HARLEM

I—THE JOURNEY UPTOWN



IN one of the early months of 1914, St. James Presbyterian, a black church then occupying premises on West Fifty-first Street, in Manhattan, decided to move farther uptown, to Harlem. Blacks had been moving to Harlem ever since 1900, abandoning the West Side between the Twenties and the low Sixties, where they had lived for decades. Life on the congested and hostile middle West Side, with its overcrowded tenements and its increasing eruptions of anti-Negro feeling, had grown harder and harder for them, and in Harlem more and more houses were becoming available that were superior to any they had ever occupied elsewhere in Manhattan. Though by 1914 most blacks were moving to Harlem because they had nowhere else to go—not even to Brooklyn, where only those of a higher income could afford to live—more than a few were going there only because the district was becoming the fashionable place for Negroes to be. When St. James Presbyterian decided to join the migration, however, it was not following fashion but yielding to necessity. After observing the exodus from the West Side for more than ten years, during which other black churches had left for Harlem, St. James had judged the movement to be irreversible: Harlem was clearly replacing the West Side as the main black settlement in Manhattan, and to survive and remain useful the church, too, would have to move—to the place where a sizable number of its members were already living.

Until 1900, Harlem had been a virtually all-white neighborhood, and the blacks who began settling there at that time did not see themselves as the advance guard of a larger community. They encountered enough hostility and resistance from white Harlemites—though not from their new landlords, whose surplus of apartments they were filling—to discourage any such view. They were satisfied just to have found themselves a refuge, away from the violence and the horrid tenement conditions of the West Side. The higher rents in Harlem and the hostility of its white residents were prices worth paying for the chance to live in a quiet and attractive neighborhood and in apartments as nice as the ones to be found up there. However, if any of them were uneasy about being a part of a small and isolated black colony in white Harlem, it must have delighted them to notice that as the months passed their numbers were being augmented by other Negro refugees from the West Side, and that the churches, too, were joining the migration. To them, the latter development was probably the most heartening of all. Most blacks knew how accurately their churches could read the momentum of Negro migration. From what had occurred in the past when blacks had moved from one neighborhood to another, they could be sure that the churches would not be moving now unless their leaders had concluded that Harlem would be a future center of Manhattan's black population.

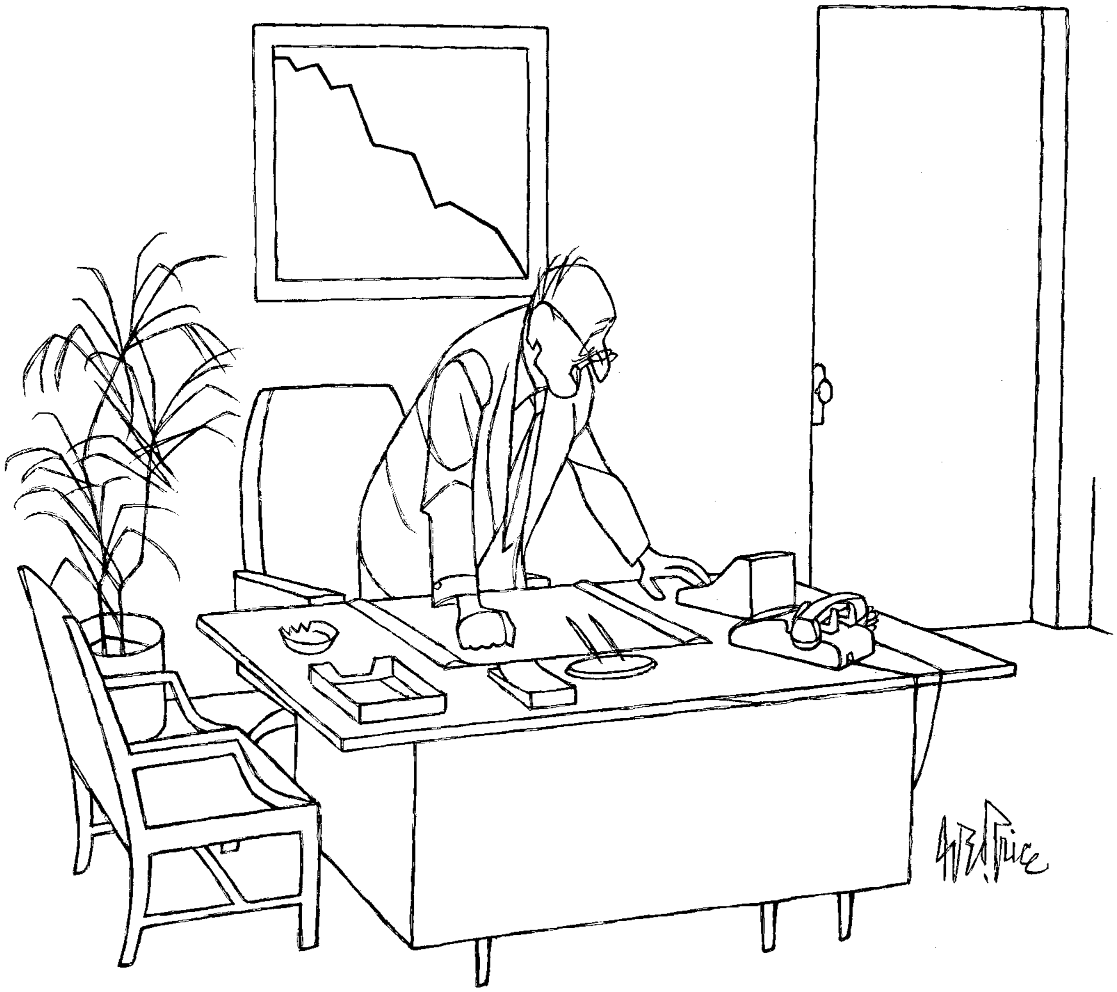
Most white Harlemites did not readily realize this; as they watched the early stages of black migration into their district, few of them imagined what the arrival of the churches signified. If some whites were already selling their homes and taking flight, it was not because they thought that Harlem would one day become predominantly black. They simply did not wish to share their community with people whose color they disliked, whose social and racial position they considered inferior to their own, whose cultural habits they deplored, and whose future effect upon property values they could well predict. The majority stayed behind—for a while, at least—and they did what they could to resist the Negro "invasion," as they called it; for they did not see a black takeover of their neighborhood as inevitable.

BY 1900, blacks had been living in Manhattan for nearly three hundred years—since 1626, when eleven Africans were brought to the Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam to work under conditions resembling indentured servitude. Others were brought in after 1664, when—the Dutch having surrendered to the English—New Amsterdam had become New York and the indentured servants had become slaves. Some of these Africans worked in the village of Harlem, and from then on a handful of their descendants lived in the community—few enough to be ignored by most whites except the families they served. The majority of Manhattan's early black population worked first on the Dutch and later on the English holdings near the island's southern tip, and they remained in that area until after 1827, when slavery was abolished in New York. Their numbers had grown, of course. In 1830, the census reported that there were thirteen thousand nine hundred and seventy-six blacks in Manhattan, most having been born in New York.

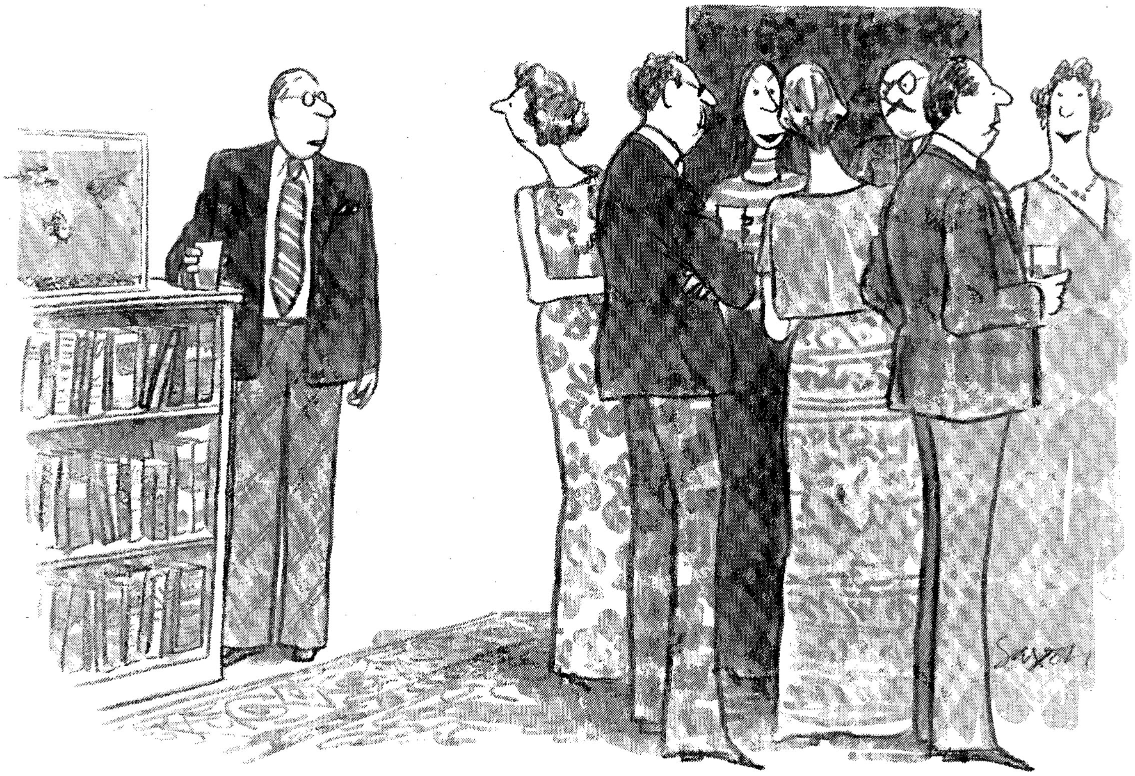
Early in the nineteenth century, this population began leaving the lower section of Manhattan. Moving steadily northward, they settled here and there on the island, a few along the East Side, the majority along the West Side. In a sense, they were not just on the move but on the run. They stayed in certain neighborhoods for as long as they were able to and abandoned them when one circumstance or another—pressure from incoming white groups, the expansion of commerce and industry, or their own desire for better housing—propelled them into new territory. Their churches sprang up along the way and then followed them wherever they went, or wherever it seemed that they would be settling for a while. By the eighteen-nineties, the majority of the blacks were to be found on the West Side from the Twenties up through the low Sixties. Their churches were there, too—including St. James Presbyterian.

The New York Presbytery, the governing body of the denomination in the city, was not wholly in favor of the St. James decision to move to Harlem. Those members of the Presbytery who supported the decision were opposed by a faction from the Church of the Puritans, a white congregation in Harlem, which included some owners of property in the district. At a meeting of the Presbytery in June of 1914, when a delegation from St. James requested a contribution of forty thousand dollars toward the cost (eighty-three thousand dollars) of putting up a church building on West 137th Street, delegates from the Church of the Puritans raised three objections. First, they asked, "Why give all that money to Negroes when white churches need it?" Second, they said that it would be unwise to invest eighty-three thousand dollars in a new building in Harlem, where, because of the Negroes who had already moved into the district, property values were going down. And, third, they pointed out that there were "already seven colored churches" in Harlem, serving "28,000 Negroes." In effect, the Church of the Puritans was resisting any further Negro migration to Harlem.

John M. Royall, a member of the



"Miss Wynn, I'll be in R.B.'s office, where the grapes of wrath are stored."



"My silence connotes neither shyness, snobbishness, nor deep thought. For the moment, I simply have nothing to say."

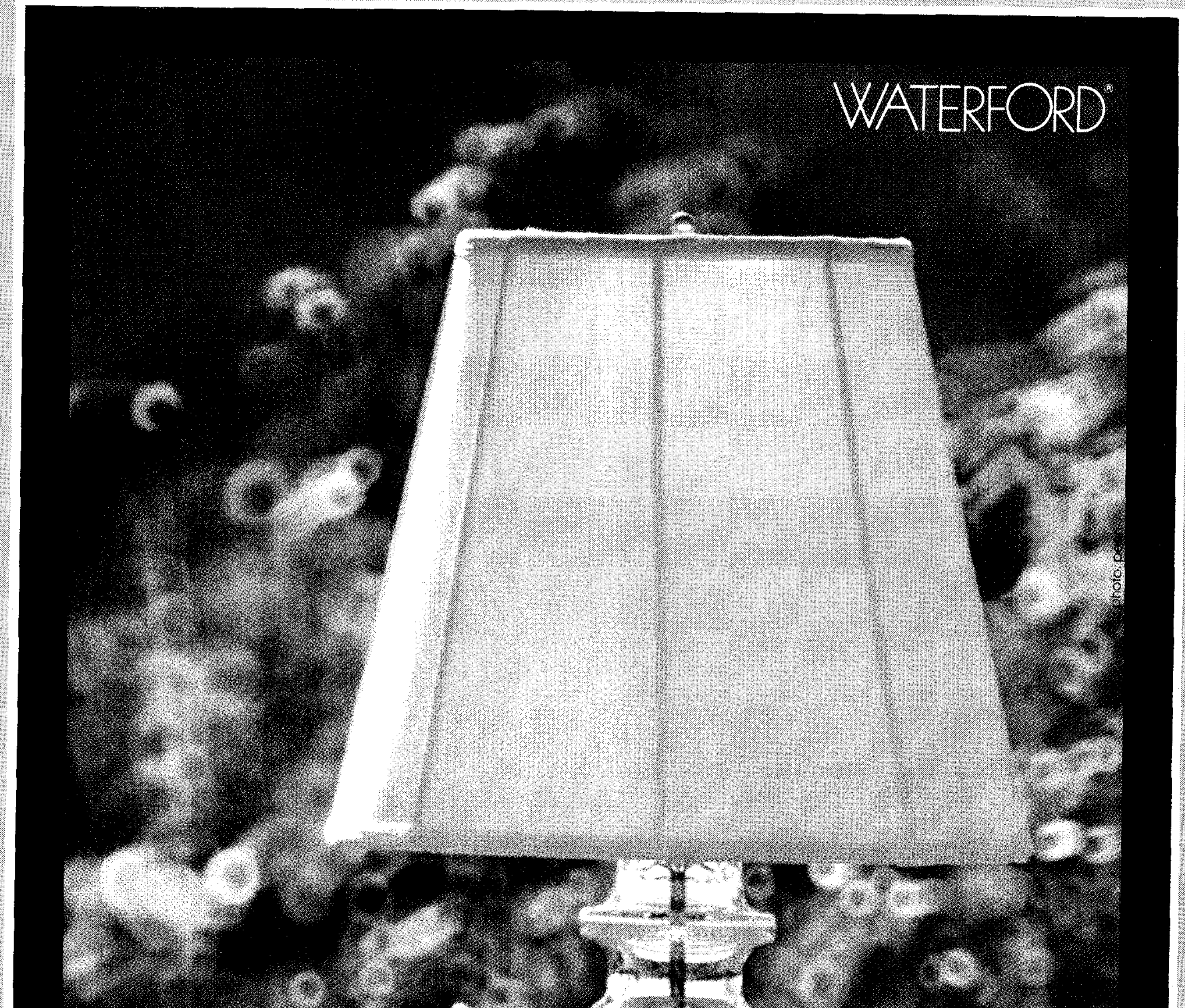
• •

St. James delegation, replied in behalf of his church. As a real-estate man of much experience and considerable success, he was qualified to address the question of property values, and as an officer of St. James he knew the circumstances that had influenced its decision to move to Harlem. First of all, Royall told the Presbytery, incoming Negroes were not the cause of declining property values in the district. The cause, he said, was a great building boom that had occurred in Harlem a few years earlier. This boom had produced so many apartments that there were not enough white tenants to occupy them. As a result, landlords had lowered their rents in the hope of attracting white tenants, and when that policy failed they had had to let their apartments to Negroes—at much higher rents than they had asked of whites. Royall also noted that in sections of the West Side where blacks were charged steep rents property values had risen. Turning to the reason his church felt it necessary to move uptown, Royall said, "St. James is needed in Harlem to help absorb [its] kindred people, and to assist in the readjustment of their living to suit the new condition. Churches of every description, except of the Presbyterian faith, have found a home in Harlem. And St. James, being in West Fifty-first Street, is too far removed from her people and members to keep pace." The opposition failed. St. James moved to West 137th Street late in 1914, and remained there until 1927, when it moved to its present home, on West 141st Street.

IN the years before 1914, and for many years thereafter, the members of St. James Presbyterian would not have referred to themselves as "black"—"black" being a term that was not as acceptable then as it has since become. Theirs was not a mass church—members of which might not have objected to being called black—but one of several upper-class non-white congregations of Manhattan. Many of its communicants were in the professions, in small but profitable businesses, or in humble but respectable trades. A few, like John Royall, were men of means, though not by the white standards of that or any other day. Some belonged to what there was of Manhattan's non-white élite. And the majority of its important members were light-skinned. All this was true in even larger measure of people who worshipped at St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal, the wealthiest non-white church in the city. In 1911, when St. Philip's bought property in Harlem, John G. Taylor, a leader of the white homeowning community uptown, used certain racial epithets to describe the Negroes who were behind the deal. This brought a reply from Hutchens C. Bishop, rector of St. Philip's, who *was* behind the deal, and who himself looked so white that only Negroes knew he was not. "Mr. Taylor," Bishop said, "did not know enough of the real progressive element among the colored people to talk seriously about them. We are willing to be judged by the testimony of Seth Low, Robert C. Ogden, John J. Delany, George R. Sheldon, Joseph H. Choate, and Jacob Schiff [all upper-class white New Yorkers], who know something of us." A Negro businessman added, "The trouble is that our white neighbors, many of them newcomers in the country, don't know anything about us, and have determined not to learn anything about us. They insist on taking the worst element in the race as examples of our progress, while insisting that only the best in all other races shall be used as examples of decency and progress." Such speakers, including most of those who were not light-skinned, preferred to describe themselves as "colored." Some, perhaps the more racially aware, leaned toward "Afro-American." And hardly anyone really objected to "Negro"—only to the fact that most white Americans were still writing the word with a small "n." But almost none of them—representing the élite of their race in the city—would have thought of calling themselves "black."

Regardless of their shadings of color or their differences in social and economic position, however, most non-whites in Manhattan were trapped in a common predicament. A few upper-class white New Yorkers—the Lows, the Ogdens, the Schiffs—may have recognized a "progressive element" in the colored population, but ordinary whites made no distinctions

LIGHT A CRYSTAL FIRE.



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whatever among people of Negro background. Even if they had wished to differentiate socially and intellectually among blacks, it would have been hard for them to do so—for almost all the blacks in Manhattan were herded together in squalid tenements on the West Side. In a city like Washington, D.C., Negroes of means and cultural distinction lived apart from the masses, in attractive residential enclaves of their own. In Manhattan, Negroes of all classes lived together in the tenement ghettos. Almost every contemporary observer remarked upon this fact. Mary Rankin Cranston, a white native of Georgia who was employed by the League for Social Service, in Manhattan, wrote in 1902 that "there is no good and no bad Negro section . . . all are crowded together indiscriminately, the good with the bad, the moral with the immoral." Mary White Ovington, an upper-middle-class white Brooklynite and a social worker among black families on the West Side, said in 1905 that "their difficulty in procuring a place to live compels the colored people to dwell good and bad together." And G. L. Collin, a white reporter, observed in 1906 that "college graduates and cutthroats are huddled in the same tenements."

THE blacks living on the middle West Side in the eighteen-nineties had moved up there from Greenwich Village—from the blocks of Canal, Mulberry, Thompson, Wooster, Sullivan, Spring, Gay, Jones, Bleecker, Macdougal, West Third, and West Tenth Streets. By 1900, only a few Negro households remained on these streets. "The ambitious Negro has moved uptown, leaving this section [the Village] largely to widowed and deserted women and degenerates," Miss Ovington wrote around that time. "Here alone in New York I have found . . . men and women who, unsuccessful in their struggle with city life, have been left behind in these old forgotten streets." Ambition was not the only reason that blacks had left the Village. Many had been forced out by white immigrant groups—especially the Italians. A section of the Village that had once been called Little Africa later became Little Italy. Bayrd Still was to write, in his "Mirror for Gotham," that "the red would be seen overrunning the old Africa of Thompson Street, pushing the black of the negro rapidly uptown, against querulous but unavailing protests, occupying his home, his church, his trade and all, with merciless impartiality."

It was then that black neighborhoods sprang up in the Tenderloin district, from the Twenties to the Fifties west of Sixth Avenue, and by 1900 the areas of greatest concentration extended as far north as Sixty-fourth Street west of Broadway. The section known as Columbus Hill, from Sixtieth to Sixty-fourth Street, came to be called San Juan Hill, since many black veterans of the Spanish-American War lived there and since racial battles were always breaking out in its streets. In the nineties, when a surprisingly large number of the faces to be seen on Seventh Avenue were black, the avenue from the Twenties to the Forties came to be called the African Broadway, and the newspapers reported that it was the main artery of Manhattan's new Negro quarter. One such report appeared in the *Tribune* in October of 1895:

> It is the southwestern corner of the old Tenderloin that the negroes have marked out for their own, and have already pretty completely settled. On both sides of Seventh ave., chiefly on Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Twenty-ninth, and Thirtieth sts. . . . they have taken up their abodes. . . . Nearly 10,000 of them are already there. . . .
>
> Always and invariably on "dress parade" is the new quarter. How the most of the men support their wives and families is a mystery, for they seem to do nothing but lounge about street corners. . . . The younger women, arrayed in gowns that are wonderfully good imitations of the fashions, though heaven knows how they can afford them, walk in pairs and trios up and down Seventh Ave. . . .
>
> All the business of the quarter is in the hands of others. There is hardly a negro who has even the tiniest shop or store. Germans sell them their provisions, Jews . . . sell them their clothes. The genius of trade does not seem to have taken possession of a single inhabitant of this quarter. Even the most industrious get no further than odd jobs. . . . There is . . . a colored "Four Hundred" in New York, made up of men who have not a little property. But these are not the negroes of Seventh Ave. The people . . . are poor, with only a dollar or two standing between

JOSEPH FARRIS

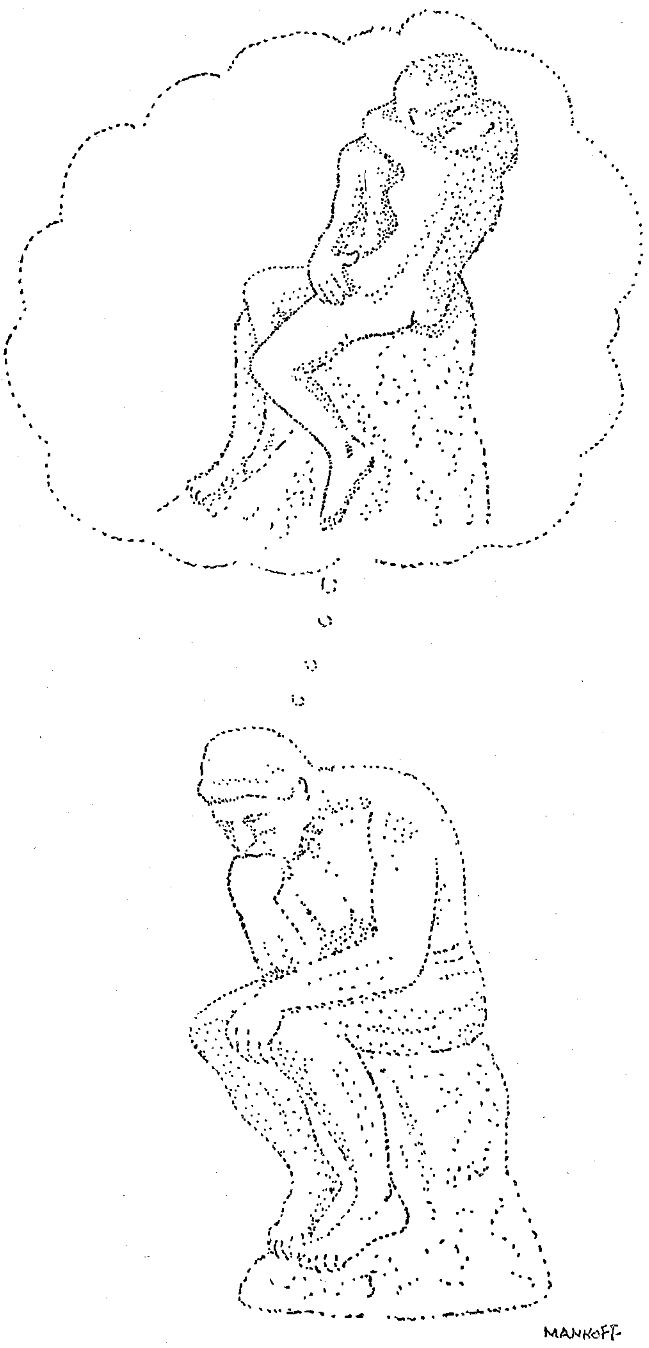
"And now here's Ed with news from the animal kingdom."

> them and starvation most of the time, every cent going as fast as it comes in. . . .
>
> [There is a] daily promenade of gayly dressed girls and sprig young colored men. Yellow is the prime tint of the young colored girls' clothes. The favorite dress of the young men "in style" is a glossy silk hat, patent leathers, a black suit with a sack coat of remarkable shortness, and a figured waistcoat. Paste diamonds are *de rigueur*.
>
> And as the procession of young colored people passes and repasses along on the east side [of Seventh Avenue] the Hebrews across the street stand out in front of their shops and impress the "sheapness" of their goods upon everybody within earshot. The panorama never stops unrolling from eight . . . to close upon midnight.

Referring to the black precincts of the West Side, *Harper's Weekly* said in January of 1897, "Amid scenes of indescribable squalor and tawdry finery, dwell the negroes, leading their lighthearted lives of pleasure, confusion, music, noise, and fierce fights that make them a terror to white neighbors and landlords alike."

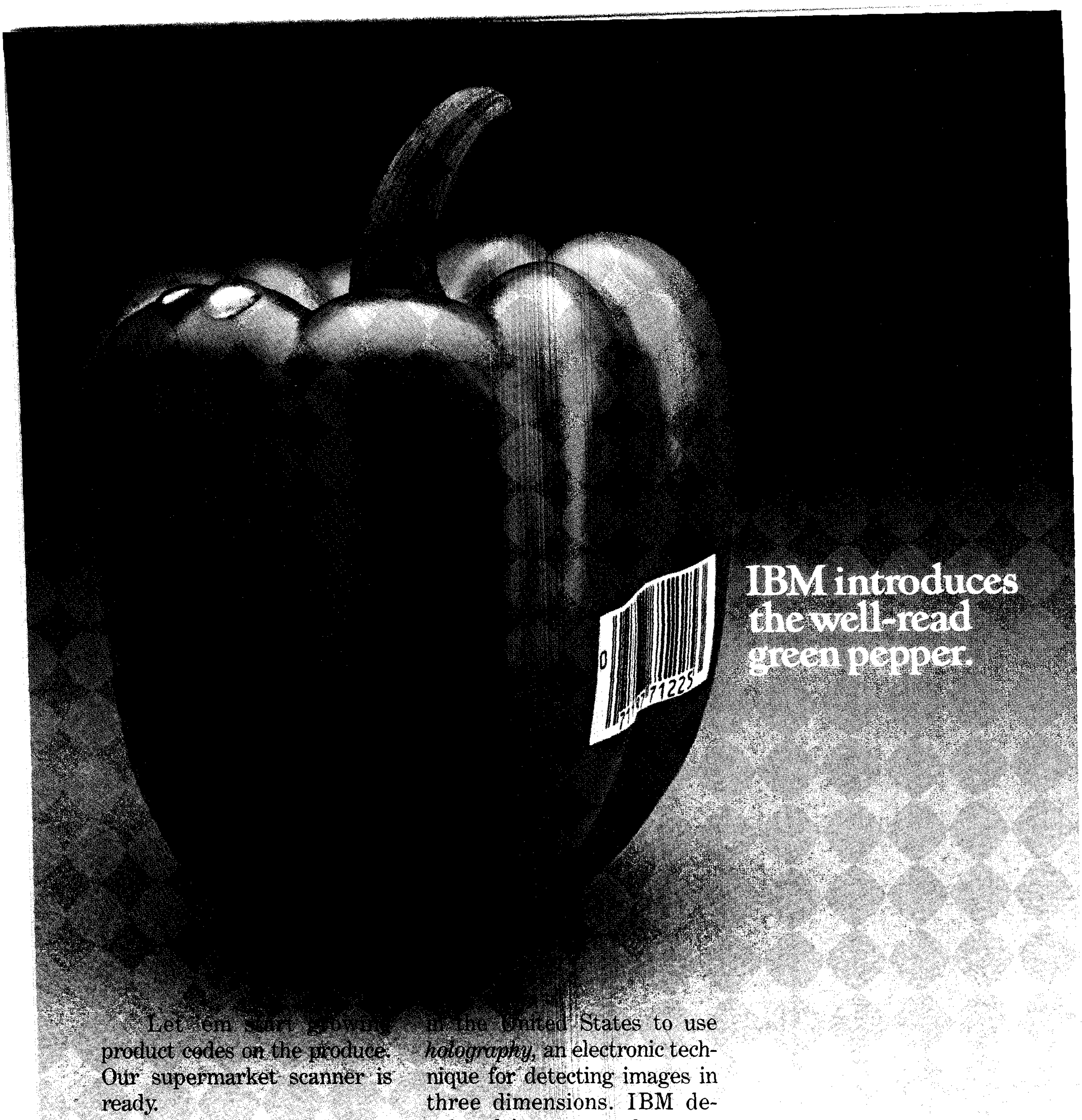
Many black residents of the Tenderloin—employed and unemployed, criminals and law-abiding, those who were "in style" and those who were not—were fairly recent migrants from the South. W. E. B. Du Bois, the black scholar and intellectual leader, described them in 1901 as "country bred." Five years later, a black clergyman said that the majority of the newcomers from the South "were once the field or plantation hands, whence they progressed to gangs at sawmills, then to small towns for higher wages, and thence North, herded together, untouched by the civilization either of the whites or of the educated blacks." He added, "They bring straight to the evils and temptations of New York the ignorance of the backwoods of the South." To such migrants, the idea of New York had been irresistible. According to Paul Laurence Dunbar's novel "The Sport of the Gods," published in 1902, which deals with Negro life in New York in the eighteen-nineties, they "had heard of New York as a place vague and far away, a city that, like Heaven, to them had existed by faith alone. All the days of their lives they had heard about it, and it seemed to them the center of all the glory, all the wealth, and all the freedom of the world." New York continued to excite the imagination of black migrants for many years to come.

Among the wage earners, most black women in New York were domestic workers, dressmakers, beauticians, nurses, and midwives; unskilled men worked as elevator operators, cooks, porters, doormen, housemen, hallboys, messengers, coachmen, hostlers, draymen, hackmen, housecleaners, waiters, janitors, furnacemen, and day laborers; and a smaller group of skilled workers included carpenters, masons, bricklayers, woodturners, tailors, blacksmiths, barbers, railroad firemen, plasterers, plumbers, steam fitters, shoemakers, upholsterers, goldsmiths, coopers, and harnessmakers. Among the professionals and businessmen were teachers, physicians, lawyers, preachers, musicians, actors, caterers, undertakers, restaurateurs, saloonkeepers, and small hoteliers. So it was not quite true, as the *Tribune* reported in 1895, that "there is hardly a negro who has even the tiniest shop or store." Writing for the *Times* in November of 1901, Du Bois said that five and a half per cent of the city's black population was in businesses of various kinds. "The Negroes have something over a million and a half dollars invested in small business enterprises," he continued. "In the sixty-nine leading establishments $800,000 is invested. . . . Five leading caterers have $30,000, seven undertakers have $32,000, two saloons have over $50,000, and four small machine shops have $27,500 invested."



IN the hostility that blacks encountered and in the rents they were charged, they paid dearly for the refuge they had found in the Tenderloin and other parts of the West Side. The hostility came chiefly from the Irish, who viewed sections of the West Side as their turf, and who had—as *Harper's Weekly* said in 1900—a "natural antipathy to the negroes." This is not to say that other ethnic groupings were exempt from the antagonism of the Irish. "Negro, Italian, and Jew [bit] the dust with many a bruised head under the Hibernian's stalwart fist," Jacob Riis wrote in "The Battle with the Slum," one of his studies of New York tenement life in the early years of this century.

On the West Side, for the most part, Negroes had their blocks and whites had theirs. The groups did coexist uneasily on a few blocks, but seldom did they share a tenement dwelling. And, how-



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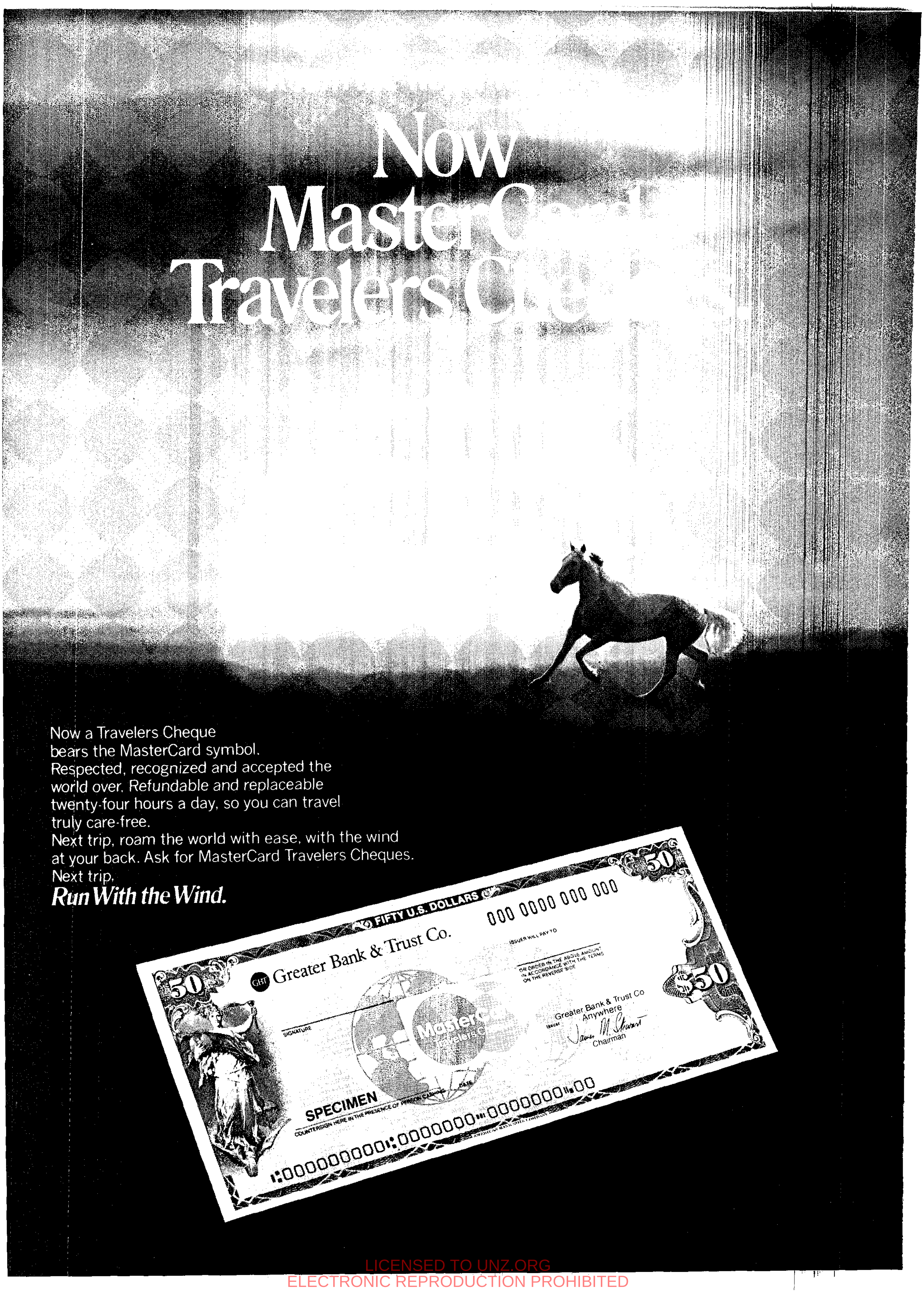
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"Everything's just fine. The garden is coming in beautifully, and Jeremy is in his usual rage."

• •

ever poor was the condition of the houses, blacks generally paid higher rents than any other ethnic group. In 1899, a graduate student at Columbia found that blacks occupied the worst houses in the Tenderloin and San Juan Hill districts and that they paid up to five dollars more than whites did "for the same class of rooms." *Harper's Weekly* made similar findings in December of 1900:

> Property is not rented to negroes in New York until white people will no longer have it. Then rents are put up from thirty to fifty per cent, and negroes are permitted to take a street or sometimes a neighborhood. There are really not many negro sections, and all that exist are fearfully crowded. . . .
>
> They [the landlords] charge enormous rentals for very inferior houses and tenements, which yield more when the negroes have taken possession than they did in time of seemingly greater prosperity. . . . Moreover, they make no repairs, and the property usually goes to rack and ruin. . . . As a rule . . . negroes in New York are not beholden to the property owners for anything except discomfort and extortion. . . . Housed as they are, it is wonderful that they should be as good as they are; it is wonderful that they are not all entirely worthless.

It was also surprising that in some of those wretched tenement rooms an air of graciousness managed to reign. A white visitor to one of these places found that although it was poor, bare, and squalid, it had "a certain style" and was pervaded by "an atmosphere of refinement." According to Riis, in "How the Other Half Lives," his most famous study of the New York tenements, "The poorest negro housekeeper's room in New York is bright with gaily colored prints of his beloved 'Abe Linkum,' General Grant, President Garfield, Mrs. Cleveland, and other national celebrities, and cheery with flowers and singing birds." And Mary White Ovington found that some of the rooms she visited were "sadly cluttered" but not "bare and ugly." Breakfast and dinner were served with "the air of a social function." No doubt, such tenants understood the humanizing and dignifying uses of style—or, at any rate, the necessity of putting the best foot forward.

Sections of the black Tenderloin that harbored vice and offered various forms of entertainment were known as Negro Bohemia. Here one found the saloons, wine cellars, and poolrooms; night clubs, honky-tonks, and dance halls; herb doctors, mediums, and voodoo men; brothels and gambling dens; pimps, prostitutes, and assorted hustlers. Some of what went on in the streets and behind the doors of Negro Bohemia was a milder version of what went on in parts of the white Tenderloin. And life in much of the white Tenderloin was merely a reflection of the illicit, lighthearted, fun-loving side of Manhattan in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Samuel Hopkins Adams' historical novel "Tenderloin," based on the life of those decades, describes the New York of the eighteen-nineties as "a city of crime and gaiety," a place that "gambled and whored blithely." Its residents "paid uncomplaining tribute to a political overlord, who, holding no office, ruled the city by a loose tyranny of extortion and blackmail through the agency of Tammany Hall and the organized corruption of the Police Department, selling dispensations to lawbreakers who ranged from the highest to the lowest, from the powerful presidents of railway and shipping lines down to the dope-joint proprietors of Mott Street."

On the morning of February 14, 1892, a Sunday, Charles H. Parkhurst, minister of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, preached one of the more indignant sermons ever heard in Manhattan. In remarks that were later printed in the newspapers, Parkhurst denounced the leaders of Tammany Hall as "polluted harpies that, under the pretense of governing this city, are feeding day and night on its quivering vitals." They were, Parkhurst said, "a lying, perjured, rum-soaked, and libidinous lot." Continuing, he accused them of protecting the brothels and gambling dens, which, he said, flourished like the "roses in Sharon." In official quarters of the city, Parkhurst's remarks were not well received. Much of the response suggested that the sermon had gone beyond the call of religious duty. However that might be, Parkhurst was denounced by the police, and prominent citizens of Manhattan called for his head. The *World* accused him of bearing false witness. Charles Dana, of the *Sun*—described by contemporaries as a friend of Tammany—declared that he should be driven from his pulpit. Most serious of all, a number of clergymen quickly dissociated themselves from Parkhurst's remarks—possibly because certain churches owned property in the Tenderloin and collected munificent rents from the vice lords of the district.

But Parkhurst had certainly not invented his material. Much of it, and worse, was echoed in the novel "Tenderloin":

> Saloons kept open, morning, noon, night, and Sundays. Professional faro and roulette games were conducted behind uncurtained windows at street-level in the West Thirties. Two-dollar harlots paraded Sixth and Seventh Avenues. Peep shows flourished in Fourteenth Street. Pestilential tenements and profitable brothels paid their ground rentals to fashionable churches.

Herbert Asbury's "The Gangs of New York," a book published in 1928, had this to say:

> Many of the worst dives with which New York was infested during these days of iniquity, and which were utilized as rendezvous by the gangs of criminals and the hordes of fallen women, were in the area between Twenty-fourth and Fortieth Streets and Fifth and Seventh Avenues, a region of such utter depravity that horrified reformers referred to it as Satan's Circus. As late as 1885, it was estimated that at least half of the buildings in the district were devoted to some form of wickedness, while Sixth Avenue, then the wildest and gayest thoroughfare in the city, was lined with brothels, saloons and all-night dance halls, and was constantly thronged by a motley crowd seeking diversion and dissipation. This area . . . was the original Tenderloin, so named by Captain, later Inspector, Alexander S. Williams. After long and unrewarded toil in outlying districts, Captain Williams was transferred to the command of the Twenty-ninth [police precinct] in 1876. A few days later a friend, meeting him on Broadway and noting his expansive smile, asked the cause of his merriment.
>
> "Well," said Williams, "I've been transferred. I've had nothing but chuck steak for a long time, and now I'm going to get a little of the tenderloin."

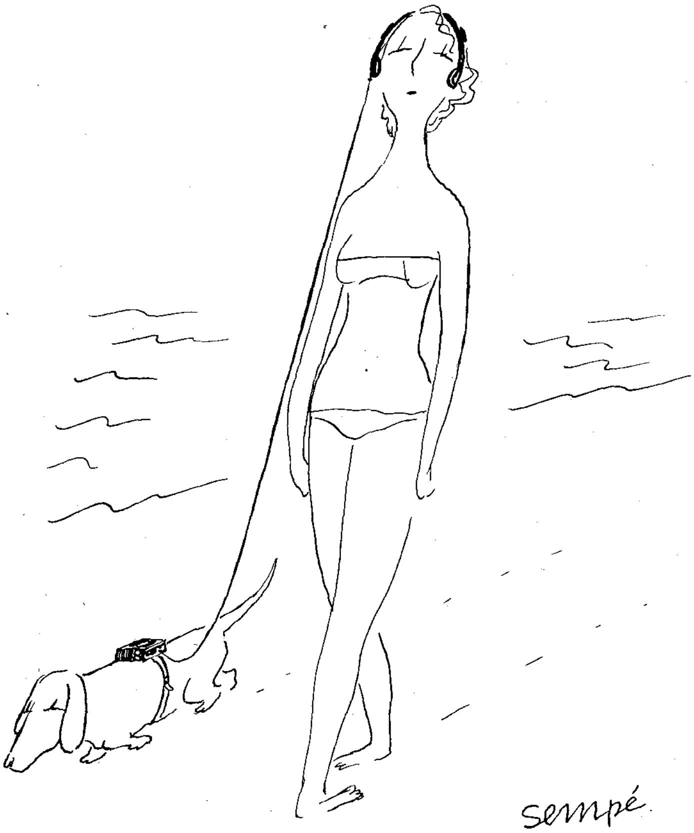
That, then, was the world of which Negro Bohemia was a part. On the whole, however, black memoirists have not had much to say about vice and corruption in the black Tenderloin—about its dealings with Tammany Hall and the police. They have spoken mostly about the clubs, saloons, and other places of entertainment that abounded in the area. A number of the saloons were owned by leading black prizefighters of the eighteen-nineties and the early nineteen-hundreds: George Dixon's, on Sixth Avenue between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth Streets; Joe Walcott's, on Thirty-first Street, on part of the site now occupied by Gimbels; and Joe Gans' Little Egypt, on West Thirty-third Street. These spots were frequented by such other well-known black pugilists as Joe Jeannette, Sam Langford, Sam McVey, and Jack Johnson, and by such contemporary black jockeys as Isaac Murphy, Pike Barnes, Jimmie Winkfield, Willie Simms, Soup Perkins, Johnny Stoval, Spider Anderson, Linc Jones, and Monk Overton.

John B. Nail's saloon, on Sixth Avenue near Twenty-eighth Street, was considered a place for gentlemen. The *Sun* reported in 1903 that it was "conducted with the quietness and manners of a high-class Broadway bar and billiard room." Many of its customers came there from Brooklyn, where most of New York's Negro élite, including Nail himself, lived. Nail, a light-skinned native of Baltimore, had migrated to New York in 1863. He was the father of John E. Nail, who became a major real-estate broker—one of the rental agents who helped transform Harlem into a black community. The senior Nail was also the father-in-law of James Weldon Johnson, who at different points in his career was a teacher, a songwriter, a poet, a novelist, a diplomat, an editorial writer for the New York *Age*, and a leader of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Edmond's, on West Twenty-eighth Street, was owned by Edmond Johnson, a man whose speech and manners were as crass as some of the worst in the Tenderloin. Eubie Blake played one of his early New York dates at Edmond's—in 1905, when he was twenty-two years old. Decades later, when Blake was approaching his nineties, he remembered Edmond's as "a cabaret over a stable." Edmond's moved to Harlem in 1910, and it was there that Ethel Waters made one of her earliest appearances in New York, as a singer and dancer.

Barron Wilkins' café—another that moved to Harlem in later years—was called Little Savoy, and was situated on West Thirty-fifth Street. The black musician Noble Sissle said of it in the nineteen-forties:

> From the stories the boys tell me, Barron Wilkins' place up to about 1908 was the most important spot where Negro musicians got acquainted with the wealthy New York clientele, who became the first patrons of their music. Barron, a big, jovial personality with a heart as large as his rotund figure, was one of the greatest benefactors the Negro musician had in New York. He had a great love and respect for talented artists. Although the exclusive clientele, coming to his café to hear the Negroes sing and play, at first came on slumming expeditions, soon they found themselves regular patrons of the interesting entertainment that his unique array of talent afforded, not only by Barron's regular entertainers but by the new Southland Troubadours who came daily to New York from all over America. . . . Barron's became so popular because this wise operator kept his floor an open



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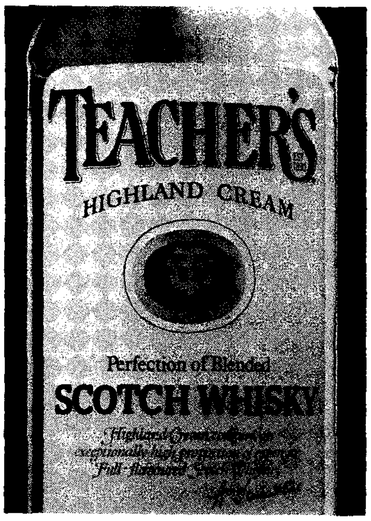
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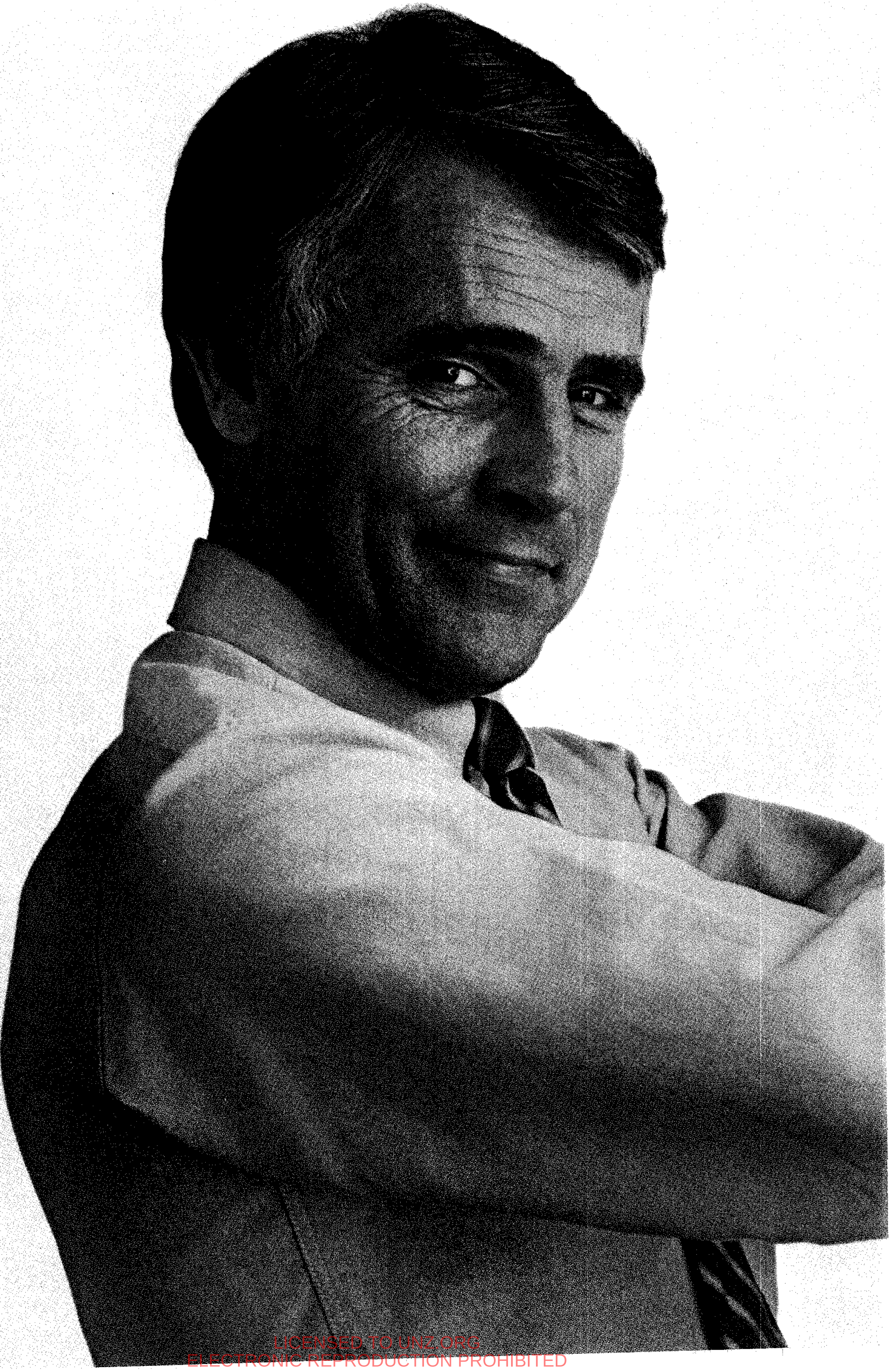

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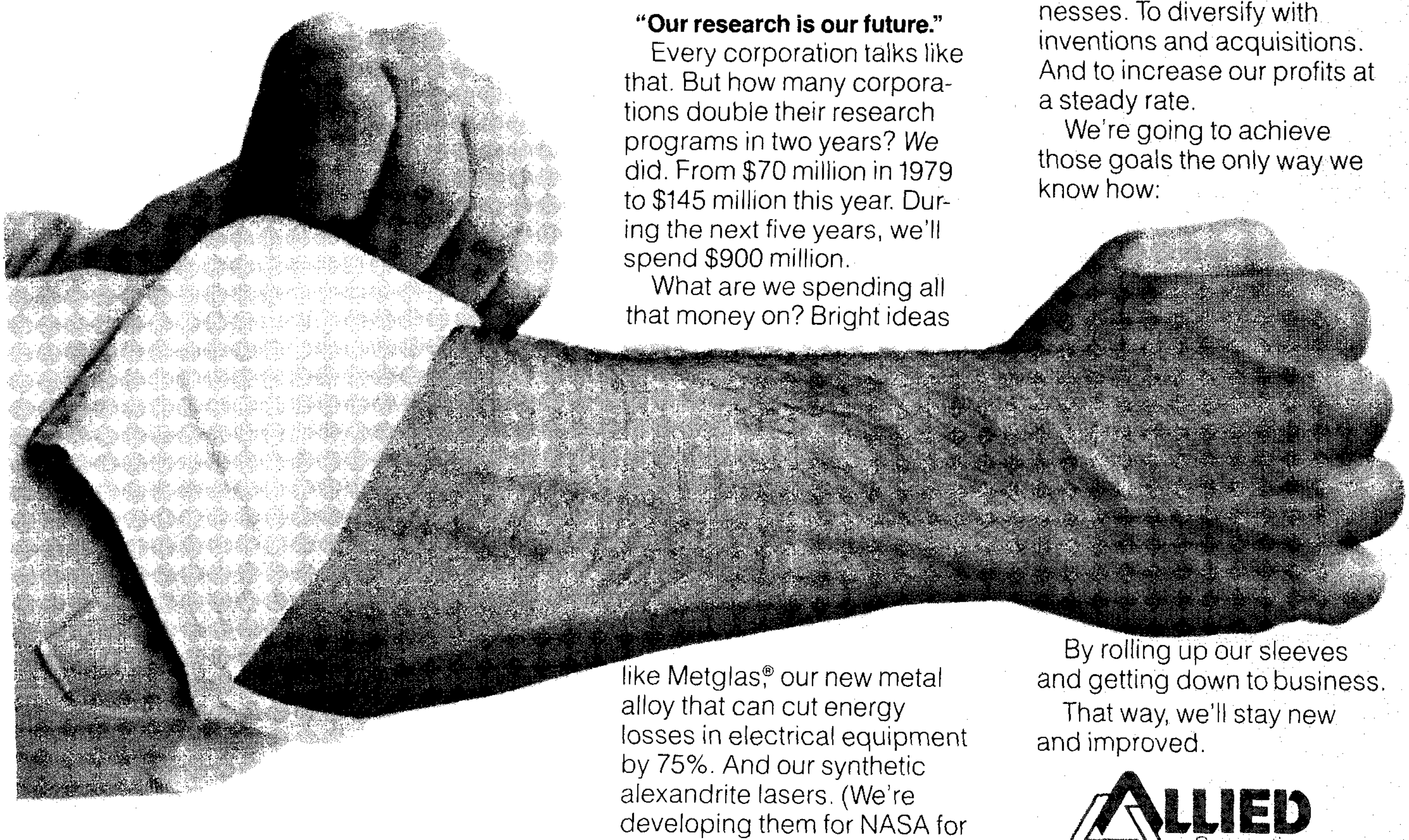

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floor. Anyone who had anything to offer worth while could always get up and do a number. . . . There was no dancing by the guests. The entertainers worked the tables. Sometimes they sang twenty choruses to a song. . . . It was his fabulous spot that sparked off the renaissance of the Negro musician in New York City.

In "The Sport of the Gods," Paul Laurence Dunbar describes the "Banner Club," a popular night spot in Negro Bohemia:

> It drew its pupils from every class of people and from every part of the country. . . . *Parasites came there to find victims,* politicians for votes, reporters for news, and artists of all kinds for color and inspiration. . . .
>
> The Banner was only one of a kind. It stood to the stranger and the man and woman without connections for the whole social life. It was a substitute . . . to many youths for the home life which is so lacking among certain classes in New York. . . .
>
> Here the rounders congregated, or came and spent the hours until it was time to go forth to bout or assignation. Here too came sometimes the curious who wanted to see something of the other side of life. . . .
>
> Of course, the place was a social cesspool, generating a poisonous miasma and reeking with the stench of decayed and rotten moralities.

Cooper and Ransom's wine and billiard saloon, on Sixth Avenue, admitted only blacks of "the better class." When it opened, in February of 1883, the *Globe*, then the leading Negro journal of the city (it was later renamed the *Age*), reported, "The 'spread' was truly fine . . . bountiful and artistic in the extreme. . . . The first floor is the saloon proper and is devoted to the dispensation of liquid refreshments and the amusements of the knights of the cue. . . . The second floor is a reading and card room, besides two private rooms for small parties of gentlemen. All the rooms on this floor are elegantly frescoed and richly papered, the floors being covered with rich Brussels."

Perhaps the best-known of all the clubs in Negro Bohemia was Ike Hines', on West Twenty-seventh Street. James Weldon Johnson's novel "The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man," published in 1912, contains this description of the club:

> The floor of the parlor was carpeted . . . the windows were draped with lace curtains, and the walls were literally covered with photographs or lithographs of every colored man in America who had ever "done anything." There were pictures of Frederick Douglass and of Peter Jackson [one of the better black heavyweight boxers of the time], of all the lesser lights of the prizefighting ring, of all the famous jockeys and the

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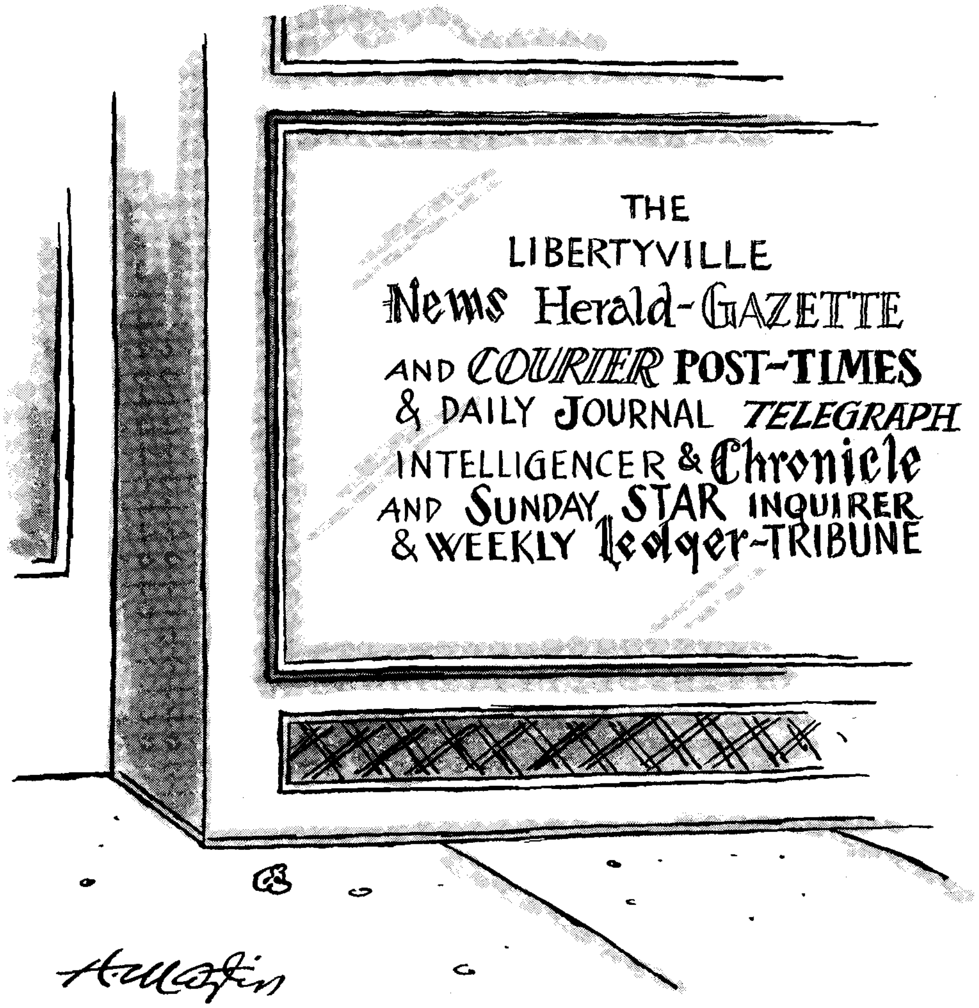
> stage celebrities, down to the newest song and dance team. . . . In the back room there was a piano, and tables were placed round the wall. The floor was bare and the center was left vacant for singers, dancers and others who entertained the patrons. . . . There was no open bar because the place had no liquor license. . . . The front room on the next floor was a sort of private party room; a back room . . . was devoted to the use of new and ambitious performers. In this room song and dance teams practiced their steps, acrobatic teams practiced their tumbles, and many other kinds of "acts" rehearsed their "turns.". . .
>
> No gambling was allowed, and the conduct of the place was surprisingly orderly. It was, in short, a center of colored Bohemians and sports. Here the great prizefighters were wont to come, the famous jockeys, the noted minstrels, whose names and faces were familiar on every bill-board in the country; and these drew a multitude of those who love to dwell in the shadow of greatness. . . . There was at the place almost every night one or two parties of white people, men and women, who were out sightseeing, or slumming. They generally came in cabs; some of them would stay . . . until morning. There was also another set of white people who came frequently; it was made up of variety performers and others who delineated "darky characters;" they came to get their imitations first-hand from the Negro entertainers they saw there.

It was at Ike Hines' that many blacks first heard ragtime piano music, which was, according to James Weldon Johnson, "just growing to be a rage" in New York. The main character of Johnson's novel (who narrates some of the author's own early experiences in Manhattan) recalls hearing his first ragtime pianist at Hines' place:

> The stout man at the piano began to run his fingers up and down the keyboard. This he did in a manner which indicated that he was master of a good deal of technique. Then he began to play; and such playing! I stopped talking to listen. It was music of a kind I had never heard before. It was music that demanded physical response, patting of the feet, drumming of the fingers, or nodding of the head in time with the beat. The barbaric harmonies, the audacious resolutions, often consisting of an abrupt jump from one key to another, the intricate rhythms in which the accents fell in the most unexpected places, but in which the beat was never lost, produced a most curious effect. And, too, the player—the dexterity of his left hand in making rapid octave runs and jumps was little short of marvellous; and with his right hand he frequently swept half the keyboard with clean-cut chromatics which he fitted in so nicely as never to fail to arouse in his listeners a sort of pleasant surprise at the accomplishment of the feat.

Ragtime music, Johnson's novel goes on to say, was "originated in the questionable resorts about Memphis and St. Louis by Negro piano-players who knew no more of the theory of music than they did of the theory of the universe, but were guided by natural musical instinct and talent." Continuing its account of early ragtime, the book also says, "It made its way to Chicago, where it was popular some time before it reached New York. These players often improvised crude and, at times, vulgar words to fit the melodies. This was the beginning of the rag-time song." But for some time—until the more sophisticated compositions of men like James Scott and Scott Joplin began to be published—most respectable families, black and white, abhorred ragtime music. "Take that ragtime out of my house," Eubie Blake's mother, a devout member of a church in Baltimore, once ordered her young son when she heard him playing his piano lessons in syncopated rhythm. If some families regarded ragtime as obscene, it was because of its origins in brothels and because of its crude and vulgar lyrics. John Stark, who was a music publisher in the early nineteen-hundreds—and probably the most important promoter of classic ragtime music—once used these words to describe some of the cruder compositions: "Many of them are unfit to be seen on your piano or to be sung to your friends."

White reformers and clergymen described the dives and fleshpots of the Tenderloin as Satan's Circus. Black preachers may not have used that term in condemning the worst features of Negro Bohemia, but they could hardly have thought it inappropriate. One of them later said that when he looked at the black Tenderloin he saw "human derelicts," "moral shipwreck," "degeneracy and vice," "ravening wolves," and "spiritual decay," and that, as a result, he felt called by "the command of Jesus Christ to set a light in a dark place, make an oasis in a desert, and to let a stream of living water flow through this valley of Baca." The speaker was Reverdy C. Ransom, pastor of the Bethel African Methodist Episcopal congregation, on West Twenty-fifth Street. Part of what Ransom felt called upon to do was to launch a campaign against prostitution—a campaign that is reminiscent in some respects of a personal crusade that William Gladstone once conducted in Victorian London. In the evenings, after Parliament adjourned, the Prime Minister (when he was not



the leader of the Opposition) often took to the streets, detaining prostitutes and urging them to forsake their occupation. Those who seemed at all responsive to his entreaties were invited home for tea with Mrs. Gladstone. "Nevertheless," writes the English historian J. H. Plumb, "what was at work was Gladstone's powerful sexual nature: through these quaint methods of sublimation . . . he was able to take his lust and live his life of dedicated respectability . . . a respectable Dr. Jekyll and a sexy Mr. Hyde." Despite what is commonly rumored about preachers, there is no evidence to suggest that Ransom cultivated a similar duality of moral and personal style, yet there is something subtly or playfully erotic in an account he later gave of a meeting with one of the prostitutes he wished to save:

> En route to the Mission one night I saw approaching me a comely young colored woman, spoke to her pleasantly, as I did to all. She returned the greeting. I extended my hand, she took it and said, "Anything doing tonight?" I said, "Do you know who I am?" She said, "No." I said, "I am pastor Ransom. . ." she started to withdraw her hand, I told her "No, I want to tell you something. I am acquainted with many of you girls, I know how sickness and trouble often overtake you; now, if you ever get sick or in trouble and do not know what to do, or where to go, either come or send for me and then there will be something doing."

Prostitution in Negro Bohemia was one of the first problems that confronted Adam Clayton Powell, Sr., when, in 1908, he arrived in Manhattan to assume the ministry of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, which was then on Fortieth Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. Powell, who had recently resigned the pastorate of a church in New Haven, later reported how shocked he was to find that his new church was situated in "the most notorious red-light district in New York City." When services ended on Sunday evenings, prostitutes standing across the street "in unbuttoned Mother Hubbards" brazenly solicited worshippers as they streamed out of the Abyssinian church. Enlisting the aid of the police, Powell launched a "gospel bombardment" in the vicinity of his church—a campaign that made his path among the unrepentant sinners exceedingly perilous. "My son Adam was a little chap, and I often kept him at my side as a mascot," Powell wrote later in his autobiography, "Against the Tide." "This proved very unfair to him. When the crusade was at its height and both men and women were being sent to jail, I was leading my mascot along the sidewalk. One of the women had filled a paper flour bag with waste . . . and, standing on the roof, she aimed it at our heads. It missed its mark but struck the sidewalk near Adam's feet and ruined his little white suit." Powell's church remained on West Fortieth Street until the early nineteen-twenties, when, somewhat later than most, it joined the black migration to Harlem. By then, much of the black Tenderloin, including the activities of Negro Bohemia, had moved uptown as well.

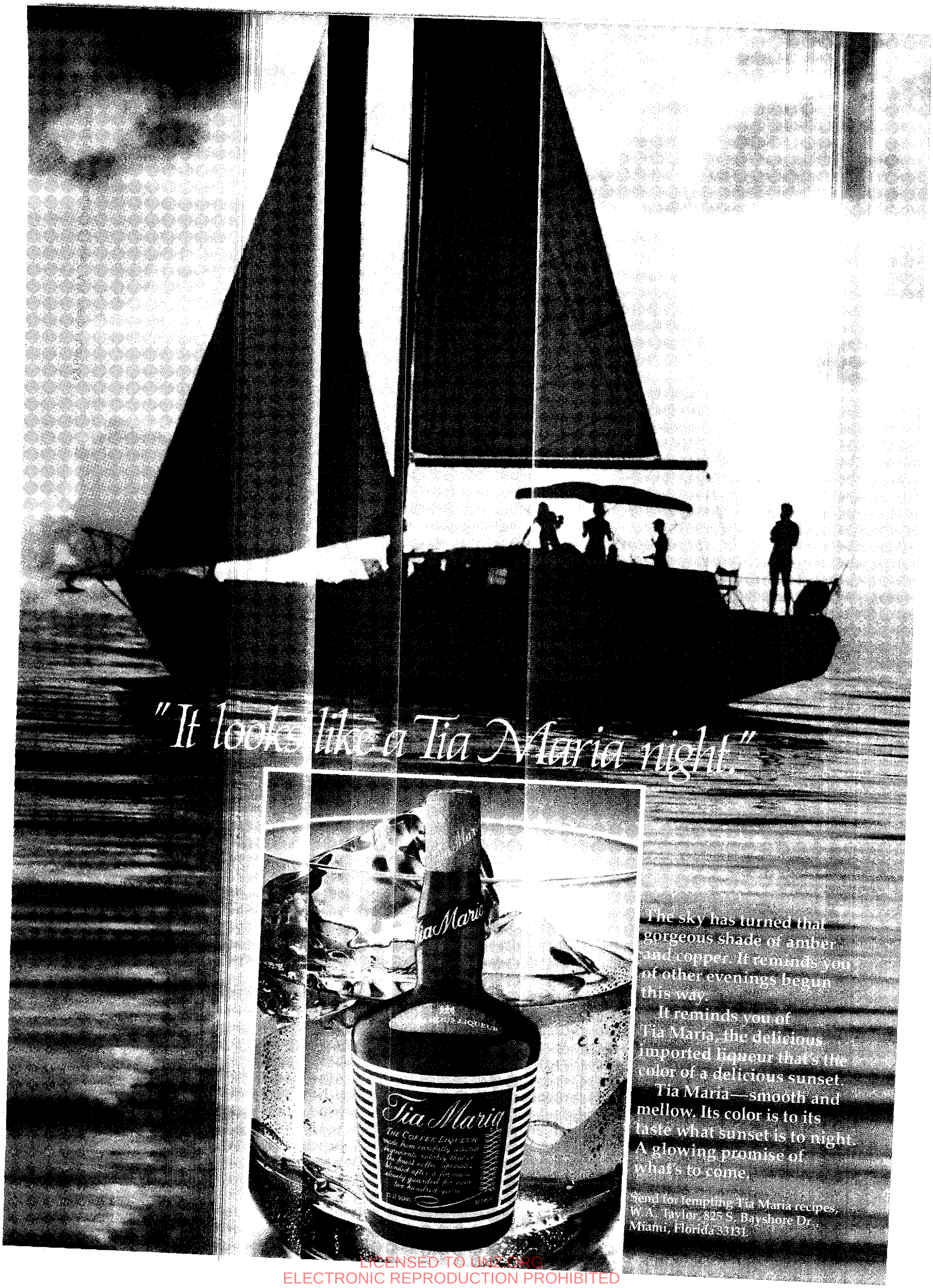
IN 1899, one observer describing aspects of Negro church life in Manhattan took note of "the Southern type of revival meetings" and worshippers who "groan, shout, perspire, and encourage the preacher to do his worst." This was clearly a reference to the storefront churches. There were not so many of them on the West Side, however—not nearly as many as were later to spring up in Harlem. The majority of the black churches on the West Side were of the traditional sort. As Miss Ovington wrote, in reference to such congregations, "Strangers who visit colored churches to be amused by the vociferations of the preacher and the responses of the congregation will be disappointed in New York. Others, however, who attend desiring to understand the religious teaching of the thoughtful Negro find much of interest. They hear sermons marked by great eloquence."

One of the most eloquent of these preachers was Reverdy Ransom, of the Bethel church. A man with fair skin, reddish hair, and a face that was often as stern as a schoolmaster's, Ransom was both a minister and one of the radical Negro activists of his time. He was born in Ohio during the Civil War and educated at Wilberforce University, in Ohio, in 1924; he became a bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, which was once regarded as the most racially militant of all black religious organizations in America. In the pulpit and on secular platforms, Ransom displayed the militant traditions of his church as well as the extemporaneous power and fluency of nineteenth-century oratory. Part of a speech he once delivered in praise of the abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison has been widely quoted as an example of his eloquence and fierce advocacy of Negro rights:

> What kind of Negroes do the American people want? Do they want a voteless Negro in a republic founded upon universal suffrage? Do they want a Negro who shall not be permitted to participate in the government which he must support with his treasure and defend with his blood? Do they want a Negro who shall consent to be set apart as forming a distinct industrial class, permitted to rise no higher than the level of serfs or peasants? Do they want a Negro who shall accept an inferior social position, not as a degradation, but as the just operation of the laws of caste based on color? What kind of Negro do the American people want? Taught by the Declaration of Independence, sustained by the Constitution of the United States, this nation can no more resist the advancing tread of the hosts of the oncoming blacks than it can bind the stars or halt the resistless motion of the tide.

In May of 1899, when news arrived of a recent lynching in the Deep South, Ransom delivered one of his aggressive sermons at the St. John's A.M.E. Church in Cleveland. His "utterances were sensational in the extreme," a correspondent for the New York *Tribune* wired his paper. Ransom, the reporter said, "advised the negroes to become skilled in the handling of dynamite and use it when attacked, for the protection of their homes and lives." It is hardly surprising that in 1905 Ransom was one of the progressive Negro Americans who joined W. E. B. Du Bois in forming the Niagara Movement, the nucleus of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which was founded four years later.

Perhaps the only aspect of Ransom's ministry that his fellow-clergymen deplored was his insistence upon serving as friend and spiritual adviser to black actors and musicians, for in the eyes of the respectable Negro clergy of those days there was no more immoral style of life than that of the musical stage. But, as Ransom explained, it troubled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him that no effort was made to welcome the actors and musicians to the church, especially since "most of these people came from Christian homes, many of them were even the children of clergymen, most of them had been brought up in the atmosphere of the Negro churches in the communities from which they came."

Adam Clayton Powell, Sr., who would have had little trouble passing for white and was tall, well built, and handsome, made a most impressive appearance—especially in a cutaway coat, which, from photographs, he seems to have favored on Sundays. He was born in 1865, in Franklin County, Virginia, and he spent part of his boyhood in Kanawha County, West Virginia, and part of his early twenties in Rendville, Ohio. He subsequently moved to Washington, D.C., intending to study law at Howard University—an ambition that did not last. He soon entered the Wayland Theological Seminary (now part of Virginia Union University), in Washington; studied later at the Yale Divinity School; and was ordained by Wayland in 1892. After ministering to congregations in Philadelphia and New Haven, he arrived in New York in 1908 to become pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church. The congregation had been founded a hundred years earlier on Worth Street (then called Anthony Street), in downtown Manhattan. Subsequently, keeping pace with the northward passage of the black population, it had moved to Thompson Street and Waverly Place before settling on West Fortieth. Under Powell's leadership—first on West Fortieth Street and then on West 138th Street, in Harlem—Abyssinian Baptist became the largest and richest Negro Baptist congregation in the world. And after 1937, when Powell resigned in favor of his son and namesake, the Abyssinian pulpit became the most politically outspoken in America.

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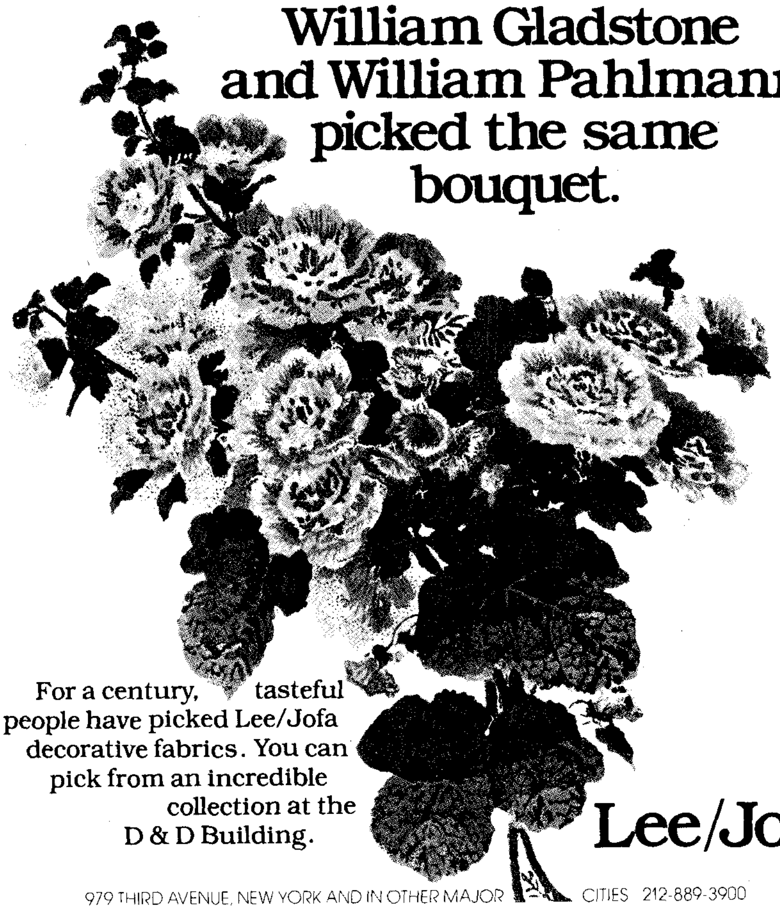

William Gladstone and William Pahlmann picked the same bouquet.

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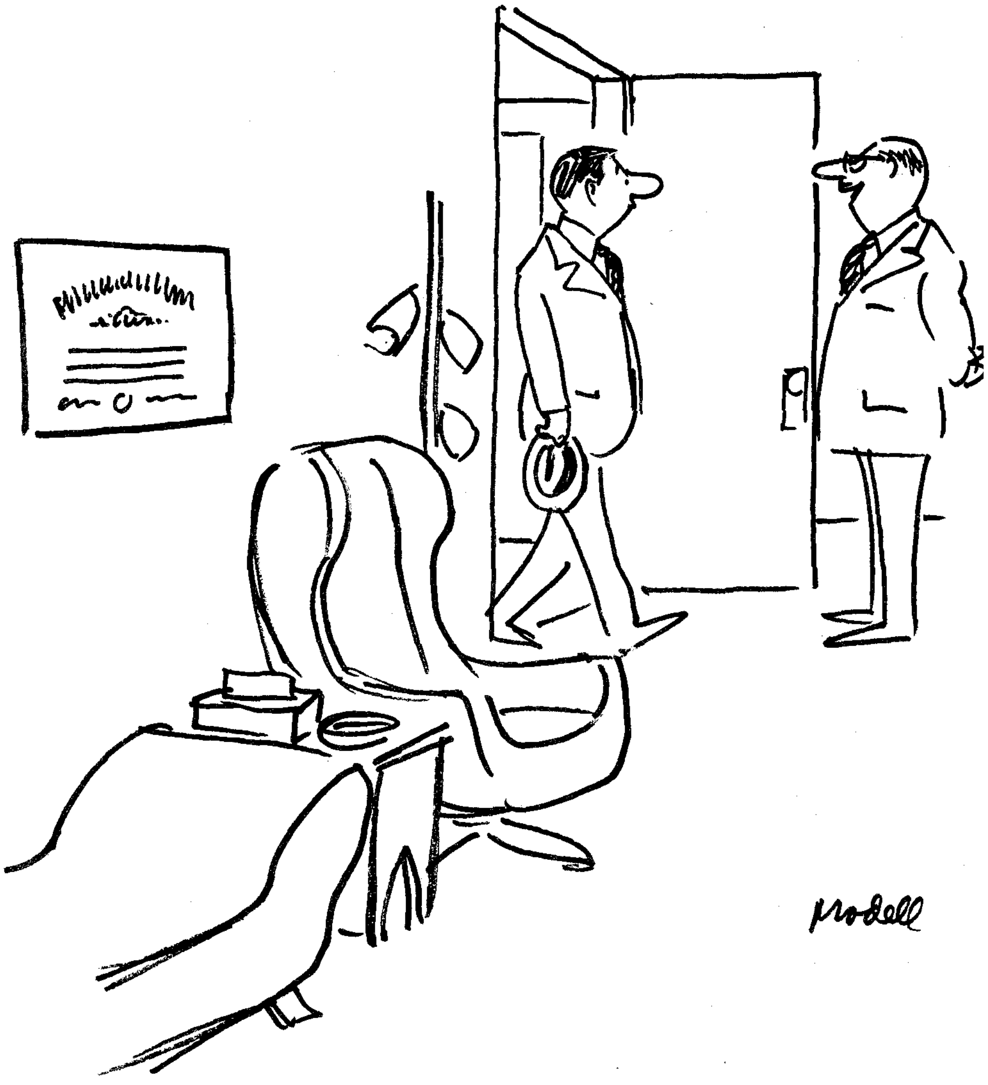
one of its publications noted. "In the early days on Mulberry Street and again on Twenty-fifth Street [where it was situated until 1910, when it moved to Harlem], some of the most eminent men of New York were to be found on the Vestry. . . . These men . . . were the 'big wigs' of New York. They were brilliant men too. . . . Eyewitnesses tell us that it was not unusual on a Sunday morning, during the reading of the Lessons, to see members of the Vestry seated in the front pews with their Greek Testaments in their hands." Bishop was a native of Baltimore and a graduate of the General Theological Seminary of New York. He was bald, light-skinned, and mild-mannered, and he is remembered in a journal of the church for his "wisdom and administrative genius."

In appearance and style, George Sims, the pastor of Union Baptist Church, on West Sixty-third Street, was a rough diamond compared with the more refined and prominent ministers on the West Side. Unlike them, he had not inherited the church he led but had founded it himself. A tall, rugged-looking man who could not be mistaken for anything but a black, Sims resembled one of those tough, brawling heavyweight prizefighters of bareknuckle days. If his knuckles were not callused, his palms must have been, for, born in Cumberland, Virginia, in 1871, he had spent a number of his early years working on farms and railroads. But he had been brought up in a religious home, and upon coming to New York he studied informally for the ministry. He was ordained in 1898, and later that year he organized the Union Baptist Church. Although it eventually became one of the major Negro churches in Manhattan, its first services were held in one of the little storefronts in the San Juan Hill district; its early members were recent migrants from the South; and Sims' first sermons were about as blunt as he himself looked. Miss Ovington wrote of Sims' preaching: "When he talked of Christ from his pulpit, Jesus became alive, a workman, a carpenter who took off his apron and went out to answer the call to preach. . . . There was much shouting, much noisy getting of religion."

Other major black churches on the West Side in the first decade of this century included Mother A. M. E. Zion, on West Eighty-ninth Street; St. Cyprian's Episcopal (with a large West Indian membership), in the San Juan Hill district; and Mount Olivet Baptist, St. Benedict the Moor (Catholic and interracial), and St. Mark's Methodist Episcopal, all on West Fifty-third Street. Before Powell and Ransom arrived in New York, William H. Brooks, the pastor of St. Mark's, had been the city's most politically active black minister. In 1906, *The Colored American*, a leading Negro magazine of the time, described Brooks as "the most influential . . . the ablest, of the Afro-American clergy of New York City."

THE élite among the black clergymen and professionals lived or led their social lives mostly in the environs of Fifty-third Street between Sixth and Eighth Avenues. Ransom called this area "the principal place of resort of our group." Of the black settlements in Manhattan, the West Fifty-third Street district was the most attractive and most culturally stylish. The tenements there were not as crowded or as unsightly as those farther down in the Tenderloin. Moreover, quite a few blacks lived in private dwellings of their own. The Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., and some of the major churches were in the area. It was where the more successful actors and musicians lived or gathered. Its social and political clubs were dominated by blacks of old New York family backgrounds or by the more educated migrants from other sections of the country. And its small boarding houses, hotels, and restaurants were more respectable than those in other parts of the Tenderloin. James Weldon Johnson, who lived on West Fifty-third Street in the early years of the century, wrote that before some of these places opened "there was scarcely a decent restaurant in New York in which Negroes could eat," and that "the sight offered at these hotels, of crowds of well-dressed colored men and women lounging and chatting in the parlors, loitering over their coffee and cigarettes while they talked or listened to the music, was



"Well, now, how's the old noggin today?"

unprecedented." Fifty-third Street, the *Evening Telegram* said in 1906, "is to the Negro colonies what Fifth Avenue is to white society."

Among the culturally distinguished blacks who frequented the better parlors and dining rooms of West Fifty-third Street was Theodore Drury, founder and director of Manhattan's only Negro opera company. A black contemporary described Drury as "picturesque" and as cultivating "a foreign air." Each year, Drury's company presented a one-night season of grand opera, usually at the Lexington Opera House, on East Fifty-eighth Street, and of one performance, in May of 1906, the *Times* said, "A good part of the audience was colored, too, and the boxes were filled by the leaders of New York's colored society." One of these leaders said later, however, that although the operas were great social events and financial successes, "none of us . . . took them too seriously."

Harry Burleigh, a prominent singer, composer, and arranger of Negro spirituals, was another member of the cultivated set that lounged and chatted in the clubs and hotel restaurants of West Fifty-third Street. A graduate of the National Conservatory, in New York City, where he had studied under Antonín Dvořák, Burleigh was one of the few Negro musicians on the West Side with classical training. And he was the only black in the choirs of Manhattan's Temple Emanu-El and St. George's Episcopal Church.

The blacks on Fifty-third Street dressed much as whites on Fifth Avenue. The men wore frock coats, vests, and wide-bottom trousers. Their shirts, fastened with studs, had detachable stiff collars and cuffs, made of linen, celluloid, cotton, or paper. Heavy watch chains dangled across their vests. Straw hats were commonly worn in summer, and derbies (or "high dicers") in winter. They carried walking sticks and wore high boots polished with Bixby's Best Blacking. The women were turned out in heavy-bosomed box blouses and full skirts that covered their ankles. They almost never smoked—at least in public. The older men preferred pipes and cigars, while the younger ones liked cigarettes, and smoked such popular brands as Virginia Brights, Sweet Caporal, and Richmond Straight Cut. Those who kept up with serious periodicals would have read such white journals as *The North American Review*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Weekly*, *The National Police Gazette*, *Town Topics*, and *Leslie's Weekly*, and such black ones as *The Colored American*, *The Christian Recorder*, and *The Voice of the Negro*.

The Society of the Sons of New York, which had its clubhouse on West Fifty-third Street, was a resort of the black upper crust. The *Tribune* noted in 1892 that it was "the ambition of every respectable colored man in this city" to belong to the Society. But to become a member a colored man not only had to be respectable, and more, but also had to have been born and bred in New York. (If, occasionally, a non-New Yorker was considered for associate membership, it was because he could furnish proof that he was "a citizen in good standing in the United States.") The black New Yorkers who formed the Society were probably uniting socially against newcomers to the city, especially those from the South—a group whose public influence and importance had been steadily growing. By 1900, most Negro preachers, businessmen, actors, musicians, lawyers, doctors, and political figures in New York had been born either in the South or in other parts of the country, and it rankled native New Yorkers to find themselves steadily being overshadowed or outshone by a group they had once regarded as cultural inferiors. Miss Ovington wrote in 1911, "The taint of slavery was far removed from these people, who looked with scorn upon arrivals from the South. . . . These old New York colored families, sometimes bearing historic Dutch and English names, have diminished in size and importance. . . . And into the city has come a continual stream of Southerners and more recently West Indians, some among them educated, ambitious men and women, full of the energy and determination of the immigrant who means to attain to prominence in his new home. These newcomers occupy many of the pulpits, are admitted to the bar, practice medicine, and become leaders in politics, and their wives are quite ready to take a prominent part in the social world."

The Society's founders were related historically to the earliest group of New York's black well-to-do, the majority of whose survivors were living in Brooklyn at the end of the eighteen-hundreds and during the early years of the nineteen-hundreds. Speaking mainly of this group, the *Times* said, in July of 1895, "It will be news to many white persons to learn that many negro men own and occupy brownstone dwellings in fashionable neighborhoods, employ white servants, and ride in their own carriages behind horses driven by liveried coachmen. Some not only own the houses they live in but also houses tenanted by rich white families, and there are negro men in New York whose wealth is well along toward the million-dollar mark. . . . In selecting servants, negro people seem to prefer Swedes and Poles though some hire Southerners of their own race."

In February of 1903, the *Tribune* told the story of a white woman, brought up in the South, who "found it necessary to call upon a colored woman on a matter of business." When she rang and "an uncommonly good-looking white girl came to the door," an exchange took place:

> "I must have the wrong number," the caller said. "I wanted to see Mrs. So-and-So, and she's a colored woman."
>
> "This is where she lives," the girl said. "Won't you come in?"
>
> "But how do you happen to be here?"
>
> "I'm her maid."
>
> "But you are a white person, are you not?"
>
> "Of course, but what has that got to do with it?"

The *Tribune* went on to say, "The girl knew nothing of the color line; she was the daughter of German parents; she had to work. If a colored woman paid her good wages and treated her well, what possible reason could there be for not keeping the position?"

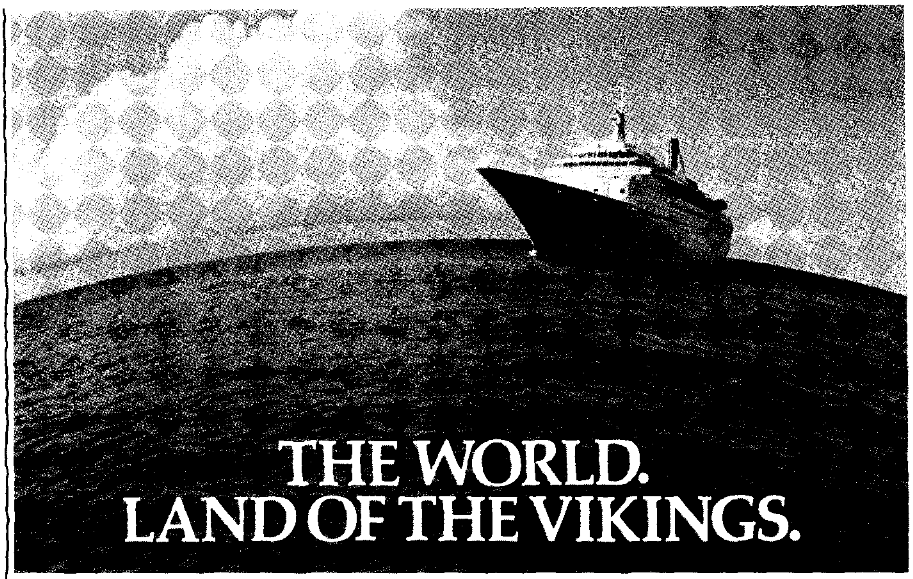
Socially, however, members of this old Negro upper class kept virtually to themselves—ignored by whites of similar position and cut off from less exalted members of their own race. The saloonkeeper John B. Nail, who had a "wide acquaintance among colored men of wealth and of high social position," gave this account to the *Sun* in January of 1903:

> You must remember that the object of the wealthy and educated colored man is to be as inconspicuous as possible, so far as white people are concerned. He doesn't want to spend his hours in being reminded of the fact that the great mass of his fellow-citizens despise him on account of

> his color. He wants to forget that as much as he can.
>
> When he seeks society he cannot do it as a white man with the same income. There are no restaurants like Delmonico's or Sherry's for him. . . . There are not enough wealthy colored families to keep such a place going on the scale they would demand. So they do their entertaining at home. They spend more money on their home life, their dinners, and their parties than white men of the same income would, because they have no place to spend it outside.
>
> You must remember that in this generation all the sons of wealthy colored men go to college and there are hundreds of college graduates among them. Some send their sons to the English universities where, of course, there is no prejudice against the negro at all. That isn't always a healthy experiment because it unfits a young man for his life here and makes home miserable for him.
>
> A great many go to Howard University at Washington. Quite a number go to Oberlin, and there is a scattering . . . at Harvard and Yale.
>
> The girls go to any of the Northern women's colleges. They come back here with the same social desires and tastes that you find in white young folks of similar training. But they are barred. They are classed with the most degraded and brutal element of their race.
>
> The result is the only one that . . . could be expected. Colored families of high class keep their family and social affairs out of sight of the rest of the world, white and black, as much as they can. They visit one another and keep a very strict and careful line drawn about themselves and try to make their standards as high as they can.
>
> White servants? Why, of course. They are obliged to have white servants. Negro servants in a high-class colored family are practically an impossibility.
>
> If there is one thing the negro of the servant class doesn't know it is that the color of his skin doesn't make him the equal of his master. You know what a fresh colored servant is in a white family? Just imagine the hell that would be raised by a fresh colored servant in a colored family. . . . The thing is impossible. So they get foreigners, who have not the prejudices against our race existing here.

If the male members of such families spent an occasional social evening in Manhattan, it was to visit Nail's saloon, or to fraternize with their own kind in the clubhouse of the Society of the Sons of New York. They were less impressed by the rest of society on and around West Fifty-third Street.

WEST FIFTY-THIRD STREET was predominantly a social and residential center for Negro stage personalities, including musicians, and what the solid old families of Brooklyn would have called cultural parvenus. There seem to have been two classes of actors and musicians: those who worked mainly in rathskellers and cheap vaudeville houses, and those



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connected with the more highly regarded forms of Negro musical comedy. However, the *Sun* made no distinction between the groups when, in 1903, it said about the West Fifty-third Street district: "The neighborhood is full of theatrical boarding houses . . . with their scandals, their romances, and their literary discussions. . . . In no other quarter of New York can there be found such elaboration of manners and of the picturesque combination of colors in dress as are to be found in the boarding house parlors." Nor was any distinction made by a contemporary Negro observer who, in commenting on aspects of manners on West Fifty-third Street, stated that "hordes of the newly rich had heard that good eating was a mark of civilized living, and they interpreted good eating in terms of bulk, and packed away enormous feeds washed down with amazing quantities of champagne and fine liquors."

At any rate, the successful and talented from the world of music and the stage gathered frequently in the restaurants of the Maceo and Marshall Hotels, converted brownstones on West Fifty-third, though fewer of them went to the Maceo, which advertised itself as the "headquarters of clergy and businessmen." It was the Marshall that was the headquarters of the actors and the musicians. Its restaurant and private dining rooms were noted for Creole sauces and Maryland fried chicken. There were also other special Southern dishes, probably for the Negro railroad men who stayed at the Marshall when they stopped over in New York. On Sunday evenings, when an orchestra played, dinner in the Marshall's restaurant was by reservation only. Some of the actors and musicians lived at the hotel, and others had rooms nearby, but the Marshall was where they all gathered to eat, drink, talk, and try out ideas for their work. One of them later recalled that they spent many hours there discussing "the manner and means of raising the status of the Negro as a writer, composer, and performer in the New York theatre and world of music." The Marshall, he said, was "the radiant point of the forces that cleared the way for the Negro on the New York stage."

It may therefore be said that the Marshall helped shape the Negro musical theatre that developed and flourished in Manhattan during the late eighteen-nineties and early nineteen-hundreds. This was a transitional thea-

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tre, blending some of the less primitive styles of Negro comedy with certain aspects of the Broadway musical. Some of its leading creators were products of the old minstrel stage, known for its grotesque and ludicrous portrayals of "darky" characters. Up to the early eighteen-nineties, almost all Negro entertainers had been minstrels. Although the mode of comedy that was shaped in Manhattan represented a break with the minstrel tradition, the break was not a clean one—perhaps it could not have been—and some of the worst habits of the minstrel past were clearly observable in the new black theatre. Here, from George Walker, one of the reformed comedians and later a member, with Bert Williams, of the comedy team of Williams and Walker, is an account of what had happened to the black minstrels: "Black-faced white comedians used to make themselves look as ridiculous as they could when portraying a 'darky' character. In their make-up they always had tremendously big red lips, and their costumes were frightfully exaggerated. The one fatal result of this to the colored performers was that they imitated the white performers in their make-up as 'darkies.' Nothing seemed more absurd than to see a colored man making himself ridiculous in order to portray himself."

It was men like Walker who, not wanting to look so ridiculous, began, especially in Manhattan, to introduce a new quality into Negro comedy. This was not immediately or consistently noticeable, however. Many of the black comedians, including Walker, still looked and sounded almost as silly as they had in the past. A few still relied heavily on the grotesque minstrel grins that were so pleasing to whites. And words like "coon"—a mainstay of the minstrel idiom—still cropped up in their songs and skits. But this continuation of minstrel mannerisms was, for the most part, superficial, and served chiefly as a protective convenience. It was necessary to the economics of black comic acting, for whites, who made up the bulk of the audiences, were not ready to accept any sudden break with the gestures of Negro comedy they had become accustomed to. Behind the protective façade of what these new comedians were doing, however, a quiet revolution was going on. The entertainers had started to be themselves rather than the darkies invented by whites. They had begun to impose their own interpretation on Negro material, to portray characters and situations in which blacks could recognize their own conduct and folkways—and at which most of them (though certainly not the Negro middle class) could laugh without undue embarrassment. Whether or not whites were aware of this subtle change in the work of black comedians, they were now laughing more honestly than in the past, for they were enjoying material that blacks themselves found genuinely amusing.

The gradual emergence of a post-minstrel style in Negro comedy coincided with a new development in theatre—the arrival on the New York stage of musical-comedy revues that were written, produced, acted, and directed by all-black companies. These were among the most popular shows in Manhattan in the eighteen-nineties and early nineteen-hundreds, and the stars of the Negro musical stage were among the celebrated personalities of New York's theatrical life. A black journalist wrote in 1903, "At no time have colored stage folk been accorded such consideration and loyal support from show managers, the press, and the general public."

ONE of the older comedy stars was a Kentuckian named Ernest Hogan. A brilliant performer, Hogan was best known for his role in "The Oyster Man," a musical revue. He had been a minstrel for most of his career, however, and found it more difficult than his slightly younger colleagues in Manhattan to sever his attachment to the past. In the late eighteen-nineties, he wrote a song entitled "All Coons Look Alike to Me," which managed to offend even those blacks who were laughing wildly at the work of the post-minstrel comedians. Hogan seemed unable to understand the unfavorable reaction to his composition until it was explained to him that his song was immensely popular among whites only because its title confirmed a view they commonly expressed about blacks. Hogan was shocked by this, and is said to have spent the remaining years of his life regretting his most successful attempt at songwriting.

Bob Cole and the Johnson brothers—James Weldon and J. Rosamond—led an all-black ensemble, the Cole and Johnson company, but were more widely known as one of the best songwriting teams of that period. As a lyricist, playwright, actor, director, stage manager, and dancer, Cole was the most versatile member of the part-

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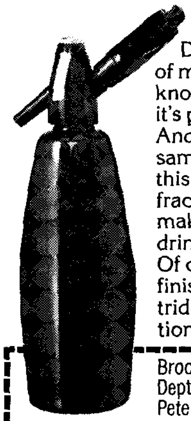

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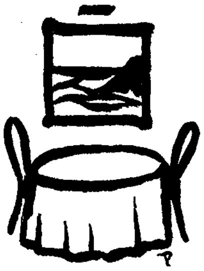
nership; James Weldon Johnson, a graduate of Atlanta University, was the best educated; and J. Rosamond, who had studied at the New England Conservatory, had the soundest musical training. In the sphere of songwriting, these men pushed the movement away from minstrelsy a step farther. They wrote romantic numbers mostly, refuting one of the popular notions of the time—that Negro artists and performers were deficient in the "finer" sentiments. "We want to clean up the caricature," J. Rosamond Johnson explained to a Broadway music publisher. And Jack Burton, a historian of Tin Pan Alley, wrote, "Rosamond Johnson's songs set a new pattern for syncopated Negro music. His whimsical comedy numbers made no reference to crap-shooting, chicken-stealing, and razor-wielding, the favorite themes of most Negro tunesmiths at the turn of the century. In his romantic songs, he presented dark-skinned but blue-blooded Romeos and Juliets in a tropical setting far removed from the Mississippi River backdrop against which kinky-haired wenches and shiftless roustabouts had danced for years in the afterpiece of innumerable minstrel shows." Among such songs were "My Castle on the Nile," "Since You Went Away," "Come Out Dinah on the Green," "The Congo Love Song," "The Maiden with the Dreamy Eyes," "Tell Me, Dusky Maiden," and—perhaps the most popular—"Under the Bamboo Tree." Some of these compositions enjoyed a vogue beyond the world of Negro theatre. They became popular hits on Broadway, where they were sung by such stars as May Irwin, Lillian Russell, Anna Held, Fay Templeton, and Marie Cahill. In New York and London, "Under the Bamboo Tree" was one of the best-known tunes of the early years of the century.



Will Marion Cook, whose "Rain Song" enjoyed moderate popularity around that time, was not the songwriting success or the Broadway celebrity that Cole and the Johnson brothers were. He was brusque, insulting, and short-tempered, and resented the fact that race prejudice confined him to the world of Negro music. He could never have got along smoothly with the publishers of Tin Pan Alley. But then songwriting was not his main occupation. He was primarily a composer-arranger and a conductor—"the most original genius among all the Negro musicians," James Weldon Johnson called him. Cook, who came from Washington, D.C.—his father was a lawyer and his mother was a college teacher—had been trained as a classical musician. After attending the conservatory at Oberlin College, he had gone to Berlin, where he studied the violin under Joseph Joachim and music theory at the Hochschule. He then came to New York, with ambitions for a career on the concert stage, only to discover that the city was not yet ready for classical musicians of his color. Turning his back on the classical tradition, Cook later became something of a chauvinist in the matter of Negro music. By the time James Weldon Johnson made his acquaintance, around 1900, Cook "had thrown all these [classical] standards over," Johnson recalled. "He believed that the Negro in music and on the stage ought to be a Negro, a genuine Negro; he declared that the Negro should eschew 'white' patterns, and not employ his efforts in doing what 'the white artist could always do as well, generally better.' "

Cook did not confine himself entirely to popular music, however. He was somewhat like "the caged bird" of which a contemporary Negro poet had written:

I know why the caged bird beats his wing
Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;
For he must fly back to his perch and cling
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing.

Cook would do what circumstances had obliged him to do, but he would not let it be forgotten that it was to the strains of another, "higher" form of music that he had been trained to fly. After listening to an evening of Cook's popular compositions, a white New Yorker wrote, "I am told that Mr. Cook declares that the next score he writes shall begin with ten minutes of serious music. If the audience doesn't like it, they can come in late, but for ten minutes he will do something worthy of his genius."

The poet who knew "why the caged bird beats his wing"—and also, in a later line, why he "sings"—was Paul Laurence Dunbar, the sweetest singer among the black poets of his generation, and, as it happened, a friend and colleague of Cook's. In 1898, they had collaborated—music by Cook and lyrics by Dunbar—on "Clorindy, The Origin of the Cake-Walk," one of the musical-comedy hits of the period. Dunbar often shared the company of the actors and musicians at the Marshall Hotel, and he enjoyed contributing the lyrics for some of their shows. He was not, however, one of the professionals of the Negro stage. Around 1900, he was the most highly regarded black writer in America—less for his novels and short stories than for his poems. His position as a poet had been established in 1896, when his book "Lyrics of Lowly Life" appeared, with an introduction by William Dean Howells. "What struck me in reading Mr. Dunbar's poetry," Howells wrote, "was what had already struck his friends . . . here was the first instance of an American negro who had evinced innate distinction in literature. . . . Dunbar was the only man of pure African blood and of American civilization to feel the negro life aesthetically and express it lyrically . . . his brilliant and unique achievement was to have studied the American negro objectively, and to have represented him as he found him to be, with humor, with sympathy, and yet with what the reader must instinctively feel to be entire truthfulness."

Dunbar was not a resident of New York. He lived in Washington, D.C., but since the life of Manhattan seems to have fascinated him—and since his publishers were there—he made frequent and prolonged visits to the city. He liked dropping in on the night spots of Negro Bohemia and mingling with the stage folk who gathered at the Marshall Hotel. His popularity is captured in a description by a friend who had watched Dunbar's arrival at a social affair on the West Side in 1899. Acquaintances rushed up to greet him, strangers looked on and exchanged "awed whispers," but "it did not appear that celebrity had puffed him up; he did not meet the homage that was being shown him with anything but friendly and hearty response." There was certainly reason for Dunbar to be lionized in the social and cultural circles of the West Side. Manhattan's black community was full of religious leaders, theatre personalities, musicians and composers, and businessmen and other professionals, but it possessed no poet or novelist of distinction. Dunbar was all that it could claim, even if he did not belong to the city. James Weldon Johnson

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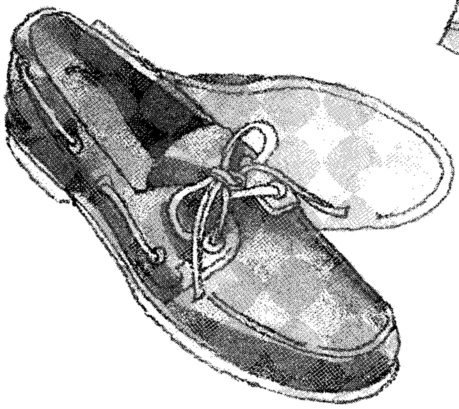

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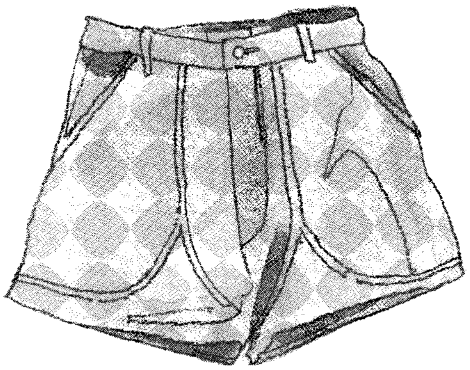

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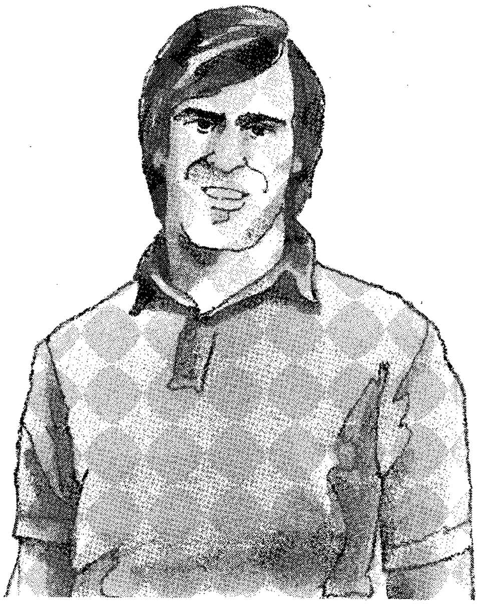

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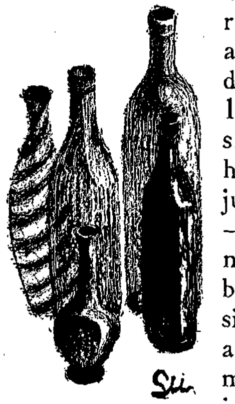
later became a notable poet and novelist, but up to the early nineteen-hundreds he had published almost nothing of merit, unless it was the few songs he had written as a member of the Cole and Johnson partnership. What literary life went on in the black community of Manhattan was a life not of writing but of reading—of discussing the authors of the day, with special attention to those who were deemed "morally elevating." These discussions were to be heard at Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. gatherings, in parlors and clubs, and in the forums and lyceums of the major churches. It seems odd that no serious black writing had yet emerged in a city that gave such an impetus to black theatrical and musical expression and was already well on the way to becoming one of the main Northern arenas for progressive black intellectuals.

Two of Dunbar's acquaintances on the West Side were Bert Williams and George Walker, who were stage partners. As actors and entertainers, Williams and Walker were probably the principal leaders of the movement away from minstrelsy and toward a more acceptable form of Negro comedy. They had met and teamed up in San Francisco and had moved to New York in 1896, advertising themselves as the "Two Real Coons." To be sure, this—especially to sensitive blacks—was an unfortunate description. Yet it contained a measure of historical accuracy, racial dissent, and theatrical opportunism, as Walker explained in an article he wrote for *The Theatre Magazine* in 1906:

> In those days [just before he and Williams came to New York] black-faced white comedians were numerous and very popular. They billed themselves "coons." Bert and I watched the white "coons," and were often much amused at seeing white men with black cork on their faces trying to imitate black folks. Nothing about these white men's actions was natural, and therefore nothing was as interesting as if black performers had been dancing and singing their own songs in their own way. . . .
>
> We thought that as there seemed to be a great demand for black faces on the stage, we would do all we could to get what we felt belonged to us by the laws of nature. . . . As white men with black faces were billing themselves "coons," Williams and Walker would do well to bill themselves the "Two Real Coons," and so we did. . . . As the "Two Real Coons," we made our first hit in New York, while playing at Koster and Bial's.

They went on to produce and act in their own musical revues, and New Yorkers of all races flocked to such of their shows as "Sons of Ham," "In Dahomey," "Bandana Land," and "In Abyssinia"—productions that made Williams and Walker the most acclaimed Negro comic actors of the day.



Even as comic partnerships go, Bert Williams and George Walker were a most dissimilar couple, seeming to have nothing in common but their racial background and a love for the work they did together. Walker was an American, born in Lawrence, Kansas, in 1873, and Williams a West Indian, born in Antigua in 1874. Walker was black-skinned and of medium height and build, and—to judge from his photographs—seemed always to be grinning. He was not handsome, but his face had an expression of mischievous charm and energy that women must have found appealing. Williams was light-skinned, tall, broad-shouldered, and handsome. His face, even when he smiled, had a controlled, introspective quality. Offstage, his manners and bearing were correct and elegant. He seems to have read widely. One source states that Mark Twain was his favorite author, and that his library contained works by Darwin, Paine, Wilde, Schopenhauer, Voltaire, Kant, and Goethe. Walker, of whose literary interests there is no record, was an agile dancer and an effervescent performer, who always appeared in the role of the clever and intelligent partner. Williams played the slovenly, lazy, dull-witted, and slow-footed half of the team. Most of his movements onstage, in walking or in dancing, suggested a character who was severely deficient in intelligence and had seldom encountered anything in life but failure. And most of the sounds he made, talking or singing, were droll, melancholy, and wistful, expressing a yearning for the good fortune that seemed to attend every household but his own. Walker, who wore expensive, custom-made clothes, onstage and off, was called "dapper," and is said to have dressed "always a point or two above the height of fashion." According to Ann Charters, who has written a biography of Williams, Walker "greatly preferred that his suits, shirts, and cravats were the only ones of their kind, and he began to get a reputation as a dandy both on and off the stage." She adds:

> As a friend said, he was a "man just born for clothes." He spent more hours with his tailor than he spent with his wife. Suits were made for him by the dozen, and he always had four or five fittings before he was satisfied with the way they looked. He bought the latest style and nothing but the best of everything, particularly addicted to light colored suits, big soft handkerchiefs . . . in his jacket pocket, high white collars, large silk patterned ties, and bright roses or carnations pinned carefully in his buttonhole. He dressed to please himself and impress the public—and help him win the favors of pretty young showgirls.

Offstage, Williams dressed conservatively and carried himself with an understated Edwardian dignity. James Weldon Johnson saw him as "highly intelligent and with a certain reserve which at times exhibited itself as downright snobbishness." Williams' wife, Lottie, was a pretty and demure-looking Chicago showgirl, who retired from the stage after their wedding. Walker's wife, Ada Overton, was a native New Yorker and a singer and dancer in the Williams and Walker company. She had a statuesque figure, dressed as fashionably as her husband, danced almost as well, and was the brightest black female star of the period.

"In Dahomey," which opened at the New York Theatre in February of 1903, was one of the first Negro comedy revues to appear on Broadway. The show introduced Williams and Walker to the largest and most critical audience that the two had yet entertained. "The way we've aimed for Broadway and just missed it in the past seven years would make you cry," Williams said when "In Dahomey" opened. "I used to be tempted to beg for a fifteen-dollar job in a chorus just for one week so as to be able to say I'd been on Broadway once." Now they had finally made it, and, as the critic for the *Tribune* said, had "vindicated their right to appear on Broadway." Touching on a quality in Williams' work that had already made him a star in the cheaper houses, the critic wrote, "Williams is the . . . butt, the abused one. He manifests . . . a pathetic knowledge that something is wrong somewhere with the eternal scheme of things. He sang a song with the sad refrain 'I'm a good, substantial, full-fledged, real first-class Jonah Man,' which was re-demanded a dozen times; and those who had come to scoff were loudest in their applause."

Of Williams' songs, the one that he made most famous—and that contributed heavily to his own fame—was "Nobody." But none of his songs was more expressive of the character he frequently portrayed, or of the sombre and plaintive style of his work, than "I'm a Jonah Man":

My hard luck started when I was
born
Leas' so the old folks say.
Dat same hard luck been my bes' fren'
Up to dis very day.
When I was young my mamma's
fren's—to find a name they tried.
They named me after papa and the
same day papa died.
For I'm a Jonah, I'm a Jonah man.
My family for many years would
look on me
And then shed tears.
Why am I dis Jonah
I sho' can't understand
But I'm a good substantial full-
fledged
Real first-class Jonah man.

"He was very melancholy about it," the *Tribune's* critic said. "He was totally unaware why anybody should laugh. His very dance at the end was the angular illustration of woe."

Williams and Walker made the cakewalk—an ebullient strut—one of the most popular dances in Manhattan. At the height of its fashion, it was danced with enthusiasm throughout the city, and with no more enthusiasm than in white New York society, where one of its leading exponents was William K. Vanderbilt. Cakewalk contests were held regularly at Madison Square Garden, and the winners received grand pianos, gold and silver watches, gold-headed canes, and some more modest prizes. In 1895, when Billy Farrell and his wife, both blacks, won the world's cakewalk championship at the Garden, a hundred and eight couples competed, and the judges were Vanderbilt, Mayor William L. Strong, and James J. Corbett. "There were a lot of theatrical people in the walk as well as those colored society cakewalkers," Farrell recalled almost forty years later. "The first time around, these society walkers made us look pretty small. But the second time around we did a lot of new stuff, like me kneeling and tying my wife's shoelace without missing a beat. We walked from ten until four the next morning." The prizes, delivered the following day, were three sets of furniture, four pianos, two dozen silk hats, and "miles of stockings."

Though people had been strutting the cakewalk in New York before Williams and Walker arrived in the city, the dance became the rage it did only after the two men began including it in their musical shows. For this development, most of the credit must surely belong to George Walker and his wife, Ada. George was the great dancer of the team, and Ada was only slightly less accomplished. She once said that "there was sunshine in the hearts" of those who danced the cakewalk, and that the dancers had to show they were "interested and happy." In the Williams and Walker company, only George and Ada—nimble of foot and bubbly of spirit—were qualified to meet those demands. A man like Williams could scarcely have contributed much, or anything, to the popularity of the cakewalk—Bert of the lugubrious face and the slow, awkward, and woeful dancing feet. If he had any sunshine in his heart, only his friends and family saw any evidence of it. Onstage, it seldom broke through the overcast of his face, the melancholy of his voice, and the other inclemencies of his style.

The Williams and Walker partnership ended in 1909, when Walker, suffering from what was then an incurable illness—syphilis—retired from the stage. In 1910, Williams joined the Ziegfeld Follies. And there, over the next nine years (he died in 1922), he became even more celebrated than he had been before, and confirmed his position as one of the great comic performers in the history of the American stage. W. C. Fields, who appeared regularly with the Follies, said later that Williams was "the funniest man I ever saw and the saddest man I ever knew."

BY 1910, when Bert Williams joined the Ziegfeld Follies, Negroes had been moving to Harlem for about a decade, and the district was well on the way to becoming the new center of Manhattan's black population. During that decade, industrial development and racial violence began forcing many blacks to abandon their dwellings on the West Side, and the first of these two circumstances was described in the *Herald* in 1903:

> With the advent of the Pennsylvania's big station and tunnel in the heart of the old Tenderloin, that famous landmark of vice and blackmail passes into history. "Killed by a railroad" should be its epitaph. . . . Dives disappear before derrick and stone masons. Politicans and boodlers vanish before the headlight of the railroad. . . . In March, 1900, the directors of the Pennsylvania road authorized an increase of $100,000,000 of stock. . . . No hint of the company's real purpose was then disclosed—to acquire the Long Island Railroad, to tunnel under the two rivers and the big city and to erect a monumental station near Herald Square. In December of the following year the Pennsylvania purchased several parcels of property in Thirty-third Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. That was the beginning of the mad rush for property in the neighborhood. Next came the final struggle for all the real estate left, which ended early this spring in the complete acquisition by the company of the valuable territory between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, Thirty-first and Thirty-third Streets.

During this mad rush for industrial property, many tenements occupied by blacks were bought up and later demolished.

In the summer of 1900, there occurred the second major event that contributed to the exodus of blacks from the middle West Side. On the night of August 15th, long-simmering racial tensions erupted into the most violent attack on Negroes that New York had seen since the draft riots of 1863—when scores of black families had fled Manhattan and taken up residence in Brooklyn. In the early years of the nineteenth century, Hell's Kitchen, where the rioting broke out in 1900, had been one of the more tranquil neighborhoods of the city. Dutch settlers had called it Bloemendael, the Vale of Flowers. But this changed drastically, as Richard O'Connor has written in his book "Hell's Kitchen":

> With the coming of the Civil War, with vast migrations from Europe and rapid industrialization, the countrified charm of the section vanished forever, and its streets were invaded by jerry-built rows of tenements, grog-shops, slaughterhouses, railroad yards, warehouses, gas reservoirs. Gangs of hoodlums battled police for supremacy in its streets. Riots and disorders were fomented along its noisome thoroughfares.

By 1900, Hell's Kitchen had become probably the most warlike area in all of Manhattan, and from most accounts it was the police who led that year's attack on the blacks. One account, "Story of the Riot," was written by Frank Moss:

> On August 12 . . . a Negro named Arthur Harris was with his wife at 41st Street and 8th Avenue. He says that he left her to buy a cigar, and when he returned he found her in the grasp of a man in citizen's dress. This man was a police officer named Robert J. Thorpe, who had arrested her, as he claimed, for "soliciting." Harris says that he did not know Thorpe was an officer, and that he attempted to rescue his wife. The policeman struck Harris with his club, and Harris retaliated with his penknife, inflicting a mortal wound and then ran away. Thorpe was attached to the 20th precinct and was much liked by his comrades. Policemen thronged his home; and his funeral . . . was attended by Chief Devery, Inspector Thompson and other officials. . . .
>
> During the day of the funeral there were rumors of coming trouble . . . those colored people who have illicit dealings with the police . . . seeing the signs of coming trouble, closed their places and kept off the streets. . . . Several officers told informants of mine that they were going to punish the Negroes that night. There are numerous gangs of rowdies in the district who are hostile to Negroes and friendly with the unofficial powers that are now potent in police affairs. There was an understanding between the forces that night that resulted in the holding of the streets for hours by crowds of roughs who raced up and down Broadway, 7th, and 8th Avenues, and the side streets from 34th to 42nd streets—in pursuit of Negroes, and were not attacked by the police except in one or two cases where they invaded Broadway hotels hunting for colored men.
>
> The unanimous testimony of the newspaper reports was that the mob could have been broken and destroyed immediately and with little difficulty . . . policemen stood by and made no effort to protect the Negroes who were assailed. They ran with the crowds in pursuit of their prey; they took defenseless men who ran to them for protection and threw them to the rioters, and in many cases they beat and clubbed men and women more brutally than the mob did. They were absolutely unrestrained by their superior officers. It was the night sticks of the police that sent a stream of bleeding colored men to the hospital. . . . Men who were taken to the station house . . . were beaten by policemen without mercy.

White reaction to the event was mixed. The *Tribune*, expressing an opinion that was shared by most newspapers in Manhattan—though not all—said, "These assaults . . . on negroes in our streets were utterly inexcusable and outrageous. . . . The police of Southern cities have seldom if ever behaved worse than the police of New York behaved. . . . The universal feeling of respectable society is that the city has been disgraced." Yet a writer for *Harper's Weekly* commented, "I heard many native Americans, even New Englanders, say after the riot that they would have been glad if many of the negroes had been killed." In the wake of the riot, most Negroes, knowing themselves to be outnumbered and endangered, and fearing a recurrence of the attacks, maintained a self-protective silence. Some began looking for homes elsewhere, and others began to arm themselves. One woman declared, "Let every Negro get a permit to carry a revolver. . . . Don't you get caught again. Have your houses made ready to afford protection from the fury of the mob." This view was not shared by the city's recognized black leaders, most of whom counselled calm. By calling, professional position, and cultural attitude, these were not the sort of men to demand militant retaliation. They were successful businessmen, ministers, lawyers, and doctors, and they leaned to milder forms of civic protest. A few days after the riot, the Reverend William H. Brooks, pastor of St. Mark's, on West Fifty-third Street, addressed his congregation, "This is a conservative church and the pastor is a conservative man. Neither church nor pastor wishes any notoriety, and we hate sensationalism next to sin. . . . Not one finger must be raised in retaliation. . . . We must fight by due process of law." In what he said, Brooks may have been encouraged by some of the favorable newspaper comments he had read, for he went on to point out that the New York press had "stood for law against lawlessness, humanity as opposed to inhumanity, justice as opposed to injustice, and right as opposed to might." In a letter to Mayor Robert Van Wyck, Brooks therefore said, "We ask for no money consideration. . . . The rights of citizenship we value above money. We ask for the conviction and removal from the force of those officers whom we are able to prove guilty. . . . We feel keenly our position, and again appeal to you for common justice."

But on this occasion Brooks' faith in due process was badly misplaced. James Weldon Johnson later reported: "An investigation was held in which colored citizens who testified to having been beaten by the police were themselves treated as persons accused of crime. . . . The investigation turned out to be a sham and a whitewash." By 1905, when a race riot broke out in the San Juan Hill district, blacks were fleeing the West Side in increasing numbers. Now, as one eyewitness reported, "every day was moving day." A few of the families were finding places to live in the West Nineties, but most of them—their belongings packed in horse-drawn vans and wagons—were making their way to Harlem.

THE Harlem that the blacks were entering had a white working-class population—people of various European nationalities. But, especially west of Lenox Avenue, Harlem was one of the chief upper-middle-class districts of Manhattan. Streets and avenues were lined with fine brownstones and splendid apartment houses. Here and there stood a luxurious mansion. Frederic Birmingham, who grew up in white Harlem during the nineteen-twenties, recalled in a 1960 memoir that poorer residents often found themselves "tiptoeing up some of the shaded streets and looking with wide eyes on the mansion of some merchant prince or beer baron, its handsome lawns covered with sportive cast-iron animals, its own stables right on the property and possibly a 'gazebo' made out of cedar logs and covered with wisteria and honeysuckle." Of pre-black Harlem, Gilbert Osofsky, a historian of the community, added:

> The people attracted to this "residential heaven" were . . . older and wealthier New Yorkers—"people of taste and wealth." Few neighborhoods in the entire city at the turn of the century had so disproportionate a number of native Americans or immigrants from Great Britain, Ireland and Germany, including German Jews, living in it. . . . Many late-nineteenth-century Harlemites were born in downtown Manhattan or immigrated to America in the years 1830–1850, and subsequently moved to the community after 1870. . . . The homes of municipal and federal judges, mayors, local politicos . . . prominent businessmen and state politicians . . . were scattered throughout Harlem. Their children attended Grammar School 68, "referred to as the 'Silk Stocking School' of the City" because its "pupils were practically all from American families, and . . . more or less prosperous people." . . . A young Jewish boy moved to Harlem from the Lower East Side in the first decade of the twentieth century and recalled seeing rich German Jews, "Uptown Jews," strutting down Seventh Avenue in top hats, black coats and canes.

And Lloyd Morris, in his "Incredible New York," gives this sketch of life in the "impeccably respectable, conservative, and prosperous" Harlem of the late nineteenth century:

> On pleasant summer evenings, you saw families sitting out on their stoops, and children playing in streets seldom disturbed by traffic. You surmised that the

> aroma of well-cooked meals saturated the low brownstone dwellings. You could be sure that every parlor displayed an aspidistra, a "suite" of mahogany-stained furniture upholstered in velveteen, an upright piano and gilt-framed chromos and engravings on the walls. Upstairs, the principal bedroom would have a gleaming, knobby brass double bed, with cover and "pillow-shams" of crochet lace over a lining of pink or blue sateen. In these homes, pinochle was played and pyrography cultivated as a genteel art. As you walked past them you heard the strumming of mandolins and banjos, the tinkle of a piano and youthful voices singing. . . . Harlem, once a village, rejoiced in its "small-town" atmosphere. Like Brooklyn, it proudly exalted the domestic virtues, the pieties of religion, the authority of convention. It went to see sultry actresses like Fanny Davenport and Olga Nethersole when they brought French plays to the Harlem Opera House —an occasional shock was pleasant. . . . But in real life Harlem wanted nothing to do with loose morals. It distrusted . . . flamboyance . . . ostentatious luxury.

Seventh Avenue, with its theatres and other showplaces, was already a boulevard of high style and fashion—though in later years blacks were to heighten the style and bring something of their own bravura to the fashion. But the main thoroughfare of business and entertainment was West 125th Street. Here one found the Harlem Opera House, Hurtig & Seamon's Music Hall (where Sophie Tucker and Fanny Brice sometimes appeared), the New Orpheum Theatre, and cinema houses like Proctor's, the Victoria, and the Orient. Here, too, were the big department stores, the banks, insurance companies, jewelry stores, bakeries, beaneries, and hash houses. The wealthier families dined out at Pabst's Restaurant. And the intersection of Seventh Avenue and 125th Street—white Harlem's equivalent of Union Square—was where the step-ladder suffragettes, Socialists, and Henry George single-taxers made the more radical speeches of the day.

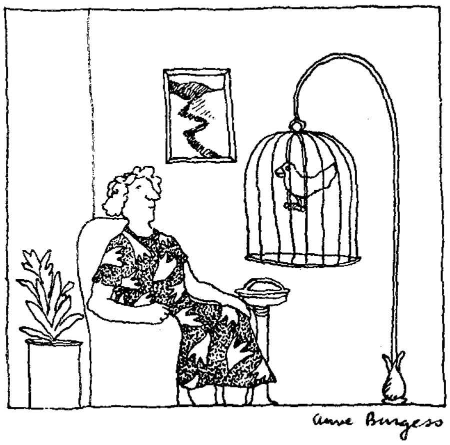
Though white Harlem "wanted nothing to do with loose morals," it had been unable to keep out gambling dens, saloons, poolrooms, beer gardens, burlesque houses, and dance halls. And in 1911 the *Harlem Home News*, quoting a prominent white member of the community, called attention to some "degrading" dances that had made their appearance uptown:

> I wonder . . . if the parents know that the "nigger" dance is a sort of double "hootchie kootchie" in which hugging and squeezing and suggestive motions play a prominent part?
>
> The "turkey trot" or "shivver" . . . is a kind of hopping dance in which the bodies are kept shivering in a senseless manner.
>
> The "grizzly bear" is a shuffle in which the dancers allow their limbs to come in contact with each other in a way that shocks respectable women and makes decent men's blood boil with rage.

Worse, the young white people in Harlem were to be seen dancing these steps not only on weeknights but on Sunday evenings as well. The *Home News* did not say where these dances had originated or how the white sons and daughters of Harlem had come to be doing them but such dances had probably made their way up from the Negro West Side, because by 1911 blacks from that part of Manhattan had been settling—and therefore dancing—in Harlem for more than ten years.

IN December of 1905, the *Herald* took note of an "untoward circumstance" that had been "injected into the private-dwelling market in the vicinity of 133rd and 134th Streets." Flats "that were occupied entirely by white folks have been captured for occupancy by a Negro population." There were still a few white residents on 133rd Street between Lenox Avenue and Seventh Avenue, but nearly all of 134th between those avenues had been taken over by blacks. Further, real-estate brokers were predicting that it was "only a matter of time" before the blocks between Seventh and Eighth Avenues became "a stronghold of the Negro population." The cause of this "colored influx," the *Herald* said, "is inexplicable."

There were at least two causes, and neither was inexplicable, at least to the Negro refugees who were virtually being driven out of the middle West Side, and to the white landlords of Harlem who saw them as a godsend—who were welcoming them with vacant apartments, if not exactly with open arms. Perhaps it was the landlords' side of the story that the *Herald* did not know. Up until the late eighteen-nineties, not all the blocks in the vicinity of Lenox Avenue above 125th Street had been fully built up. As a result, white tenants may have found that section of Harlem less desirable than the area farther to the west, in the direction of Seventh and Eighth Avenues. Besides, while the blocks in that area were within easy walking distance of the Eighth Avenue Elevated train, the Lenox Avenue neighborhood offered no similar transportation facilities. This circumstance began to change around 1900, when it was announced that a subway tunnel was about to be built along Lenox Avenue. What followed has been explained by Gilbert Osofsky: "Speculators who intended to make astronomic profits when the subway was completed bought the marshes, garbage dumps, and lots left unimproved or undeveloped in the 1870's and 1880's. Between 1898 and 1904, the year that the Lenox Avenue line opened at One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street, 'practically all the vacant land in Harlem' was 'built over.'" And more houses were built in the environs of Lenox Avenue than there were white tenants to occupy them.



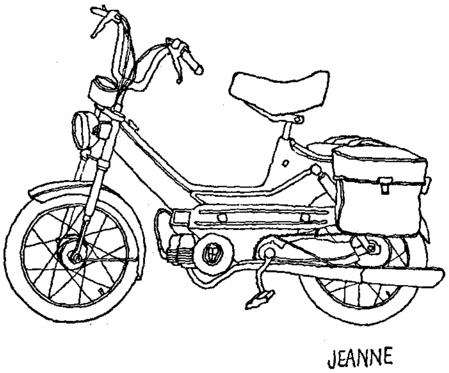
In addressing the New York Presbytery in 1914, John M. Royall, the black realty man and officer of St. James Presbyterian Church, had given a lengthier and more colorful account of how the Lenox Avenue subway affected the future of housing and land values in Harlem:

> The great subway proposition . . . filled the people's minds and permeated the air. Real-estate operators and speculators conjured with imagination of becoming millionaires, bought freely in the west Harlem district, in and about the proposed subway stations. . . .
>
> Men bought property on thirty- and sixty-days contracts, and sold their contracts, not their property, for they never owned it, and made substantial profits. I have known buyers to pay $38,000 and $75,000 for tenements which showed a gross income of only $2,600 and $5,000 per year. On they went; buying, buying; giving no heed to the fact that old staid Knickerbocker property owners were standing still looking on, not investing, but puzzled to their very souls as to what the final results would be.
>
> This unhealthy speculative condition continued until owners commenced to figure the income from these newly acquired properties, when, lo! they began to realize all that glittered was not gold. Straightaway, these new owners, one and all, commenced saying to their brokers, who up to this time had been like Moses leading buyers into Canaan, "I don't mind buying if you can get Esau under contract to purchase before the deal is closed." With the brokers thus cornered, the market

> awoke from a drugged and drunken stupor, struck amidships like the famous Titanic, reeled, tottered, and solemnly settled beneath a sea of depreciated values. . . .
>
> Shrewd real-estate operators and cunning lawyers brought into existence many reckless bond and mortgage companies, which really loaned more money on property than the entire value of same. . . .
>
> Is there any wonder, then, that this day of reckoning between assets and liabilities haunts the west Harlem district owners like a spectre, and fills [their] midnight dreams with terror? . . .
>
> Facing financial destruction, the new property owners commenced to consult Moses (their brokers) and their cunning lawyers for help out of the difficulty. These two gentlemen (the broker and the lawyer) soon struck upon the bright idea of capitalizing race prejudice, and enticed the new owners, whose only alternative was to sell, to enter an alliance—a conspiracy to put colored tenants in their property, and thereby force their wealthier neighbors to buy from them. And, on the other hand, a certain class of buyers, whose only conscience was money, were urged into the use of the same methods, placing colored people in property so that they might buy other parcels adjoining. . . .
>
> Innocently enough, the colored tenants, looking for better accommodations, flocked to Harlem and filled houses as fast as they were opened to them. This worked decidedly to the advantage of the property owners, enabling a great number of them either to dispose of their property or to get a healthier and more lucrative return from rents paid by colored tenants. . . .
>
> Do you know that tenements in the west Harlem district are showing a much larger return to owners than they formerly brought when occupied by white tenants? Do you know the property is more fully rented? Do you know that there is not today three per cent of vacancies in all the tenement properties occupied by colored people in Harlem?

Royall knew. By 1914, he was one of several Negro brokers who had induced white landlords "to put colored tenants in their property." The first and most prominent of these black brokers was Philip A. Payton, Jr.—the pioneer among Negro realty men in Manhattan, and, as he came to be called, the father of black Harlem. Payton, born in Westfield, Massachusetts, in 1876, came to New York in 1899—to what he saw as "the city of cities." For some time, however, he did not find New York to be the city he had imagined—what poor blacks from the South had seen, in the words of Paul Laurence Dunbar, as "the center of all the glory, all the wealth, and all the freedom of the world." Though Payton was a college-educated man—a graduate of Livingston College, in North Carolina—the only jobs he was able to find in Manhattan were as a barber, a slot-machine attendant in a department store, and a porter in an apartment building. Around 1900, Payton's job as a porter—in which he probably saw some of the worst sides of Negro tenement life in Manhattan—gave him an idea that changed his life. Since there seemed to be no black real-estate agents in the city, why shouldn't he become an agent himself and help blacks to find better housing? His thought happened to occur at a time when blacks on the West Side were under pressure—when they were beginning to feel a desperate need for new living space, and when, because of overbuilding in Harlem, this space was becoming available uptown. Payton's first few attempts to establish and maintain a real-estate agency—in the Tenderloin and in downtown Manhattan—were failures. His offices closed down almost as soon as he had opened them. "The hardships I suffered and the funny experiences I underwent while establishing myself as a real-estate man in New York would fill a book in which a reader could shed a few tears and secure many a good laugh," he said later. "Besides being dispossessed three times and once evicted for non-payment of rent, I have walked from Nassau Street to Harlem on more than one occasion for want of a nickel." It might have been at the end of a long walk to Harlem that Payton approached one of the hard-pressed white landlords and offered himself as a broker for Negro tenants. As he recalled later, a dispute had broken out between two landlords of adjoining houses, and "to get even, one of them turned his house over to me to fill with colored tenants." He went on, "I was successful in renting and managing this house and after a time I was able to induce other landlords to . . . give me their houses to manage."

In 1903, Payton, along with several other Negroes of means and position, organized the Afro-American Realty Company, with headquarters in downtown Manhattan—probably the largest enterprise of its kind that has ever been owned and run by blacks in New York. A year after it was founded, the *Tribune* carried this report:


JEANNE

> With offices rivalling in richness of decoration those of many Wall Street bankers, and with $500,000 capitalization, the Afro-American Realty Company yesterday began business as a corporation. . . . It will lease, buy and build flats and apartments for rental to negroes in the boroughs of Manhattan, the Bronx, and Brooklyn, and its avowed object is to make it possible for a negro to live anywhere he desires, if he has the money to pay the rent.
>
> The corporation got its start about a year ago in the attempt of one of the well known realty companies of this city to oust the negro tenants of One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth st. between Fifth and Lenox Avenues, the object being to make it a "white" street and raise rentals. Wealthy negroes who were interested in real estate resented this attempt, got together, and after vainly trying to get leaseholds on property in that street, bought outright two flat houses tenanted by whites, dispossessed them and rented the flats to negroes who had been put out of the other houses.

For about five years, the Afro-American Realty Company, under Payton's management, helped to swell the influx of blacks into Harlem. In 1908, the company failed, and thereafter Payton returned to his own real-estate business on West 134th Street.

Inspired by Payton's example (his income, too, no doubt), other Negro real-estate men—John M. Royall, Watt Terry, John E. Nail, and Henry C. Parker—opened firms of their own. The firm of Nail & Parker became the most successful in the history of black Harlem, obtaining more houses for Negroes and therefore contributing more heavily to the black movement into the district than any of the other real-estate enterprises. James Weldon Johnson has left this account of how white Harlemites reacted to the growing black migration into their community:

> In the eyes of the whites who were antagonistic, the whole movement took on the aspect of an "invasion"—an invasion of both their economic and their social rights. They felt that Negroes as neighbors not only lowered the values of their property, but also lowered their social status. . . . Their conduct could be compared to that of a community in the Middle Ages fleeing before an epidemic of the black plague. . . . The presence of a single colored family in a block, regardless of the fact that they might be well-bred people, with sufficient means to buy their new home, was a signal for precipitate flight. The stampeded whites actually deserted house after house and block after block.

But not all whites were ready to abandon their old district. "The Negro invasion . . . must be vigilantly fought, fought until it is permanently checked, or the invaders will slowly but surely drive the whites out of Harlem," said the *Harlem Home News* in July of 1911. "We now warn owners of property . . . that the invaders are clamoring for admission right at their doors and that they must wake up and get busy before it is too late to repel the black hordes that stand ready to destroy the homes and scatter the fortunes of the whites living and doing business in the very heart of Harlem. . . . The negro must have some place to live, but why must he always drive the white man out of his home in order to find a home for himself? Isn't there any other way of providing homes for the colored man?"

In the view of John G. Taylor, the president of the Harlem Property Owners' Protective Association, there *was* another way. He had suggested some months earlier that Negroes "should buy large tracts of unimproved land near the city and there build up colonies of their own," for "that would be better for all concerned, and movements of that kind would be given unlimited financial support." Of course, no one seriously believed that any such movement would ever come about. White Harlem was stuck with the black migration, and—short of establishing separate black "homelands"—the community would have to find a way either to live with the newcomers or to keep more of them from coming in.

The latter course was the one favored by property owners, block associations, civic committees, churches, newspapers, and business organizations. Plans were made to evict black tenants from buildings they already occupied. Certain groups looked into the possibility of passing laws to prevent blacks from owning or renting property in Harlem. Banks were petitioned to cut off loans to black homeowners and to white speculators who sold or rented to Negroes. Taylor urged the white tenants and homeowners on 136th Street to build a "dead line" between themselves and the black newcomers—in other words, to erect "a twenty-four-foot fence in the backyards." This was to be more than a screen protecting the eyes of unfriendly neighbors from one another. It was also to be a white boundary, beyond which the black invaders were not to pass. According to one newspaper, white homeowners "signed an agreement not to sell to Negroes for the next fifteen years," and "The document . . . even limits the number of colored servants each signer should have."

Though the lines of resistance could hardly have been more carefully and firmly drawn, there were white property owners and speculators who had no desire to join or honor such lines. They were not stirred by appeals to racial solidarity and civic unity. Their feelings were chiefly monetary, and since it was customary for Negroes to be charged higher rents and purchase prices, they knew that big profits were to be made from the inflow of blacks. When Caroline Morolath, the owner of a house on West 137th Street, rented to blacks, she was sued by Rafael Greenbaum, who owned a house next door. Greenbaum asked ten thousand dollars in damages, on the ground that Mrs. Morolath, by renting to blacks, had made it impossible for him to rent or sell to whites.

Taylor called people like Mrs. Morolath "white renegades," but they were not shamed or intimidated by the description. They intended to proceed by their own lights, according to their own interests. They went right on selling and renting to blacks, and, as a result, in helping their own pockets, they also helped to make housing conditions for Negroes in New York more decent and livable than at any time in the past.

But, though it may not have seemed so at the time, the back of the resistance had been virtually broken in March of 1911. Whites apparently did not realize it, for they went on fighting for several years after. But blacks must surely have sensed it. Some of their churches had already followed them into Harlem, and it was in March of 1911 that St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal, the richest and best-known of all their churches, decisively entered the lists. A year earlier, it had moved into a new building on West 133rd Street, and now it bought, for more than a million dollars, a row of apartment buildings on the north side of West 135th Street, occupying almost the entire block from Lenox Avenue to Seventh. As the emergence of the year's first crocus announces that spring is on its way, so did the arrival of so important a church as St. Philip's signify that Harlem was sure to be the next major settlement of blacks in Manhattan. When St. Philip's bought the row of apartment houses on 135th Street, the *Age* said, "The deal pulled off by this progressive pair [the real-estate agents Nail and Parker] . . . involving the huge sum of $1,000,070, not only puts the firm at the very front, but influences the life of the colored people of New York as nothing of the kind has done in many a long year. It puts on the books of St. Philip's Church, the wealthiest colored church corporation in the country, the best property owned by colored people in Manhattan or in any other borough, and it opens up to colored tenantry the best houses that they have ever had to live in."

Taylor did not believe that the St. Philip's deal would seriously affect the future of white residence in Harlem. The chances were, he said, that the Negroes would "not stay long in the new apartments." He and others did not see "how colored people can possibly afford to pay the rents the new owners will have to charge to make the investment pay." Besides, he added, "we understand there is $400,000 in mortgages on the property, $160,000 of which will be due in the next eight months, and if the program to keep colored people in the apartments is carried out, we fail to see where the church is going to borrow the money." Nor was Taylor alone in feeling that the black migration into Harlem could still be checked, or, at any rate, that it should be. In 1912, a letter to the *Times*—probably from a white Harlem resident—said, "Can nothing be done to put a restriction on the invasion of the Negro into Harlem? At one time it was a comfort and a pleasure to ride on the Sixth and Ninth Avenue elevated, but that is a thing of the past. Now you invariably have a colored person sitting either beside you or in front of you. . . . There is an enormous colony of them around 135th Street and Lenox Avenue, and they are coming closer all the time. . . . Why cannot we have Jim Crow cars for these people?"

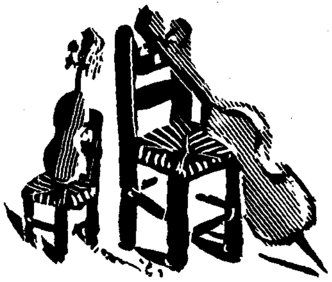
But John Royall was one of the blacks who knew in 1911 that the battle for Harlem was virtually over. That is why he could say so confidently to the New York Presbytery in 1914, "Are you aware of the fact that Negroes are buying property in Harlem? Has anyone told you that the colored people have purchased about ten per cent of the tenements in which they live? And . . . about forty per cent of all the private houses occupied by them? . . . The colored people are in Harlem to stay." —JERVIS ANDERSON

(*This is the first part of a four-part article.*)

MUSICAL EVENTS

Pictures from the Midwest

THE Loretto-Hilton Theatre, where the Opera Theatre of St. Louis performs, was not designed for opera. The stage has no proscenium arch; some nine hundred seats are clustered on three sides of the acting area; two small extensions of the stage connect with entrance tunnels that rise from the raked floor of the auditorium. Such an arrangement is not rare in the theatre, but for musical presentations it creates difficulties. The artificial, forward-facing configurations of characters in traditional operatic productions will not work; each character has to be conscious of projecting to three sides. If a singer turns suddenly in the middle of an aria, half the audience may lose half a musical phrase. Dialogue heard from different places onstage, at different levels of audibility, is acceptable; musical ensembles heard in the same way are disconcerting. Thrust-stage theatres usually lack the orchestra pit necessary for most operas; the pit in St. Louis has been enlarged from an original twenty-five-seater to one that can take some fifty players, but acoustically it is for the most part hidden under the stage. The auditorium's acoustics are dry, and there is none of the helpful resonance that singers like to feel between themselves and the audience. A touring opera company that visited the theatre would probably be ill at ease. But the Opera Theatre of St. Louis, which was founded in 1976, and which this year presented its sixth season, has grown into the building. The company's director, Richard Gaddes, has chosen young singers who make the best of its challenges, and directors who seem—on the evidence of three evenings I attended earlier this month—to thrive on the opportunity that the theatre offers to present opera as intelligent, immediate music-drama. Mr. Gaddes has been able to maintain in his choice of repertory an enviable balance of the familiar with the unknown; he now has an open-minded audience that appears to trust his judgment. This season, "Rigoletto" and "The Marriage of Figaro" were staged, along with the American première of a Kabuki opera by Minoru Miki, "The Actor's Revenge," and a double bill of Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's "The Secret of Suzanne" and Frederick Delius's "Fennimore and Gerda," in its American première. All four programs sold well; the Miki attracted considerable publicity, but the artistic triumph of the season was the Delius.



"Fennimore and Gerda" was composed between 1909 and 1910, to Delius's own libretto. The opera was first staged, at Frankfurt, in October, 1919. A full score—with an English version of the German text, by Philip Heseltine (Peter Warlock)—was published in 1926. But, apart from an orchestral "intermezzo" extracted from the score by Sir Thomas Beecham (to whom the work is dedicated), it was not heard in England until March, 1962, when the BBC broadcast it in a studio performance, under Stanford Robinson. In 1968, it was given its British stage première by the Hammersmith Municipal Opera. Winton Dean wrote then in a review, "None of the characters is established in musical terms . . . The score rambles on, throwing up incidental beauties here and there . . . but clinching nothing. Such an opera needs a superb performance to make an effect other than soporific." There are indeed unsatisfactory aspects to "Fennimore and Gerda." The action, compressed into eleven "pictures," presents two episodes drawn by Delius from the novel "Niels Lyhne," by the Danish writer Jens Peter Jacobsen. There is a long tragic episode, featuring Fennimore, her husband, Erik, and his best friend, Niels; and a short happy episode, which ends with Niels' marriage to Gerda. All the dramatic interest of the opera is in the first section; the end is an idyllic postscript. Both Beecham and Heseltine criticized the addition of the Gerda scenes; Heseltine wrote that they are "like a sugar-plum designed to take away the taste of the preceding tragedy." Eric Fenby, Delius's biographer and his amanuensis in his last years, travelled to St. Louis for the performance; in an informal lecture he said that the composer originally conceived the work as "Fennimore," and left out the final scenes. On the other hand, Christopher Redwood, in an article in *Composer* in 1968, suggested that sketches show that Delius intended to make the piece longer: they follow Jacobsen's ending, in which Gerda dies young and Niels is wounded in military action and dies a gruesome death in a hospital.

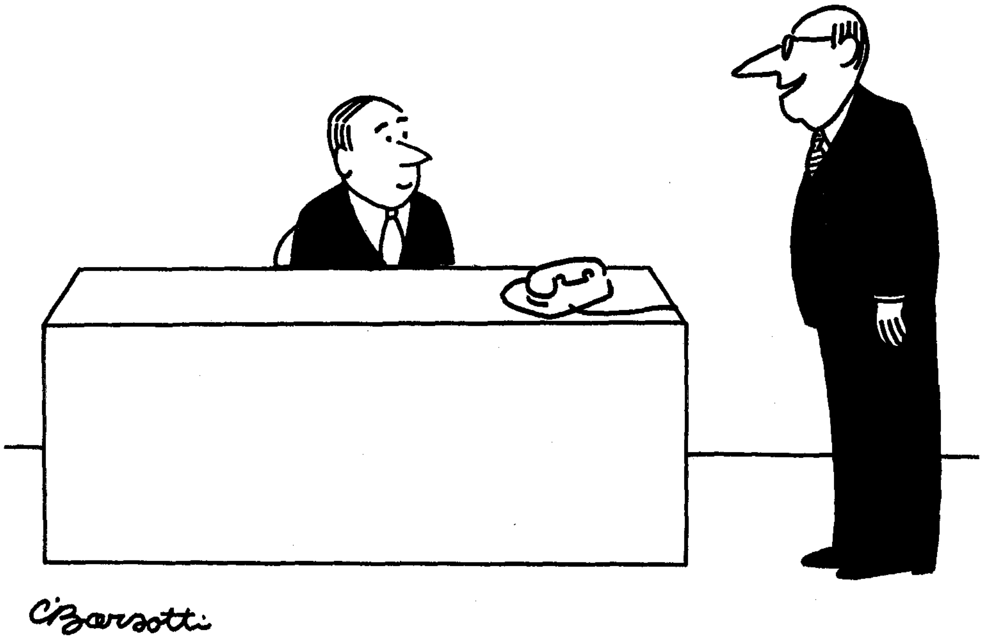
The problem for a stage director is how to connect the "pictures" that Delius presents. The opening scene shows Niels, Erik, and Fennimore at the house of Fennimore's parents. Niels and Fennimore talk intensely of childhood, travel, and home; Erik asks Fennimore to sing a song, and she sings of longing for release from confinement. The scene fades. In the next, Niels observes Erik and Fennimore declaring their love for each other. The symbolic purpose of the two scenes is clear: to establish a close, intellectual relationship between Niels and Fennimore and a simple, instinctual relationship between Erik and Fennimore. But to make this dramatically effective is not easy, for little happens. Frank Corsaro has taken Delius's word "picture" as the metaphor for his whole production. The acting area is surrounded by a semicircular gauze; as the lights go up, we glimpse through it the characters, dressed in white and lit by a warm brownish glow that gives the scene the aspect of an old sepia print. They are looking at pictures of Venice. (Italy represents, for Fennimore, all that is most exciting about escaping from home.) Instead of making the scenes continuous or allowing the short pauses that Delius directs, Mr. Corsaro adds "pictures" of his own. These make explicit the development that Delius's story line takes for granted. We see in short, mimed tableaux Fennimore's disillusionment with Erik after they marry; Erik's lack of success as a painter and his increasing boorishness toward his wife; Niels' frequent, solicitous presence. Some of these additions are accompanied by the most controversial parts of the production: natural noises, and filmed projections on the gauze. We see Danish rooftops and hear tolling bells; water ripples and gurgles; birds sing; sunlight streams through tree branches. The results could well be sickly, but Ronald Chase has directed these projections to match precisely the mood of his sets and costumes; he has worked with restraint, carefully fitting the visions and sounds to those suggested by the music. Some of the interludes are too long, too indulgent; some are irrelevant; and a couple of sound effects spoil the music by cutting into it at the ends of scenes. But the over-all effect is to conjure up an atmosphere that unifies the drama.

None of this paraphernalia would work if the central conflict of the opera failed to engage our attention. But in this theatre, where every tiny movement makes a difference, where we can see the singers' eyes, Mr. Corsaro makes real the tangled loves of Erik, Niels, and Fennimore. The soloists' subtle movements—the uneasy glances, the guilty touches—reflect the unfolding sensuality of Delius's score. In the seventh scene, as they gaze at a bird's nest on a walk, Niels and Fennimore admit their love for each other, and Delius's music reaches a height of desperate intensity. In the eighth, Fennimore learns that Erik has been killed in an accident. She is overcome with guilt, and in the ninth she renounces Niels. He wanders away, incredulous, and never sees her again. Mr. Corsaro directed these scenes well. Stephen Dickson's sensitive, sad Niels and Kathryn Bouleyn's passionate, fateful Fennimore were both deeply touching. There were a couple of misjudgments: Fennimore should be at her most lonely as she reads of Erik's death; the maid must leave as soon as the telegram is delivered. When Erik's body arrived, Fennimore pushed the corpse bearers aside with unforgettable resentment but then embraced it, Salome-like, when the libretto directs that she should collapse in the snow. After this climax, the Gerda episode acquired a strange poignancy: the happy "la-la"s of far-off farmers and the innocent skipping of Gerda's sisters provided an ironic background to her love. The end of the opera carried a foreboding of unknown tragedy.

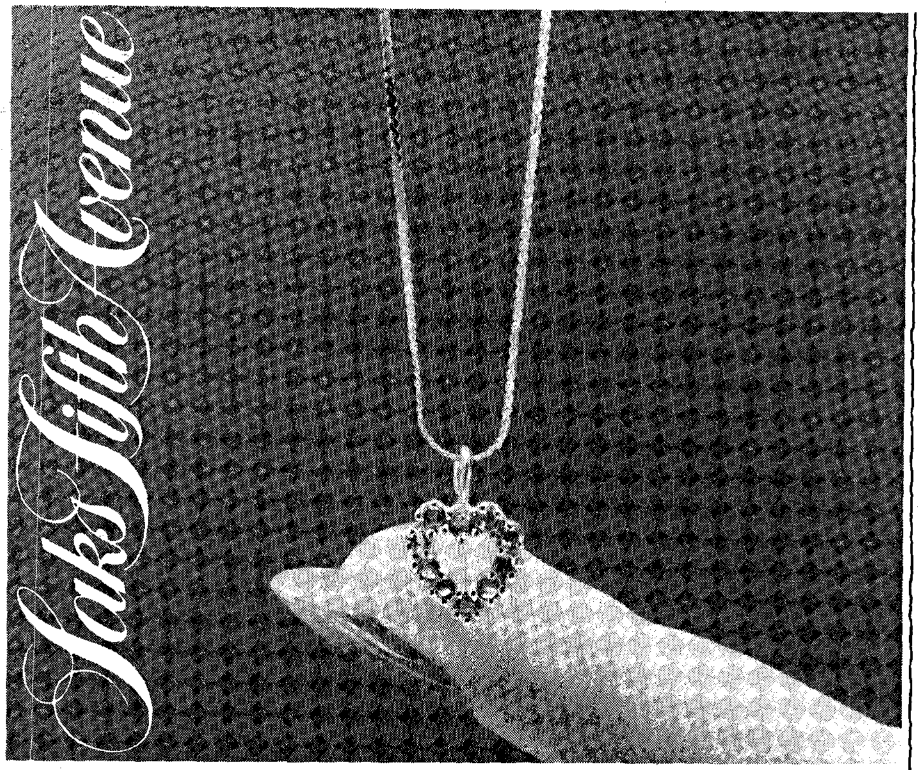
The cast is small, but the orchestra is large and the scoring lush. With reduced forces in the Loretto-Hilton pit, Christopher Keene could not quite color the music as richly as Delius intended. (The string sound was particularly thin.) But his success in keeping the music moving across the scene breaks, in bringing out its unexpected rhythmic bite and harmonic originality—both were in evidence in the high, scratching sounds of the telegram scene—was the more remarkable. Though the smoothness of the score and its consistent harmonic instability might tempt a conductor to languish, Mr. Keene's energy and sharpness gave pace and shape to the succession of beautiful sounds. He drew magnificent singing from Miss Bouleyn and fine phrasing from Mr. Dickson (who sang in spite of an indisposition); David Bankston was a stiff, unyielding Erik, with piercing eyes and a clear, strident voice. Kathryn Gamberoni was a wide-eyed Gerda. Erik's drinking companions were an unpleasant, bumbling crew, and Gerda's trio of skipping sisters had an icy, cruel edge to their voices. Through direction and acting that were responsive to the music, Delius's opera acquired a cogency and dramatic force I had not thought possible.

MINORU MIKI'S "The Actor's Revenge" is a bold experiment in combining traditions of Eastern and Western culture—a Kabuki drama in the form of a Western opera. It uses a small orchestral ensemble that includes Western and Japanese instruments, and its musical idiom is eclectic enough to encompass Eastern chant and reminiscences of Benjamin Britten's church operas. The Kabuki elements predominate. The main character is an *onnagata*, a male actor who plays female roles. Yukinojo, the actor, seeks revenge for the murder of his parents. By the end of the opera, he has achieved his aim—but only at the cost of the life of Lady Namiji, whom he has come to love. Revenge is shown as fruitless. In a program note, Miki explained that the concept of the work was suggested by the euphony of three Japanese words that are all pronounced "*ada*"—"revenge," "futility," and "charm." The ritual nature of the opera is emphasized by the fact that Yukinojo does not sing his role. He dances it, in his theatrical female costume, while a tenor (the inexhaustible Mallory Walker) sings from the side of the stage. The libretto, by James Kirkup, is based on a Japanese story and presents the drama as a memory in the mind of the old Yukinojo; it starts and finishes in the Zen monastery where he lives. There are two acts, of eight scenes each, set against the background of the Kabuki theatre where Yukinojo performs.

Colin Graham, the associate artistic director at St. Louis, was responsible for the commission to Miki, by the English Music Theatre, and directed the première, in London in 1979. He has staged a superb spectacle. In St. Louis, the stylized acting he drew from his opera singers—especially from Cynthia Clarey as Lady Namiji and from the dastardly trio of Stephen Alexus Williams, Richard Croft, and Gordon Holleman—was taut and otherworldly. The visual effects were powerful. Yukinojo danced in candlelight, sinister shadows were silhouetted behind the screens, red banners fluttered to represent fire. The music was full of original touches—bright twitterings and plangent groanings, textures that caught the ear and matched the scenes. The scoring was imaginative. The setting of the English words was sur-



"That's wonderful, Curtis. I, too, think a hot, balanced breakfast is the best preparation for the day ahead."



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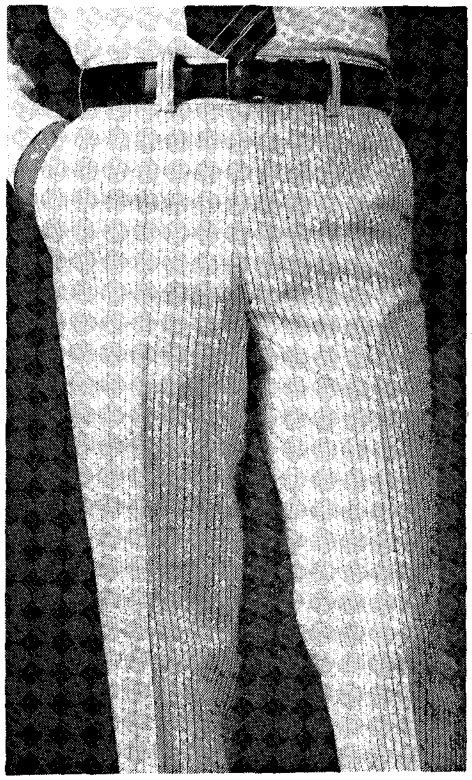

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prisingly good, and the text was usually audible. Yet, with one exception, the opera failed to make a lasting impression. The cultural mixture produced too many incongruities: a story that may have been terse in Japanese became simplistic in English, and there was a conflict between the detachment of the ritual action and the emotional involvement that we were meant to feel in the love of Yukinojo and Namiji. What was exceptionally effective was the performance of Manuel Alum as Yukinojo, which was choreographed by the Kabuki adviser to the production, Kinnosuke Hanayagi. Mr. Alum's impersonation had a cool, remote integrity. Much of the rest, by comparison, reconciled the cultures of East and West only by diluting them.

“The Marriage of Figaro,” the second opera in a six-year Mozart cycle at St. Louis, was directed by Lou Galterio. It was a lively, messy production, which kept activity bubbling onstage without ever suggesting the motivation of the characters. The tone was set by the opening scene, in which the Count's entire backstairs staff invaded Figaro's new apartment to coo sweetly at his antics with his beloved. It continued through a farcicalized “Non più andrai” and a second-act finale that was riddled with inconsistencies. (Why can Susanna open the dressing-room door when the Count cannot?) The cast was a fine one. I liked Marc Embree's vulnerable Count and Elizabeth Knighton's young, suffering Countess. John Davies' puckish Figaro looked as if he were always about to turn a cartwheel, and Claudette Peterson's Susanna was a soubrette, too knowing by half. Evelyn Petros's lanky, awkward Cherubino was a joy, but Mr. Galterio never let Cherubino's passions become important. They all sang very well, especially in ensemble, and John Nelson's conducting was lyrical, though it missed much of the tension in the score. The action of the libretto was clarified—some of it for the first time in my experience—by Andrew Porter's new English translation; he retained some phrases from Edward Dent's famous version but circumvented many of its trite approximations. There were laughs where I had never heard them: in the sextet, Don Curzio's lines “He's the father? and she's his mother? Then they really should not wed” brought the house down.

—Nicholas Kenyon

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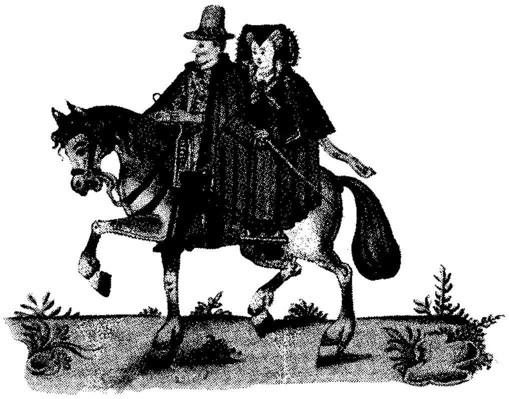

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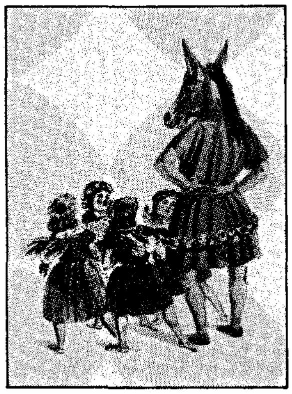

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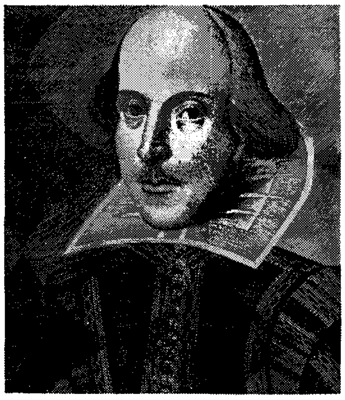

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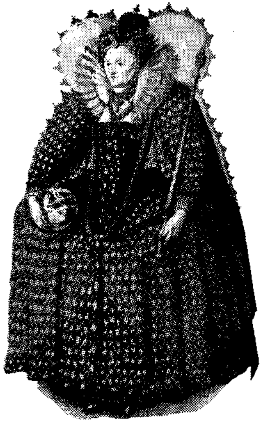

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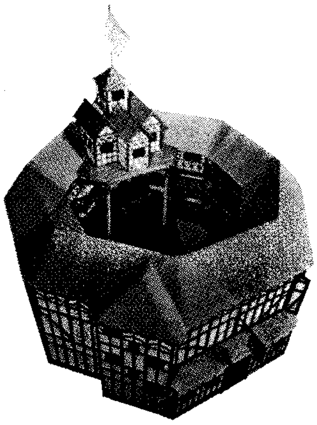

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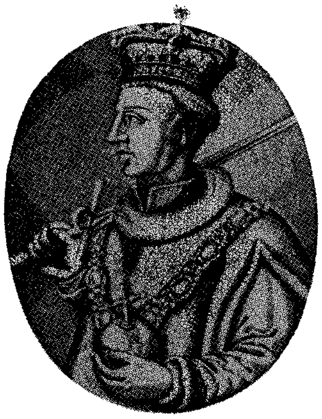

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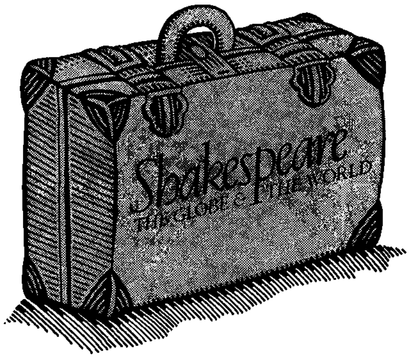

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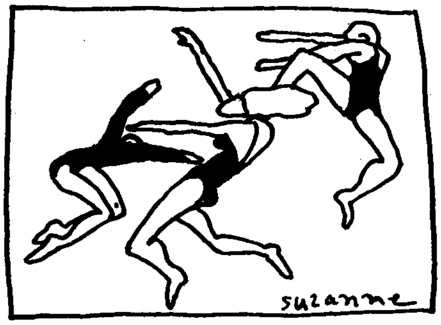
DANCING

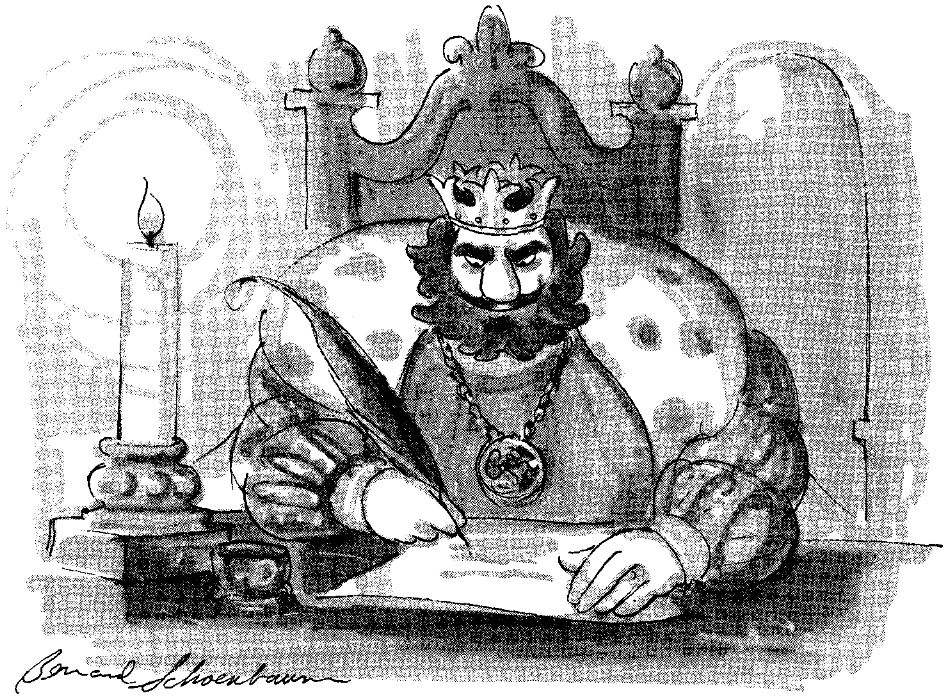
Tchaikovsky

THE New York City Ballet's Tchaikovsky Festival began with Suzanne Farrell, in a formal tutu of solemn black, floating downstage on her long, sensitive points, her hands joined in prayer. And it ended pianissimo, with an image of a giant's heart beating its last under a black shroud, followed by the blowing out of a single candle on a darkened stage. It was as if Balanchine, in bracketing the whole festival with memento mori, were deliberately overturning the moral of the Stravinsky Festival, held a year after the composer's death, at the end of which Balanchine came onstage and drank a jaunty vodka toast, in the Russian fashion, "to the health of the guy that died." Farrell's Prayer, set to the Preghiera from the fourth orchestral suite ("Mozartiana"), was preceded by a short concert, conducted by Robert Irving, of dramatic compositions on themes of love and death: the "Romeo and Juliet" Overture-Fantasy, with its closing cantilena that slowly withdraws in lingering contemplation of Juliet's bier; Lisa's aria from "Pique Dame," sung as she waits by the canal in which she will drown herself; Lensky's aria before the duel in "Eugene Onegin;" the love duet for tenor and soprano from the abandoned opera "Undine," which lent its music to the second act of "Swan Lake" and its dramatic situation to the fourth act. On the final program of the festival, the Élégie from "Suite No. 3" and the Andante Elegiaco (pas de deux) from "Diamonds" paved the way for a presentation of three movements from the "Pathétique" Symphony, in which Tchaikovsky is thought to have meditated on his own death. The Allegro con Grazia, with its mysterious five-beat waltz, was set by Jerome Robbins as a pas de deux for Patricia McBride and Helgi Tomasson with an ensemble of ten girls. Irving then led the orchestra in a brisk, unpompous rendition of the March. The Adagio Lamentoso, which ends the symphony, was done by Balanchine in the Gothic-horror style in which he treated Schumann's misery and attempted suicide in his version, last year, of "Davidsbündlertänze." (Tchaikovsky, like Schumann, tried to drown himself, and eventually he did commit suicide.) The hooded processions in "Adagio Lamentoso" also recall the death of Don Quixote, until now Balanchine's most opulent staging of the artist's martyrdom. Tchaikovsky, who really was sacrificed on the altar of social hypocrisy, is seen as another of Balanchine's victim-heroes. All this didn't make the Tchaikovsky Festival itself a lugubrious affair. "Mozartiana," Balanchine's fourth production of Tchaikovsky's homage to Mozart, began this time with the Preghiera, but after this ceremonial moment had passed, the ballet evolved into the spiciest that Balanchine has done in some time. His other festival pieces were the Garland Dance from "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Hungarian Gypsy Airs," a setting of the folk ballads that Tchaikovsky orchestrated in the last year of his life. Robbins, also in sprightly form, produced a pas de deux for Darci Kistler and Ib Andersen to the middle movement of the First Piano Concerto. His major work for the festival and its biggest hit was "Piano Pieces," for which he returned to the most appealing vein of "Dances at a Gathering." John Taras, Peter Martins, Joseph Duell, and Jacques d'Amboise fulfilled their festival assignments, for the most part, by celebrating the music and exercising institutional aesthetics. In all, fourteen ballets were introduced in ten days and shown alongside the company's regular Tchaikovsky repertory, which is the world's strongest. If most of the premières were not even potential contributions to this repertory, it was still a Tchaikovsky Festival—business as usual, in other words, at New York City Ballet. The only difference was that Day One and Day Ten were hung with crêpe.

In the marvellous ballets of the Balanchine-Tchaikovsky repertory—"Diamonds" and "Piano Concerto No. 2" and "Serenade" and "Allegro Brillante" and "Suite No. 3" (including "Theme and Variations") and the single-act version of "Swan Lake," and even "Waltz of the Flowers," which was the festival's sole excerpt from "The Nutcracker"—Tchaikovsky's melancholy is always accounted for, not only as the pervasive mood of his Andantes and Elegies but as a persistent aura edging even his brightest moments. In "Waltz of the Flowers," the appearance of the third melody, in B minor, has an effect of sudden estrangement—an effect that is answered in the choreography by the soloist's isolated entrance against the corps. It's such a wonderful, surging moment that it doesn't feel strange—it feels like a pang of elation. This complex, elating melancholy in Tchaikovsky is something no other choreographer has captured, just as no other choreographer has demonstrated more clearly the difference between exalted emotion and obsessive brooding in the adagio sequences. By custom, Balanchine has stayed away from the heavier symphonies, the more overwrought symphonic poems and overtures. For the purposes of choreography, the rhythmic propulsion and transparent orchestral textures of Tchaikovsky are best without the introspective thickening to which he was sometimes prone. Constant Lambert, in a brilliant essay on Tchaikovsky, compared the second theme of the slow movement of the Fifth Symphony with the cello melody of the Adagio in "The Sleeping Beauty," when Aurora appears to the Prince in a vision. "The purely physical similarity between the two tunes is astonishing, but they inhabit entirely different psychological worlds. In one, Tchaikovsky is crying for the moon; in the other, he is content to gaze at its beauty."

When Balanchine has yielded to Tchaikovskian introspection, it has usually been to stage vision scenes of a more problematic nature than the one in "The Sleeping Beauty." Yet compare the Andante of "Piano Concerto No. 2" with "Meditation." In the former ballet (christened "Ballet Imperial"), he took an unwieldy non-dance composition—the first movement is inordinately long, broad, and melodramatic—and made a great ballet out of it. The key to his success may possibly be the fact that nowhere in the concerto does Tchaikovsky look inward and shed tears. There is a certain sweetness-of-pain in the Andante, but the overriding emotion is one of dignified resignation. Sweetness-of-pain comes back in "Meditation," together with nostalgia, regret, and some central enigma one would have





"Today I became corrupted absolutely."

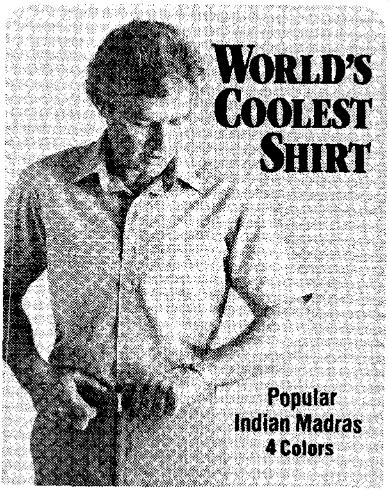
thought impossible to depict in dance. With Farrell's help, though, Balanchine did it. The "story" in "Meditation," a pas de deux with d'Amboise created in 1963, is of lovers who are completely involved with one another yet never meet—never become one. The music is dedicated to Nadezhda von Meck, the great benefactor of Tchaikovsky whom he never met; possibly Farrell in the ballet is an echo of von Meck, and her relation with d'Amboise may be, in part, an evocation of the patron's relation with the composer—benevolent, loving, all-comprehending, dependent, yet distant. In "Meditation," Farrell wears a draped costume and loose hair. In Balanchine iconography, flowing hair and dress have come to signify the muse of the Romantic poet: see "La Sonnambula," the Elegy of "Serenade," the first part of "Chaconne," which deals with the Orpheus myth, and the finale of "Walpurgis Night Ballet," which is populated with the dream women of Gounod's Faust. In "Suite No. 3," the stage teems with girls in long hair and streaming chiffon, and the atmosphere is so thick that, under the influence of festival Tchaikovskiana, it was impossible not to see these portions of the "Suite" as a more meretricious sequel to "Meditation"—as a parade of the women in Tchaikovsky's life. In the Élégie, the glamorous, inscrutable creature who steps out of the crowd and then back into it, leaving the hero in despair, could be the ideal woman whom Tchaikovsky worshipped but never found. She could be Désirée Artôt, the soprano with whom he was briefly in love; she could also be his mother, who died when he was a boy. In the Valse Mélancolique, the ballerina is like a siren or a witch holding the man under a spell. Antonina Milyukova, the woman who pursued Tchaikovsky until, disastrously, he married her, was probably mentally unbalanced, but in Tchaikovsky's all too suggestible mind she seems to have been mixed up with Tatiana in "Eugene Onegin," and that may be why her reflection in the ballet is not an altogether sinister one. In the Scherzo, the two principals dance freely, side by side. Is the girl Tchaikovsky's sister, whom he adored, and for whose children he wrote some of his most famous compositions? The weakness of "Suite No. 3," apart from its involvement of Balanchine with the more subjective Tchaikovsky, is that there's no connection between the scheme of the first three movements and the classical ballet (composed twenty-two years earlier) that follows, to the Tema con Variazioni. The classical ballerina is, like all such Balanchine creations, a character in her own right. Since she is based on Aurora in "The Sleeping Beauty," it is tempting to interpret the progress of "Suite No. 3" as a mirror of the process of sublimation by which life is transformed into art. In this interpretation, Tchaikovsky lived a life of Romantic chaos, which he distilled into Classical art.

In two ballets made for the festival by Joseph Duell and Peter Martins, this view of Tchaikovsky is upheld. Duell's "Introduction and Fugue" (the opening movement of the Suite No. 1) is a condensation of the action of "Suite No. 3." The composer (Adam Lüders) is visited by amorphous forms that coalesce in the shape of a cathedral arch. The divine calling of the artist then gives way to his creation, which is a large and formal classical ballet, much like "Theme and Variations." It hardly matters whether Lüders' artist-alchemist-priest is Tchaikovsky or Balanchine (Lüders was also Schumann in "Davidsbündlertänze"), or that the idea behind the ballet is imitative and naïve. Duell has worked it out gracefully without imposing on the music more pressure, second by second, than it can accept. I don't believe his Romantic-Classical, Life-Art antinomies (I don't believe them in "Suite No. 3," either, if indeed they are there), but I think he was right to try for some kind of extramusical dramatic continuity. His mistake was in trying to make this extramusical continuity the story of the music. The ballet doubles back on itself in an extremely dubious way. In Martins' ballet, arranged to the First Symphony (minus the first movement), the notional content is secreted in continuity that is stiffly formal, and when we get to the "ballet" part of the ballet (Martins, like Duell, has had to set a fugue) is even more so. The choreography, beguilingly well-knit, is modestly presented; it calls our attention to the music, to the ballerina (Kistler), to the costumes ("Romantic" tutus, switching to "Classical" ones for the fugue), even to the set—never to itself. In its reticence, its calm good nature and workmanship, "Symphony No. 1" is Martins' most "Danish" ballet. (The waltz in the third movement even sounds like the waltz in the Danish ballet classic "A Folk Tale.") In the finale, the stage empties while blue and white lights play for a full minute on the extraordinary transparent-plastic set designed for the festival by Philip Johnson and John Burgee. The effect doesn't quite come off; there aren't enough colors to make this aurora borealis the climax that the "Winter Dreams" Symphony demands. Or did Martins edit out the reds and yellows as being not in good taste? One could believe it; a fancier light show would need a more aggressive ballet.

Johnson and Burgee's Crystal Cathedral, in Garden Grove, California, was the inspiration for their "ice palace" Tchaikovsky set, designed at Balanchine's request. The architects have done what no modern stage designer I know of has yet accomplished—enclosed and defined stage space with a neutral décor capable of assuming as much or as little presence as may be demanded by individual ballets. Its ice-white color and striated forms were put through nearly two dozen variations in the course of the festival, and can be put through many more—indeed, must be, since festival programs are to alternate with repertory for the rest of the season, and the set cannot be flown in and out. Like any theme-and-variations scheme, the set is a systemic thing, and one would not like to see it overused. It places everything in a fantastic and geometric universe, where not every ballet—not even every Tchaikovsky ballet—belongs. "Serenade," to me, needs the pristine, unbounded territory of a bare stage, and festival performances of "Divertimento from 'Le Baiser de la Fée' " only served to italicize its mixed nature—part divertissement, part drama—and its need of a fluid background in which an unreal "ice" décor could be contrasted with a snug domestic one. (Alexandre Benois, who originally proposed and designed Stravinsky's Tchaikovsky ballet, surely derived his Alpine setting from "Manfred.")

The company also made a special effort in the matter of costumes. Every ballet was dressed, and only the "Garland Dance" was noticeably in hand-me-downs. Leotards and T-shirts never made an appearance. What the festival seemed to be saying visually bore out one of the problems of festival choreography: that Tchaikovsky cannot be expressed in absolutist, abstract terms. Balanchine has known this all along, but the House of Balanchine, which is run on doctrinaire formalist principles, was thrown into insoluble dilemmas by the moods and dramas in Tchaikovsky's music. John Taras, a house choreographer of long standing, elected the either/or treatment: stretches of pure dancing interrupted by mime scenes. The treatment worked, or might be made to work, in the waltz from "Eugene Onegin," which concluded the program called "Tempo di Valse." The company's apprentices, for whom Taras staged the number, had no idea how to move when they weren't dancing full tilt, but that didn't impede the waltz, which went with a fine sweep. Taras has a touch with ensemble set pieces; last year he staged some sparkling dances from Glinka's "A Life for the Tsar" for the School of American Ballet. His big festival ballet, "Souvenir de Florence," was placid as dance and inscrutable as drama. The large cast, in all-white Russian native dress by Ter-Arutunian, seemed to be acting out a story by Erich Maria Remarque about a field hospital in the Crimea. Jacques d'Amboise's "Concert Fantasy" involved some cadets at a prom where the Three Fates were keeping a vigil. By the second performance, this jumble had been cut in half. D'Amboise did two other numbers. In "Scherzo Opus 42," a heavily impudent vaudeville skit for McBride and a group of men, one barely recognized the New York City Ballet, but "Valse-Scherzo" touched on a continuing N.Y.C.B. puzzle: Who are Kyra Nichols and Daniel Duell, and why are they so often paired? The two are husband and wife, but neither temperamentally nor physically are they a stage couple. And despite Duell's slight stature and his skill in low leaps with quicksilver retiré changes, he's not really a jester type. Robbins choreographs for him as if he were; d'Amboise does, too. Nichols, of course, is one of the strongest bravura ballerinas in the company, but the feats she performed in "Valse-Scherzo" barely registered, and I didn't think she functioned as well in Robbins' "Piano Pieces" as the two other principal women, Heather Watts and Maria Calegari. Give Nichols a Balanchine role, though, and the uncompromising terms in which she dances are lucid and complete. In a Balanchine-Tchaikovsky ballet like "Piano Concerto No. 2" or "Theme and Variations," she springs to life. The festival was lucky to have her.

It didn't have Farrell, and, but for a few token appearances, it didn't have Merrill Ashley, whose recovery from a hip injury last year is still incomplete. In the première performance of "Mozartiana," Farrell hurt her foot, and though she finished the evening, neither she nor the ballet has been seen since. "Meditation" also had to be withdrawn. (The "Diamonds" pas de deux as done by Ashley was a curiosity—as remote from Ashley's style as "Ballo della Regina" would have been from Farrell's.) Another ballet that came and went was "Hungarian Gypsy Airs," for Karin von Arold-



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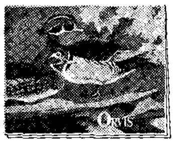

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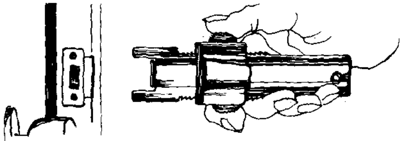

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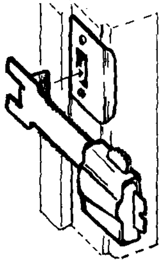

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ingen, with Lüders and a mixed ensemble. This, until "Adagio Lamentoso," was the strangest event of the festival. Patterned after the "Tzigane" done for Farrell and Martins in the Ravel Festival (1975), it could hardly fail to arouse invidious comparisons. That it did not also defeat them seems untypical of Balanchine; one left thinking that he *must* have some tricks up his sleeve which a single performance failed to reveal. Since von Aroldingen was also dancing her première with an injury, it was hard to tell what he intended. The rest of the choreography, for Lüders and the corps, appeared, like the music, none too distinguished.

Balanchine's "Garland Dance," clearly a pièce d'occasion, may also disappear—unless, of course, he decides to surround it with "The Sleeping Beauty." Its borrowed finery notwithstanding, the dance is a living rebuke to the Royal Ballet version and to the Petipa exhibits at American Ballet Theatre—especially "Jardin Animé," with its stolid rhythm and its miles of nonfunctioning garlands. Balanchine weaves the floral arches into the dance, and he uses them as colonnades for the entrance of the children's corps, just as Petipa must have done. (The Bolshoi's "Petipa" production of "The Sleeping Beauty" has this same entrance.) When the children have been put through their paces with the adult corps, and when it seems that every permutation of garland and dancer, grownup and child has been run through once, Balanchine brings on nine more girls with nine rope garlands, and you know what a full stage really is, and what world enough and time are in choreography. The "Garland Dance" is essentially a background, scene-setting configuration, not a showpiece. It's a ponderous carrousel; the point of it is to display the tiered society of a fairy-tale kingdom that might have been designed by Watteau. The formations are all circles and grids—no dramatic diagonals or wedges, as in "Waltz of the Flowers"—and there are only about three steps, all obligatory. My favorite waltz step is the Duncanish scuff-kick into attitude front; the children do it deliciously, and toward the end they break formation and rush dizzyingly to place from opposite sides of the stage. The stage picture blurs, re-forms, and freezes, a human pyramid yoked with flowers. Balanchine is not in the picture—Petipa is.

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"Mozartiana" is Mozart for ears that have heard Tchaikovsky, so this "Garland Dance" is Petipa for eyes that have seen Balanchine. It was so, too, with Stravinsky on Tchaikovsky in "Le Baiser de la Fée." Following the "Divertimento," we were given Tchaikovsky songs by the festival soprano, Karen Hunt, among them "None But the Lonely Heart," from which Stravinsky fashioned the climax of his ballet. This was a festival in which precedents were exposed and honored. The last and grandest of the selections in "Mozartiana" is the ten variations on a theme that Mozart took from Gluck. Balanchine follows suit, setting a string of alternating solos for the ballerina and the danseur, as he did in the gavotte of "Chaconne." Ib Andersen danced opposite Farrell. When the two came together, it was in duets rather than in pas de deux. The variations are about male and female strengths polarized in allegro rhythms, and they devastate certain hallmarks of Balanchine style, especially Balanchine style for Farrell. Her step sequences and timings are irregular and unforeseen, yet not uncharacteristic; she looks like a tape of herself run backward. Andersen beats and flies in the bonny manner that Robbins exploits so well in "Piano Pieces," but with an effect of greater science and power.

In "Mozartiana," Balanchine is that heartless and enchanting virtuoso *suprême* whom we identify with Mozart or with the Tchaikovsky of "Theme and Variations," "The Nutcracker," and "The Sleeping Beauty." In "Adagio Lamentoso," whole choirs of muses weep, and the "Nutcracker" angels come to the funeral with wings five feet high, holding lilies instead of Christmas trees. It's Balanchine crying for the moon. —ARLENE CROCE

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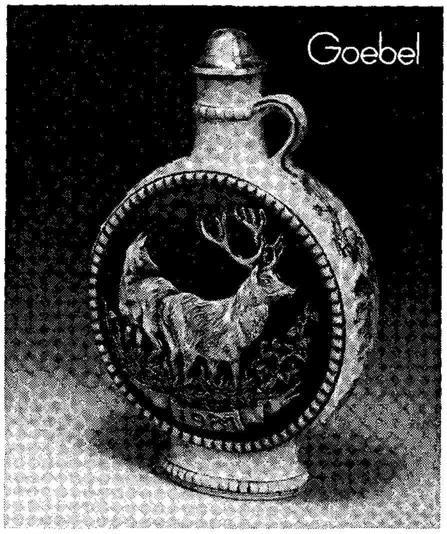

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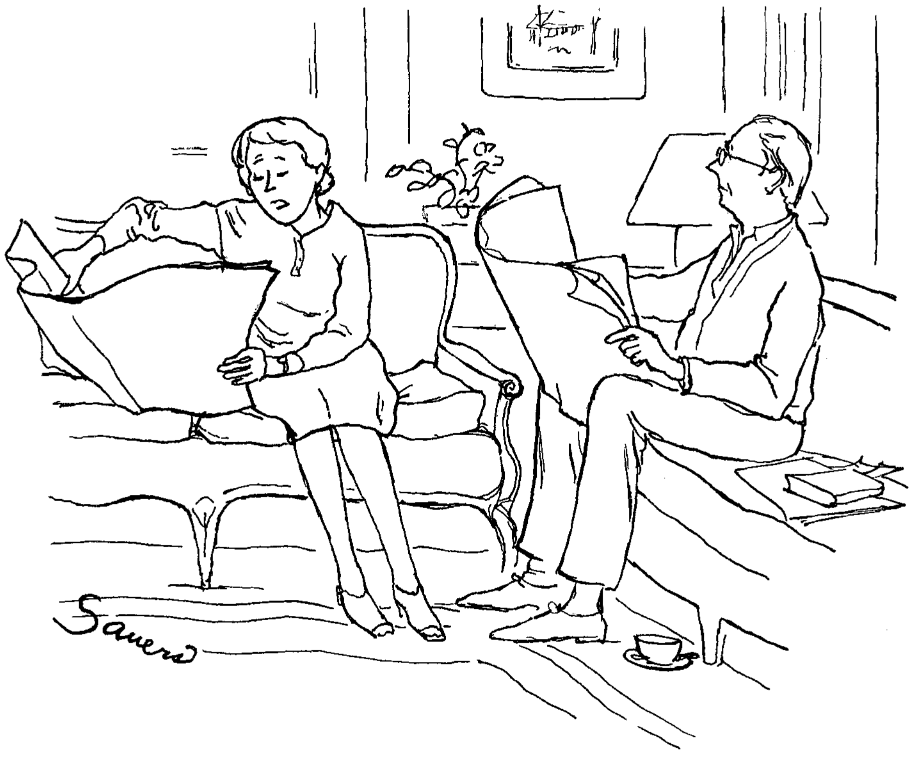
JAZZ

The Red Norvo Trio: 1981

RED NORVO formed his famous trio of vibraphone, guitar, and bass in 1949, and kept it together for seven years. It included the guitarists Mundell Lowe, Tal Farlow, and Jimmy Raney, and the bassists Red Kelly, Red Mitchell, Clyde Lombardi, and Charles Mingus. Norvo once talked about its early days, at his home in California: "I got the idea for my trio after I'd moved out here. I figured a group with just vibes and guitar and bass could go into almost any place on the Coast, which would mean I could spend more time at home. Naturally, what happened was that our first booking was into Philly. We were playing opposite Slim Gaillard, who was swinging hard and making a lot of noise, and I felt naked. I wanted to know, what do you *do* behind a guitar solo with a vibraharp? Use two mallets? Four mallets? What? It was awful. But by the last couple of days it began to unfold for me a little. Then we went to New York, and one night I stopped in to eat at Billy Reed's Little Club, where they had this sissy group. The guitarist, whom I didn't know, played sixteen bars of something that spun my head. Mundell Lowe was on guitar with me, and he wanted to stay in New York, but he said he knew a guitarist who would be just right, and I told him I'd heard one who would be just right, too. I insisted Mundell hear my man and Mundell insisted I hear his man, and you know what happened—they turned out to be the same guy, Tal Farlow. I took the trio to Hawaii, and when we got back to the Haig, here in Los Angeles, my bass player wanted to leave, and one night Jimmy Rowles came in and asked me if I remembered the bass player I had used when we backed Billie Holiday in Frisco a while back. I said I did—Charlie Mingus. We called all around Frisco, and no one knew where he was, and finally we found him here—carrying mail. He wasn't playing at all, and he was big. I'd watch him sit down and eat a quart of ice cream . . . But he went down in weight with us, and by the time we opened [in New York] he was fine. He could play those jet tempos that most drummers can't touch, and he was a beautiful soloist."

The best of the small bands in jazz—among them the Creole Jazz Band, the Basie, Goodman, and Ellington groups, the John Kirby band, the Norvo trio, the Modern Jazz Quartet—have shared a loose density, an unbreakable collective sense, a lyrical bent. The Norvo group, made up of two stringed instruments and a hybrid percussion instrument, all with delicate timbres and all inclining toward the treble registers, went a little farther. Its music was closer to thought than to action, to spirit than to flesh. The trio stripped its music to the essentials of melody and rhythm and improvisation, almost eliminating the barriers between musician and listener. The music seemed to emanate from the listener himself. The trio played with great gentleness. Even when it hustled, it suggested rather than stated, pointed rather than pushed. Few of its numbers gave the impression of having a beginning, a middle, and an end. This was marvellous trickery, for each piece was meticulously structured. From the first note, the listener was caught, and he remained caught until the final note. The ensembles were in unison or in harmony and were generally elaborate variations on the melody. Guitar solos were backed by the bassist and by Norvo chords, played offbeat or behind the beat, and bass solos rested on on-the-beat guitar chords, which achieved a delicate railroad click-click-click. The guitarist and bassist would give Norvo four-to-the-bar support, or the guitarist would circle him with admiring offbeat chords. Sometimes the closing ensemble repeated the opening one, and sometimes it offered a new variation on the melody. Being rhythmically perfect, the trio loved hard tempos—the very fast, the serenely slow—and it rarely spent much time in between. It was great fun to watch, mostly because of Norvo, a fugitive from the vaudeville of the twenties, who likes to make O mouths, pop eyes, and assorted sudden lunges.

For years, people have been after Norvo to reorganize his trio, and at last he has done that. Tal Farlow, who has long been in semi-retirement, is on guitar, and Steve Novosel, from Washington, D.C., is on bass. Norvo has taken the group into Michael's Pub, where it will be through July 4th. In many ways, the new trio is better than the old one. The old one was a meteor: it always got where it was going in the fastest, most direct way. The new trio meanders a little and favors easier tempos. The old trio, in spite of its gentleness, was all muscle, while the new one is unclenched and relaxed. Best, the new trio has discarded—or perhaps simply forgotten—the bebop finery of the old group, which, in the mode of the time, was decked out in Charlie Parker melodic lines, flatted ninth chords, and en-



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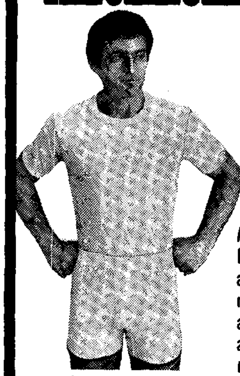

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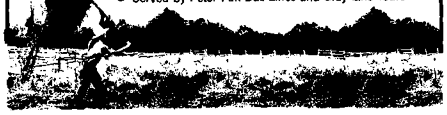

sembles that were so tightly woven in the Parker manner that they were opaque. The new trio's ensembles are looser, the solos are longer, and Norvo and Farlow indulge in the sort of counterpoint that was once at the heart of jazz. (Norvo first began fooling with the device fifteen years ago, with the pianist Dave McKenna.) On opening night, during the middle sections of "All of Me" and "How About You?," Novosel lay out, and Farlow and Norvo, suspended in midair, developed exquisite melodic lines that at once pushed past and embraced one another—the great paradoxical magic of counterpoint. And on "How About You?" Novosel joined Norvo and Farlow after their chorus, and three voices floated through the room. Farlow was one of the first guitarists to be influenced by Charlie Parker, and in the forties he invariably used five notes where one would have done. He is statelier now. Silence appears, and stands on its own. His solos think and move in peaceful and deliberate ways. They are the poems of a middle-aged man. All Norvo need do is match the standard of beauty he established for himself forty years ago. And he does. Here are the ducking runs, the crystalline melodic pools, the winglike tremolos, the crowding, cheeky chords, the soothing momentum. Norvo is one of the consummate jazz improvisers. There was much graceful music on opening night—in Norvo's and Farlow's contrapuntal excursions; in Norvo's kid-glove opening and closing choruses on "We'll Be Together Again," both done ad lib and a cappella; in his soft sunrise solo on "All of Me;" in his four-mallet figure behind Farlow on "The Jitterbug Waltz," a kind of shadowing ground figure; and in Farlow's fleeing, smiling solo on the very fast "Fascinating Rhythm." Brilliance sometimes blinds; Norvo, Farlow, and Novosel light the way. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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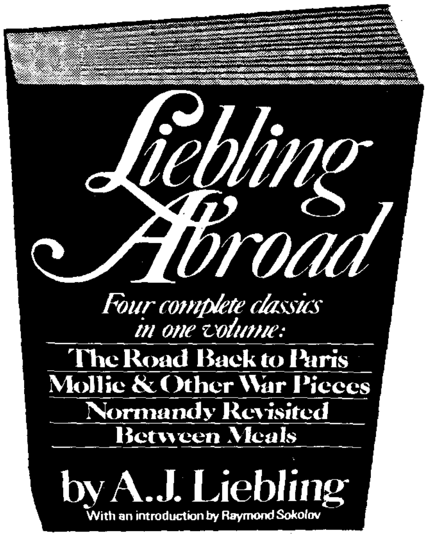
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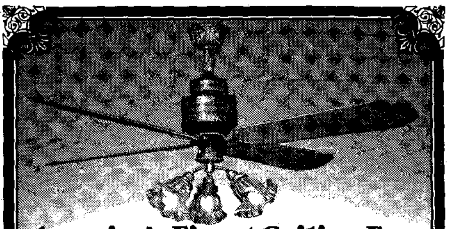

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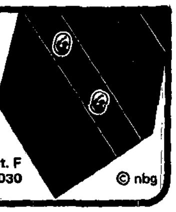

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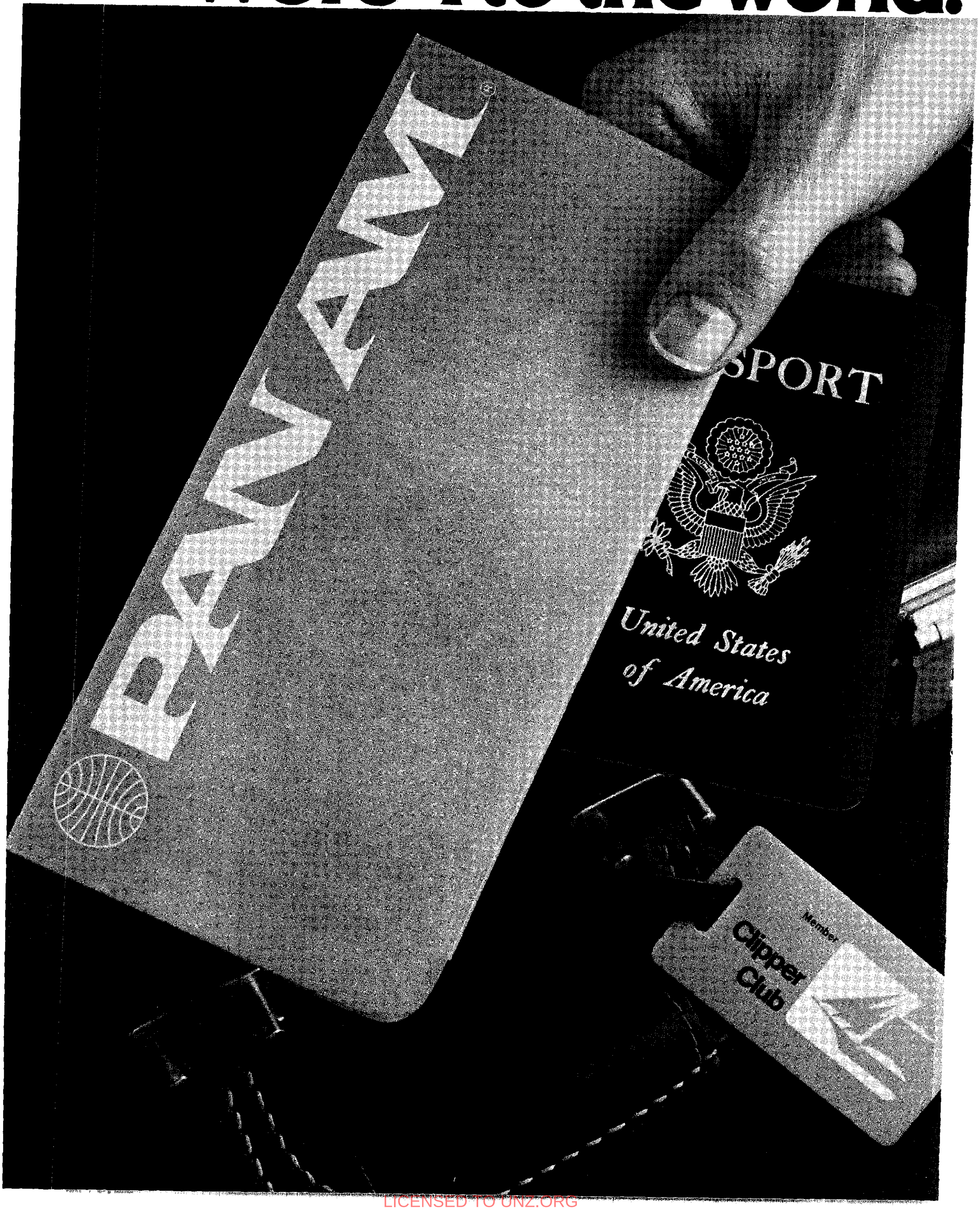
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LETTER FROM ISRAEL

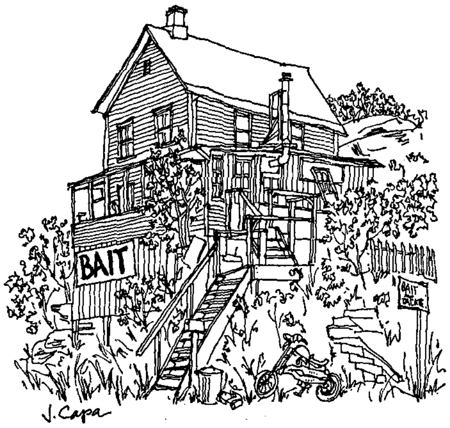
JUNE 18

THE aerial destruction by Israel of Iraq's Osirak nuclear reactor, near Baghdad, on June 7th, has, as much as or more than any other event in the country's thirty-three years of precarious existence, once again reminded the Israeli people that they stand alone, and can depend only on themselves. Beyond the questions of whether the government of Prime Minister Menachem Begin acted wisely or hastily and whether Begin was casting an opportunistic eye on the June 30th national elections, the successful attack has brought to the surface all the complex factors in the overriding issue of the nation's survival, in an isolation created by surrounding countries whose varying degrees of hostility or of reluctant accommodation are an acknowledged and obsessive fact of Israeli life. On street corners, in shops, and in private homes, a gesture almost universally seen after the attack was the raised clenched fist of pride in the successful completion of another miraculous mission, like that at Entebbe, Uganda, five years ago. Although the circumstances and the timing of the raid have engendered bitter debate, hardly anyone here has spoken out against the act itself. That it has placed the Middle East crisis in a new and possibly more dangerous perspective and has created new fissures, cutting through and across the tangled issues that have divided this area for so many years, has been recognized here, and has been generally accepted with confidence rather than with fear of what the consequences may be.

As a result of the raid and the political shock waves it has caused, the shaky mechanisms for maintaining peace in the face of small conflicts that perpetually threaten to explode into large, uncontrollable ones have surely been altered, if not shattered. At present, these mechanisms include the Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty, whose terms, regarding the Sinai area in particular, are still under negotiation, and whose larger implications remain obscure; the efforts, led by the United States government, to bring about a permanent ceasefire in fractured Lebanon, in order to keep the Syrians and the Israelis from each other's throats in that beleaguered country; the further, tentative efforts of the Americans to promote coördinated security pacts of some sort among Israel, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, and the other moderate Arab states in the area stretching from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf; and, finally, over the long term, the attempt to utilize the procedures set in motion at Camp David to find workable approaches to the problem of Palestinian autonomy, to a redefinition of Israel's borders, and to a clarification of the status of Jerusalem, all of which have been major points of dispute since the six-day Arab-Israeli war of 1967.

THE moral and material risks of becoming the first nation to destroy the nuclear capacity of another—"No one else would have done it, but we had no choice, and we had to do it," is the common refrain—are not taken lightly by the Israelis. The fact that they possess an unpublicized but generally recognized nuclear capacity of their own—consisting, according to the American C.I.A., of materials and facilities, concealed in the Negev Desert, for the rapid assembling of bombs—has simply heightened the risks.

Begin was quick to call the raid "a morally supreme act of national self-defense," and the great majority of the Israelis, whether they like him or not, and whether or not they want him to continue as Prime Minister, appear to agree. But the question of whether he should have ordered the raid when he did, on the ground that the Iraqi installation was about to become "hot," or operational, and that to wait and attack it later would have caused the death from radiation of thousands of Iraqis, has provoked intense controversy among both private citizens and officials in Israel. Some Israeli nuclear specialists maintain that even if the reactor had become hot by the end of the year or sooner, it was years away from actually being able to manufacture bombs. Opposition politicians, including Shimon Peres, the Labor Party candidate for Prime Minister, are arguing that Begin failed to exhaust his diplomatic options, particularly with the new Socialist government in France—the country mainly responsible for furnishing the Iraqis with weapons-grade uranium and with technological experts and knowledge. Begin, who said after the raid, "I've lived with this thing for two whole years and I wouldn't wish it on anyone," insists that strenuous efforts had been made to persuade the government of President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing to halt its aid to Iraq, and had failed, and that the French Socialists, even before the election of their leader, François Mitterrand, as the new President, had pledged to honor existing contracts and commitments with the Iraqis, though they had said they would make no new ones. All this has supplied further fuel for the already vituperative election campaign here, which is said to be the nastiest of Israel's ten. At the moment, Begin, the head of the Likud Party, who was a definite underdog six months ago, is slightly favored in the latest polls to win reëlection on June 30th, but there are those who feel that the alignment headed by Labor may still reverse the tide, and that the euphoria created by the raid will not overcome the lingering, and, in some quarters, increasing, antipathy that many voters—of whom, at this point, an estimated thirty per cent are undecided—feel toward Begin and his high-handed and theatrical way of dealing with other vital issues. The latter include soaring inflation and a number of internal and external political matters, not the least of which are his adventurous maneuvers in Lebanon, his overzealous manipulation of the Egyptian relationship, and his stubbornness on the question of Palestinian autonomy and the future of the West Bank, on which he has followed a hard line supporting the continued settlement of right-wing Jewish groups in the area.



THOUGH it is not a specific issue in the election, the danger of nuclear proliferation as such has been dramatized by the raid in a manner that nothing done before, or not done, has accomplished. The Baghdad attack has raised the overwhelming question of how, beyond all the talk about controlling the transfer of uranium and high-technology equipment from one country to another and maintaining safeguards through inspections and

"Gee, Jack, I just can't get over all the similarities in our lives."

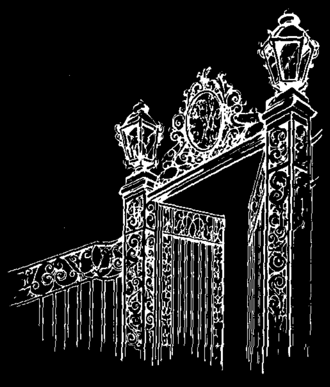
other means, further proliferation can be avoided. More than a dozen nations, among them several Middle Eastern ones in addition to Iraq, have a potential nuclear capacity today, and some of them, particularly Libya and Pakistan, are determined to move ahead as fast as they can toward what seems to be the production of bombs. Iraq was probably the closest to producing nuclear weapons, but Pakistan is believed to be not far behind. Had it not been for the raid, most experts say, Iraq—which has been officially committed, since 1948, to Israel's destruction—would have had a stockpile of five twenty-kiloton bombs within a span of from three to five years, and perhaps one or two such bombs sooner. Bombs of this power are comparable to the ones that were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and could obliterate Israel's major cities within minutes, killing between one and two hundred thousand people.

There is a difference of opinion in Jerusalem, as elsewhere, about the private reaction of other Middle Eastern nations to the raid. Some observers believe that, despite the temporary show of unity and the chorus of excoriation of Israel, a number of nations, including Saudi Arabia, Egypt, and Syria, are secretly glad to see the Iraqis—whose President, Saddam Hussein, has been bent on establishing leadership, not to say dominance, in the region—given their comeuppance. Others here fear a continuing and more dangerous regional nuclear race—one in which the Iraqis will again participate, and which, in time, will see Israel lose its position as the only nation to possess a ready nuclear capacity. Still others believe, or hope, that by conducting the bold raid Israel has forced out into the open the whole question of nuclear proliferation and the failure to control it, and that the rest of the world will at last be forced to do something, beyond establishing a new balance of terror, to avoid a nuclear holocaust.

Persuading any nation that possesses uranium or nuclear technology to refrain from selling it to countries that want to build reactors and perhaps make bombs is no easy task—particularly when oil is part of the equation. Both France and Italy—the latter sold Iraq "hot cells," radioisotope laboratories that could be used to extract plutonium and irradiated uranium from its reactor—were motivated largely by Iraqi pledges to provide them with much of the oil they needed. The Osirak installation was assembled and operated under the supervision of about a hundred and fifty French technicians and half that many Italians. In mid-1979, French Premier Raymond Barre visited Baghdad and tried to get the Iraqis to accept a low grade of enriched uranium, known among engineers as "caramel," instead of the ninety-three-per-cent, weapons-grade variety previously specified. The Iraqis demurred, threatening to cut off oil supplies to France and to cancel an agreement to buy a billion and a half dollars' worth of French tanks, planes, and missiles. The French thereupon backed down and went through with the original agreement. Begin, in further defending the raid, has described the actions of the French and the Italians as "shameful" and "inhuman." With his customary flair for dramatic parables and similes, and no doubt bearing in mind that a World Gathering of Holocaust Survivors was about to get under way in Jerusalem, attended by five thousand concentration-camp veterans, Begin declared that the French and the Italians should have remembered the Jewish tragedy in Europe instead of contributing to a potential new Holocaust, against the Jewish "remnant," by helping the Iraqis build bombs. "One and a half million of our children were destroyed by a different type of gas—Zyklon B," he said, "and what difference is there in the name of the poison used?"

During the week following the raid, Peres accused Begin of using "quasi-Fascist" techniques, and Begin charged his opponents with "sabotage" against him, because of their criticism of his having conducted the raid at this time and then having announced it, instead of keeping it at least temporarily secret and perhaps allowing the world to guess that it might have been an Iranian sortie. In the course of the controversy, I spoke with a number of leaders from both parties, in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv.

Moshe Arens, an aeronautical engineer, who is the chairman of the Knesset Foreign Affairs and Defense Committee and is one of Begin's main campaign directors, is one of a small number of Israelis who were in on all the planning and knew when the raid was to take place. "We were in a race against time—any postponement would have opened us to a worst-case scenario," he told me. "The scientific risk was paramount. Our intelligence told us that the reactor would become hot between July and September. We tried for two years to make the French and the Italians change their plans, and to get the United States to intervene to stop the Iraqi program. The announcement by the Socialists in France that they would stand by the past commitments was an important factor. Last September, when the Iranians tried to bomb the reactor and failed, the French and Italian experts



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left Iraq. There was a five months' hiatus. Then, in February, the French returned. After that, as far as we were concerned, there was serious danger in any further delay." As for the date of the raid, Arens refused to give any details about why June 7th was chosen—three previous dates had been considered—but he did say, "A conjunction of things, including the weather, had to be right." It has been suggested that among these things was the successful refuelling of the aircraft in midair. This was probably done over Saudi Arabia on the way back to Israel, and if it had not been carried out forced landings would have been necessary. Not only the weather, Arens said, but also the use of a sufficient number of planes—fourteen F-15s and F-16s in all—was vital. He dismissed the notion that Begin conducted the raid for election purposes. "He didn't need it," Arens said. "Besides, if it hadn't been successful, the whole thing could have boomeranged."

CHAIM HERZOG, a former general and a longtime Labor politician, who is one of the heads of Peres' election campaign, said when I saw him, in his law office in Tel Aviv, "No one denies the importance of the raid, but we feel somewhat piqued that we were not consulted about the timing." He indicated that former Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, originally a member of the same Labor faction as Peres but now a bitter personal rival—the two men hardly speak—had been apprised of the general plans but not of the date, while Peres had learned, but not directly from Begin, that the raid was scheduled for May 10th, the date of the deciding round of the French Presidential elections. Peres wrote Begin a "personal and top-secret" letter advising him to hold off the raid because of the French vote, which he thought might lead to a change of French policy toward Iraq, and warning that an Israeli attack on the reactor might encourage other Arab nations to obtain nuclear weapons. Peres also warned, Herzog said, that if the raid was conducted Israel would be as isolated as "a lonely shrub in the desert."

On June 10th, three days after the raid, Begin made public the Peres letter and insisted that Peres had been opposed to the raid "in principle" all along. Peres denied this, and charged Begin with "confounded *chutzpah*" for having released the letter. Peres also claimed that a number of Cabinet Ministers were opposed to the timing of the raid, and Begin denied this. The exchange was responsible for setting off the tough debate that is still going on, with the latest emphasis on whether some further approach should have been made to Mitterrand after his election. Herzog said to me that "if the raid had to be done, it should have been done much sooner, in December," so it would not become an election issue. He added that "it's not by coincidence that Begin likes to create crises," and he accused the Prime Minister of constantly trying to divert attention from the economic crisis in Israel and other failures of the regime and "succeeding reasonably well in doing it," by "calling people names and following the politics of attack," and by creating an atmosphere in which "it becomes unpatriotic to oppose him." Herzog cited, among other things, Begin's hawkish policy in Lebanon, which has damaged the efforts of United States Ambassador Philip Habib to foster a peace agreement there. "Begin runs a one-man government," Herzog said, "and by creating external issues he antagonizes others and places us in glorious isolation. The raid, in that respect, may redound against him." He predicted that the rate of inflation, currently running at about a hundred and thirty per cent annually, may rise to three hundred per cent in a few months. Economic growth is now zero, he added, and in four years the foreign-exchange debt has risen from nine billion dollars to nineteen billion. The economic crisis, according to Herzog, is mainly responsible for the fact that twenty-four thousand people have emigrated from Israel in the last year, while only ten thousand new immigrants have arrived. "Every third soldier coming out of the Army after his three years' duty can't find a decent job," he said. "Everything Begin puts his hands on is a mess, such as pumping money into the economy, and creating an attitude of 'eat, drink, and be merry' among people who don't realize the calamity we're facing." At the same time, Herzog admitted that the Labor Party was in disarray, with the rivalry between Peres and Rabin constituting "our biggest liability."

AFTER seeing Arens and Herzog, I visited one of Israel's top physicists and defense experts, formerly scientific director of the Israeli Atomic Energy Commission, Yuval Ne'eman, who is also the head of the small Zionist Techiya (Revival) Party, a right-wing group that favors maintaining both Israel's present borders and a strong security policy. Ne'eman knew about the raid "in principle" last fall and was in the forefront of those who sought to bring pressure on the French (he accused them of "irresponsibility") to stop sending high-grade uranium to the Iraqis. Begin, he said, had "exhausted the French option" and was justified in ordering the raid when he did. "We knew that the 'window' in Iraq was still open, but that it would close soon—that they were ready to start up tests in July," he said. Ne'eman divides countries possessing the bomb or having the wherewithal to produce it into "containable" and "uncontainable" nations. The Soviet Union is "contained" by the fact that the United States has the bomb, and he considers South Africa and Pakistan among the containable nations, too; he regards the latter as one of the "less responsible medium powers," however, because it may put facilities into the hands of uncontainable nations, including the Libyans as well as the Iraqis. "We decided, in the early sixties, that the Arabs might eventually get the bomb and that we had to get ready," Ne'eman said. "But it was also clear that we would be supercontained—that we had no interest in starting a nuclear race, that we wanted to have a facility for making bombs but wouldn't cross the threshold. We kept a low profile, and we can't lay claim to membership in the nuclear club, because we've never tested anything."

The danger in Iraq, according to Ne'eman, became an urgent matter last fall, when the French experts temporarily moved out of Baghdad because of the Iraqi-Iranian war and left the Iraqis with twelve kilos of "unprotected" uranium. Twenty-five kilos of such uranium is needed to make one bomb. The French subsequently supplied a second "package" of twelve kilos, but then they indicated that they would cancel further amounts until the Iraqis had used up what they had for energy purposes. According to Ne'eman, the Iraqis theoretically could have used what they had on hand to make a bomb, or they could have used uranium they obtained from other sources, including Brazil, Portugal, and Niger, or they could have used the sophisticated "hot cells" they had obtained from the Italians to make as many as three bombs a year.

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rivalry that still exist in the Middle East, Ne'eman feels that the "political fragility" of regimes in the area is a positive factor. "Nasser, in Egypt, wanted a bomb way back when he had the help of German scientists, but he vanished from the scene, and Sadat became interested in other things," he said. "Hussein could vanish, too, but whether he does or not I think that one result of the raid on Iraq will be to make secondary suppliers think twice before making any more deals. The French now say they won't renew their deal."

MUCH has been made here since the raid of the fact that Begin "embarrassed" Anwar Sadat by conducting it three days after he and Sadat met at Ophira (near Sharm al-Sheikh), at the tip of the Sinai Peninsula, partly to discuss the completion of Israel's withdrawal from Sinai under the terms of the Camp David agreement. The Israelis have already given up two-thirds of Sinai, and the remaining third is supposed to be turned over to Egypt next April (by which time the United States is scheduled to have completed two airbases for the Israelis in the Negev). Though the Begin-Sadat meeting was extremely cordial (it was described here, somewhat cynically, as a "media event"), the fact is that details about the use of Etzion, in Sinai, as a civilian airport for Israel and about other means of Israeli access to Sinai once all of it is turned over to Egypt have yet to be worked out. Sadat soon condemned the Israeli raid, but did so in relatively mild terms. He has shown that he is eager to complete the Sinai discussions, and they have continued on a lower level since the raid. A number of commentators in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv have made the point that Sadat's hands are tied until the Sinai deal is completed. His insistence that peace remains solidly in the hands of Israel and Egypt is believed to be sincere by many Israelis—especially those who feel he was privately glad to see the raid conducted against the Iraqis, for whom he has no love—but some who don't trust him so much feel that Israel should turn tough and cite "changed circumstances" as a diplomatic excuse for holding up the rest of the Sinai deal until the Arab air clears. Those who mistrust Sadat cite his calling a halt last August to the Palestinian-autonomy talks and the discussions about Israel's withdrawal from the West Bank, and his insistence that Jerusalem be jointly administered.

As for relations with the United States, most Israelis reacted calmly to President Reagan's slap on the wrist in holding up the delivery of four additional F-16s to Israel, and even to the prospect of some sort of United Nations censure, with American endorsement. Though they have welcomed Reagan's reassertion of the fact that Israel remains a firm ally, they assume that the five AWACS radar planes they had hoped would not be given to Saudi Arabia will now go there, with the approval of Congress; if the planes had already been delivered, they would probably have spotted the raiding party en route to Baghdad and would very likely have caused the mission to be aborted.

If the Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty holds firm, and nothing else happens to exacerbate the Middle East crisis, optimists here believe that the raid may prove a turning point—that, eventually, negotiations over the West Bank and the Golan Heights can be resumed in a better atmosphere. A number of commentators are urging Begin to follow up his *coup d'avion* by offering the Arabs a new olive branch—specifically, on the bitter problem of Palestinian autonomy and the West Bank, which everyone agrees remains the major key to peace, and about which there are almost as many opinions as there are Israelis. Begin has used the Syrian-Lebanese crisis to sustain him in his position that the existence of thousands of armed Palestinians in Lebanon represents the greatest threat to Israel's security, and says it is for this reason that he has continued to assist the anti-Palestinian Christian militia groups there. But analysts here say that if Ambassador Habib or someone else can find a solution to the crisis which will preclude Begin's attacking the Syrian anti-aircraft missiles that have been emplaced in Lebanon for the last two months, Begin, if he is reëlected, would be in a position to start off his new term by offering something to Sadat and the other moderate Arabs which would get the Camp David autonomy talks off dead center and start them going again. A similar offer could be made by the less hawkish Peres if he becomes the next Prime Minister. On the other hand, if Begin should attack the Syrian missile sites, as he has threatened to do, the over-all situation, in the wake of the raid on Iraq, would become far more serious.

DURING the first and second weeks of June, I travelled throughout northern Israel—from the Lebanese-Israeli border on the Mediterranean, along the Golan Heights, around the Sea of Galilee, and back to the fence that separates Israel and Lebanon in the north—and then down to Jerusalem, through the Jordan Valley and along the Jordan River. It was a fascinating trip, because of the magnificent scenic beauty, and also a revealing one, giving me a chance to see for myself how Israel is hemmed in by barbed wire and fortifications along virtually all its inland borders. The raid on Iraq took place during my trip, and both up north and in Jerusalem, when I arrived there, no one was talking about anything else. The prideful fists stayed clenched, but in quiet moments of discussion with other travellers, and then in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, I found deep concern about both the short-term and the long-term future. One of the first things I read about the raid was an article by Meir Merhav, a pro-Labor commentator in the Jerusalem *Post,* who wrote, "Israel has, in effect, given notice—with bombs—that it sees no solution, ever, and that it must forever remain an armed fortress." Whether that proves true or not, the overwhelming impression that my trip left me with was of Israel's inescapable isolation. Whatever the size of tomorrow's Israel, whatever the ultimate agreements concerning Palestinian autonomy and all the other complicated border issues, the country is bound to remain alone and apart and vulnerable. There will never be another Holocaust, Begin has said, but the sight of old people arriving here to attend the Holocaust gathering, with tattooed numbers from Auschwitz and other death camps visible on their outstretched arms as they tearfully greet their Israeli relatives and friends, is a haunting reminder of the terrible past and a talisman of the terribly uncertain future.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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He said his memoirs would be written in a narrative style and not as historical document. They will be gleaned from 5,000 pages of notes he dictated, most in the Oval Office, each day.—*The Times.*

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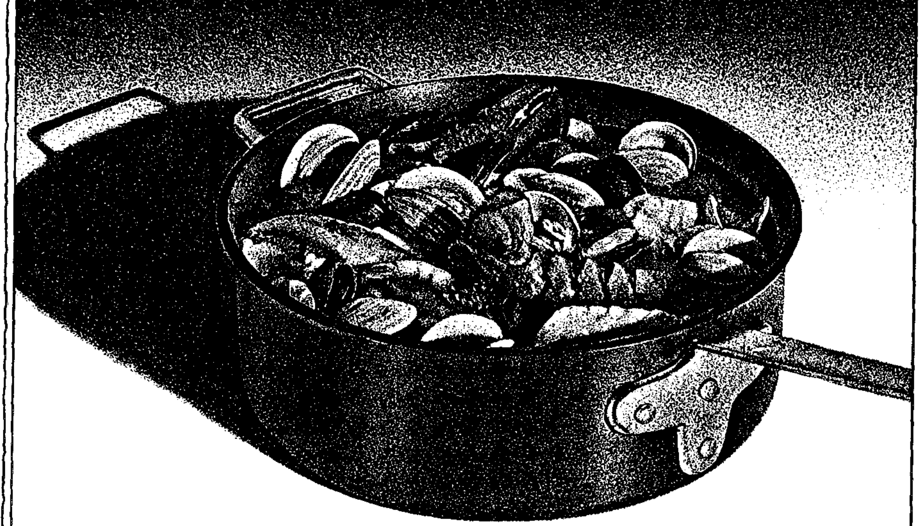

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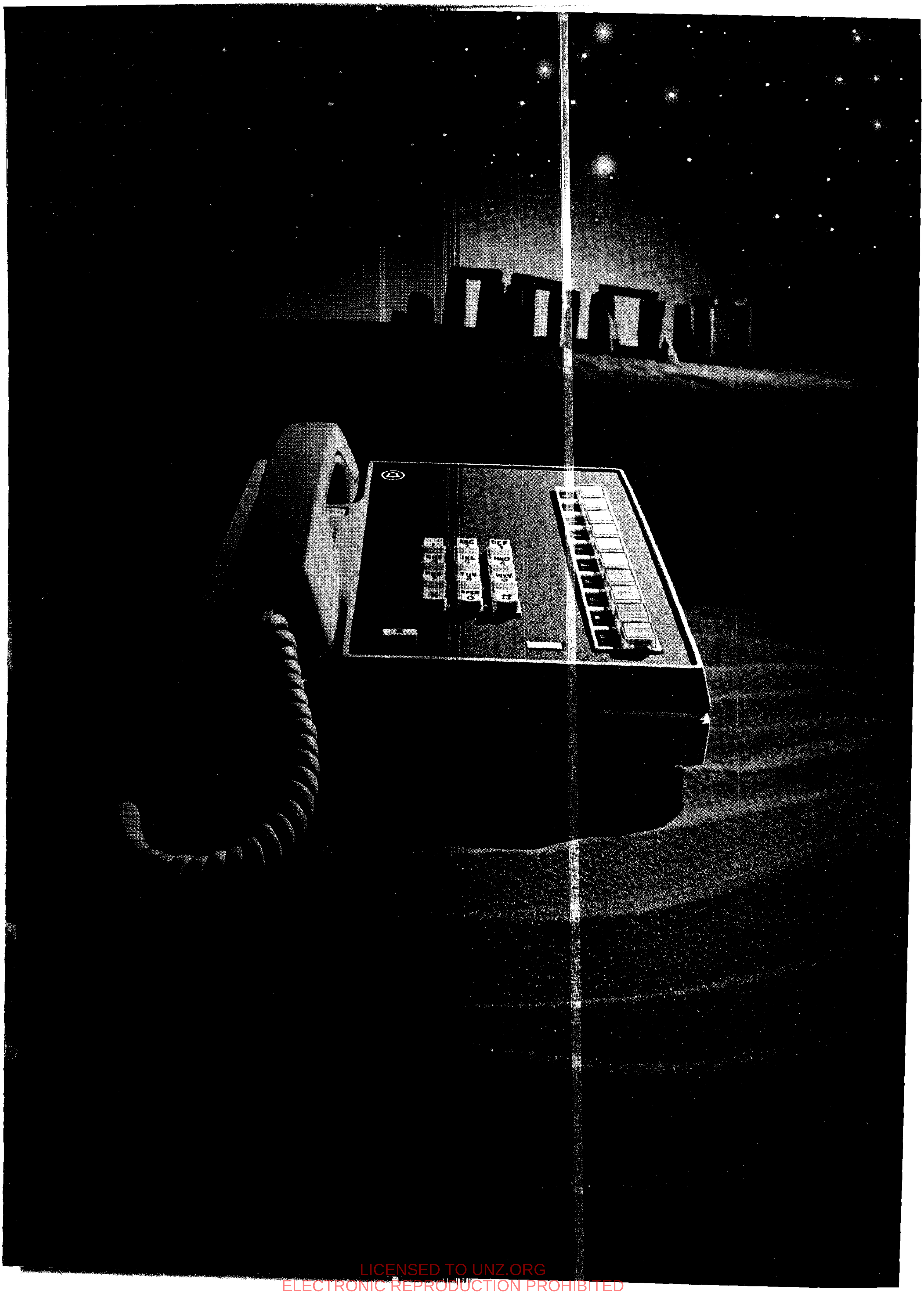

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THE C NT CINEMA

y, *Torquemada*

"History art I," Dom eedy and sated from the weight omach; wreathed in indigestion, he goes Luise has always been istinctive, angelic, slightly hallu ed way. Even as the Polish assassin in "The End" (where he was so creatively crazy that he seemed to be inventing a new type of dementia right before your eyes), he was still well meaning. Not here: this Nero is rotten through and through, and DeLuise embraces rottenness with blissful abandon. It gives him a new dimension: he's funny in a great tradition of shameless low comedy. So is the movie. Structurally, "History"—a series of bawdy sketches—is a jamboree, a shambles. It's a floating burlesque show that travels from one era to the next, lampooning the specialties of each age—its particular infamies. Brooks is the writer, the director, and the star. His staging is often flaccid and disorderly, and he has never quite mastered the technique for building a film sequence, so even when he and the dozens of other comics in the cast are racing about, the movie often feels static. It's powered by its performers, though, and their way with a joke. It's an all-out assault on taste and taboo, and it made me laugh a lot.

Once the film gets past the Stone Age, Brooks is the star of each section: he's Moses, he's Comicus (a standup philosopher who performs for Nero), he's Torquemada, and he's Louis XVI, as well as a royal servant who doubles for Louis. We get more of the maniac side of Brooks than ever before, and it's enough to give this picture a charge of pure energy. I wish that he had selected less familiar periods of history. Rome has already been worked over ("A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," "Roman Scandals," "The Boys from Syracuse," "O. K. Nero!"), and so has the French Revolution (most recently in Richard Lester's "The Three Musketeers," which had a chess game much like the one here). I'd rather see Brooks as an Etruscan, or maybe a Mayan, or he could have been an ancient Persian miniaturist, or a Shaker, or one of those anonymous artisans we're always hearing about who worked on the cathedral at Chartres. But he still finds plenty to do in Rome—which is full of tradesmen's signs that take you back to your first puzzlement over Roman numerals, and the use of V for U. All through the movie, there are graceful painted vistas, by the special-effects wizard Albert J. Whitlock.

"History" is about show business through the ages, and some of the routines are golden shtick: a vestal virgin says to a group of men, "Walk this way," whereupon each of the men imitates her sweet-young-thing saunter. (In "Young Frankenstein," it was Igor's humpbacked slouch that was copied.) More specifically, the film is a parody of the Broadway-Hollywood approach to the squirmy "offensive" subjects: religion, the poor, and minorities—Jews, blacks, women, and homosexuals. The deluxe, tanned vestal virgins at Nero's court (courtesy of Hugh Hefner: they're actually *Playboy* playmates and models) are dressed in low-cut gowns, and every one of them has her bosoms squished together; they're riper versions of the Goldwyn Girls in "Roman Scandals"—what moviemakers used to call "pulchritude." Brooks may take a special delight in this kind of throwback; he may be saying that this aspect of show biz doesn't really change. He also revels in old theatrical effeminacy: Howard Morris is Nero's mincing court spokesman, Andreas Voutsinas is a fop hairdresser, and so on. They're exaggeratedly nelly, but they're not very funny, unless you find nelliness itself a howl—as burlesque patrons used to, and as Brooks probably still does.

Brooks doesn't modulate his material; he tends to keep everything at a manic pitch. Luckily, some of the comics he has rounded up preserve their own unruffled timing. When Beatrice Arthur, as a clerk at the unemployment office in Rome, questions the people in line, her unhurried, deep, ringing voice shrivels them. And there are quiet bits by Henny Youngman as a Roman chemist, by Jonathan Cecil as a bewildered popinjay at the court of Louis XVI, and many others. It's a great variety show: there are gags and routines by such people as Paul Mazursky, Ron Carey, Sid Caesar, Spike Milligan, Jackie Mason, Fritz Feld, Jack Riley, Ron Clark, John Myhers, Jack Carter, Jan Murray, Pat McCormick, John Hillerman, Charlie Callas, John Gavin, Ronny Graham as Oedipus, Cloris Leachman as Madame de Farge, and Madeline Kahn as Nero's wife, the gum-chewing Empress Nympho, who has a voice that could shatter brass. Even Harvey Korman, who always seems to lose his bearings in

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Brooks's films, has a good bit when—as the prissy Count de Monet—he bashes his hand against a door, in anger at mispronouncing his own name. There are just two casting choices that stand out as mistakes: Shecky Greene as the lovelorn warrior Marcus Vindictus, the only man Nympho (a smart lady) rejects; Greene, who seems to have taken off the weight that Dom DeLuise gained, lets you see him trying to act funny. And Mary-Margaret Humes as the vestal-virgin ingénue, Miriam, has been handed too many toothy closeups, and she's a romper—when she's pleased about something, she jumps up and down. At first, you think somebody is going to do a number on her; Groucho certainly would have.

Sometimes the casting is on the nose: for example, John Hurt as Jesus presiding over the Last Supper. But Brooks must have laughed so hard at the idea that he didn't develop it; the people in the audience who aren't familiar with Hurt's previous roles (as a supreme sufferer) have no way to share the joke. The whole, brief Last Supper sequence is inspired, though. And so is the best-edited and best-sustained part of the picture—the Spanish Inquisition as a big musical number, with Brooks as a dancing, singing Torquemada in a red-devil cassock, and with lyrics such as "Hey, Torquemada, what d'ya say?" "I just got back from the auto-da-fé." This sequence has a pedigree: the Inquisition was done as a musical number in the Harold Prince production of Leonard Bernstein's "Candide"—remember Sondheim and Latouche's lyrics "What a day, what a day for an auto-da-fé?"

When I saw "History," there were hisses and walkouts during this number, and the film has been attacked as a disgrace by reviewers in the press and on TV. I bet nobody hissed or walked out on "Candide." When Prince and Bernstein do it, it's culture; when Brooks does it, there's a chorus of voices saying, "He has gone too far this time." Earlier in the film, the dancer Gregory Hines, who makes a breezy film début as Comicus' Ethiopian pal, Josephus, tries to convince the slavers who are sending him to the circus to be eaten by lions that he's not a Christian but a Jew. With his loose-limbed body—his legs seem to be on hinges—he does a mock-Jewish dance, and then a shim-sham, and the racial humor didn't appear to bother the au
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few films. The Inquisition is presented as a paranoid fantasy, with Jews as the only victims, and when Torquemada whacks the knees of gray-bearded old men imprisoned in stocks—using them as a xylophone—you may gasp. But either you get stuck thinking about the "bad taste" or you let yourself laugh at the obscenity in the humor, as you do at Buñuel's perverse dirty jokes. The offensive material is a springboard to a less sentimental kind of comedy.

JUNE 29, 1981

If Mel Brooks doesn't go "too far," he's nowhere—he's mild and mushy. It's his maniacal, exuberant compulsion to flaunt show-biz Jewishness that makes him an uncontrollable original. At his best, he is to being Jewish what Richard Pryor is to being black: wildly in love with the joke of it, obsessed and inspired by the joke of it. What "History" needs is *more* musical numbers with the show-biz surreal satire of the Inquisition section; it's the kind of satire that makes the Marx Brothers' "Duck Soup" a classic farce. Brooks goes wrong when he pulls back to innocuous lovability—when he has Gregory Hines say to him, "You're the first white man I even *considered* liking." (Now, if that had been "the first Jew . . .") Hines' dancing—the movie could have used more of it—deserves better than a suck-up line.

When Brooks has a hot streak on a TV talk show, you can see his mental processes at work, and amazing things just pop out of his mouth. He can't get that rhythm going on the screen with prepared gags. Some movie directors can give their material that surprise. Altman has often done it, and in "Hi, Mom!" De Palma did it, with a highly inflammatory race-relations subject. But Brooks isn't a great director—far from it. He's a great personality, though, and he moves wonderfully; his dancing in his Torquemada robes is right up there with Groucho's lope. Wearing a little mustache and with his lips puckered, Brooks as Louis XVI bears a startling resemblance to Chaplin in his "Monsieur Verdoux" period. I kept waiting for him to do something with this resemblance, but he didn't. Was he unaware of it? Lecherous Louis did, however, make me understand why women at the French court wore those panniers that puffed out the sides of their skirts; we see those ballooning bottoms through his eyes. (Brooks may be wasting his talent by not appearing in other directors' movies while he's preparing his own.) As a director-star, he has the chance to go on pushing out the boundaries of screen comedy, because, despite the disapproving voices in the press and on TV, he can probably get away with it. Like Pryor, he's a cutie.

"OUTLAND" has a great look. The setting is Io, a volcanic moon of Jupiter, which the League of Industrial Nations has franchised to an Earth-based company, Con-Amalgamate, and the metal frontier city that Con-Am has constructed is like the offspring of a gigantic pipe organ and an oil rig. The miners sleep in layered cubicles; their living quarters are an erector-set honeycomb—functionalism divorced from all civility. At work in the titanium mine, the men wear space suits with headgear that resembles a deep-sea diver's, but with a string of lights inside circling the visors—like the lights around an actress's mirror. To relax, the miners, and the other people on Io (the administrators, the maintenance workers, the corps of prostitutes, and others who provide support services), go to the leisure club—a big bar that features erotic entertainment. Writhing, dancing, and maybe copulating couples—a man and a woman, two women—perform in blue-green laser spotlights. The film aims for realistic sci-fi: the future is conceived as a continuation of capitalist exploitation in space, and the staging of the action sequences accentuates the sealed-in, claustrophobic boredom of life on Io. The workers (who sign on for a year) are meant to be just like ordinary Americans of the present—the kind who might have worked on the Alaska pipeline.

O'Niel (Sean Connery), the new federal district marshal, whose job it is to keep law and order among the two thousand people on Io, learns that a high proportion of the miners are going berserk and killing themselves or attacking others. Through the use of his computers and his TV monitors, O'Niel quickly sorts out the facts: Sheppard (Peter Boyle), who runs the mining operation on Io for Con-Am, is selling the workers amphetamines

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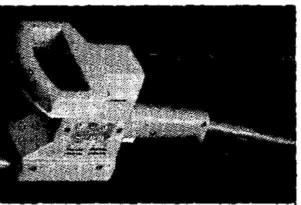

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that keep them speeding for ten or eleven months, until they become psychotic. That's how Sheppard has been able to raise productivity and ingratiate himself with the top management. When O'Niel interrupts this operation by destroying a shipment of the drug, Sheppard sends for hired killers, and, just as in "High Noon," the one lone good man finds he has to fight by himself.

This isn't a Western situation, though, where the local people are indebted to the lawman who has protected them but are afraid to aid him in a fight against professional gunmen; it's an existential "High Noon." "Outland" is set in a morally grimy future: nobody else in the lunar company town cares what happens. O'Niel fights to prove something to himself. What, exactly, isn't clear. Sean Connery isn't afraid to open himself to the camera—he lets you read every shade of feeling that O'Niel hides from the other characters. He gives the movie the illusion of a central human presence. (Without him, it would be junk metal.) But when the camera moves in, expectantly, for O'Niel's big soliloquy—the moment when he will explain why he must fight—Peter Hyams, who wrote and directed "Outland," has no words to put in O'Niel's mouth. Probably, Hyams is afraid that if the hero stood up against Sheppard's hirelings because he believed that the law meant something, or even out of disgust over the cruelty of the drug traffic, "Outland" might be jeered at as naïve and optimistic. But in using the structure of "High Noon," with its preachy predictability, and then denying the hero's actions any heroic meaning, he deadens everything—even the spectacular chases through the tubular sets and the murderous grappling of bodies in space. The chases seem to be prolonged for their own sweet sake.

The miners come to Io because they need the high wages for their families on Earth. Yet Hyams expects us to believe that the marshal can't arouse them (or their union leaders) to indignation about the way they're being exploited by amphetamines—or even to anger about the gruesome deaths of their buddies. Hyams is like a guy who saw "High Noon" and didn't get it. It's insane that the workers refuse to help O'Niel—that they don't mind being killed off. The picture would have had much more point if it had jettisoned the Western-in-space idea and had one of the miners as the hero who discovers how the company is speeding them to death.

"Outland" is full of missed opportunities. O'Niel watches what's going on all over the town on his wall of television monitors, and he can deduce who the drug pushers are because he has a computer that sorts out the names of Sheppard's henchmen for him. Astonishingly, Sheppard—the general manager—doesn't have any monitors on which he can watch what O'Niel is up to. It might have been fun if he had—if he and O'Niel followed each other's moves until, maybe, they were just sitting at their sets staring at each other. As Hyams lays it out, it's too simple—only O'Niel has technical resources. All the imagination seems to have gone into the sets and costumes and chases. When the hired killers arrive on the space shuttle and stalk O'Niel, his only ally is a sour, snappish, elderly woman doctor, who's probably a boozer. (Frances Sternhagen does wonders with the role, and when this lanky doctor races desperately through long passageways to help O'Niel, she's surprisingly graceful.) Meanwhile, the miners, who know that O'Niel is being stalked, lounge around in their bar, and Sheppard, the murderer of dozens of their fellow-workers, sits among them, accepted. This cockeyed setup might have had at least a little point if there had been some TV monitors in the bar and if practically everybody on Io were clustered there to watch the big shootout—and perhaps lay odds on the outcome.

Hyams isn't one for touches, though. He has an eye for staging action, and he uses the stunning industrial-nightmare sets (designed by Philip Harrison) for a lot of feverish fast tracking. But he proceeds in an almost painfully straightforward way, even though it doesn't take him where he needs to end up. In "High Noon," the gunslingers were the enemy; here the hit men are merely Sheppard's employees. So when O'Niel dispatches them the story still feels incomplete. We're supposed to know that Sheppard is finished—we've heard a Con-Am boss telling him that if these killers didn't take care of his problem the next group would be coming for *him*. But when O'Niel is content to give Sheppard a wallop on the jaw, justice doesn't seem to have been done. The climactic actions of the film involve O'Niel fighting nonentities.

The casting is very convincing, though the characters are purely functional. Except for Connery and Frances Sternhagen, only one of the actors—James B. Sikking, who plays Montone, O'Niel's sergeant—makes a strong impression. You can believe that Montone has been on Io awhile; he's like a cop who has been going through the same routine for a long, boring stretch. His lines are no better than anybody else's, though. The stuff Hyams lets people say! O'Niel's wife (Kika Markham) leaves him a videotaped goodbye: "I just can't take it anymore. . . . Paulie . . . is a child and he's never set foot on Earth. Never. . . . Don't you see, he deserves a childhood." It's obvious that O'Niel loses his wife and son so that we can appreciate the sacrifice he makes in order to face the challenge of fighting evil, but who could work up feelings of sympathy for the loss of a wife who talks like that? She's the Ghost of Rotten Movies Past.

"Outland" recalls another hermetic sci-fi film—the somewhat more spirited "Alien" (which was also produced by the Alan Ladd, Jr., team). "Outland" doesn't have the leavening of freakishness that "Alien" did, but it, too, features an element of the repugnant, and it has a comparable grinding unpleasantness. Both these films belong to a new subgenre: Jacobean sci-fi. The deaths are the high spots and are as powerfully upsetting as the moviemakers dare to make them. In "Outland," people who walk into a depressurized air lock without their space gear die like puffed pigs—their heads and bodies swell and explode, leaving a mess of splattered blood and intestines. And for those who want something more conventional, a deranged worker slashes a naked prostitute. The picture is horrifying yet somber, and the barrage of sounds coming from all directions intensifies the pressure—we can't escape the clanging metal or the footsteps or Jerry Goldsmith's score, which is on top of it all. This could be the Dolby movie of the year. During O'Niel's last fight, the noise rises to a Götterdämmerung level. At the end, Hyams has a note dedicating this film to his two young sons; he may be perfectly sincere.

—PAULINE KAEL

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BOOKS

Happy on Nono Despite Odosha

Anthropologists and folklorists have gathered, against the coming night of worldwide electronic frost, sheaves and sheaves of oral narrative, but little of it is as readable, coherent, and thought-provoking as "Watunna: An Orinoco Creation Cycle," by Marc de Civrieux (edited and translated from the Spanish by David Guss; North Point Press; $17.50 cloth, $8.50 paper). M. de Civrieux, a French paleontologist turned South American ethnographer, spent more than twenty years visiting the Kunukunuma villages of the Makiritare tribe, gathering through hundreds of separate tellings their story of the world's creation and the place of their own tribe within it. The Makiritare live in a mountainous region of virgin forest north of the Upper Orinoco River in southern Venezuela. They were called Makiritare by the Arawak-speaking guides and interpreters who were with the Spanish when, in 1759, the first contact was made between white men and this remote Indian people. The Makiritare know themselves as So'to, which is the language they speak. The word "So'to" means simultaneously the language and those who speak the language, which is to say, human beings. Those who do not speak it are regarded as non-human: "These beings," M. de Civrieux's excellent brief introduction tells us, "are the enemies of the real people and can be hunted like animals." But individuals from other tribes, usually women and children, who find themselves among the So'to become So'to as soon as they learn the language; "the native concept of tribe is not a racial one." "So'to" also means "twenty," which, as the number of human digits, "serves as the natural basis for the indigenous counting system and is also the symbol for man." (The same is true of other Indian languages, such as Pemon and Kariña, and a faded significance for the number can be sensed even in English rhetoric, where "twenty" and "score" used to resound with far richer overtones than the anemic decimal.)

Not only did M. de Civrieux learn So'to to piece together the Watunna—of which he published a Spanish version in Caracas as long ago as 1970—but, most unusually, the translator into English, the American poet and critic David Guss, spent three years among the Makiritare learning their language so that his "telling" might have the flavor and force of the original. He has given us a rendering exceptionally idiomatic and punchy, with stretched spellings like "whoooooole" and "tallllllll," a number of four-letter words that do not usually grace ethnological documents, and jaunty chapter closings like "That's it," "Okay, now. That's all," and "Now that's how the old ones tell it. That's what they say." His syntax at times seems as primitive as possible:

> Now the boy turns into a crab. The jaguar catches him. The crab bites him. The jaguar lets go. The crab gets away. The jaguar chases him.

But the total effect is not jarring, or condescending; a voice is created, urgent yet relaxed, and these tales of swift metamorphosis and abrupt pursuit keep themselves—with the help of Mr. Guss's excellent glossary—as clear as running water. The Watunna, it should be said, exists among the Makiritare in two versions: an esoteric one imparted during male initiation rites in a sacred language consisting of "archaic words, others taken from neighboring tribes, more or less phonetically deformed, complicated ritual endings concealing words from normal daily usage, refrains with no definite meaning, inarticulate vocables, onomatopoeias, whistles, jungle and water sounds, animal movements;" and an exoteric one shared openly among the villagers and alluded to daily. We, of course, are given—in a handsome piece of book production by a new West Coast press—the profane, vernacular version. It begins:

> There was Kahuña, the Sky Place. The Kahuhana lived there, just like now. They're good, wise people. And they were in the beginning too. They never died. There was no sickness, no evil, no war. The whole world was Sky. No one worked. No one looked for food. Food was always there, ready.
>
> There were no animals, no demons, no clouds, no winds. There was just light. In the highest Sky was Wanadi, just like now. He gave his light to the people, to the Kahuhana. He lit everything down to the very bottom, down to Nono, the Earth. Because of that light, the people were always happy. They had life. They couldn't die. There was no separation between Sky and Earth. Sky had no door like it does now. There was no night, like now. Wanadi is like a sun that never sets. It was always day. The Earth was like a part of the Sky.

To a reader raised in the Christian tradition, this evocation of an eternal, populated, light-drenched Heaven comes as surprisingly familiar. Further familiarities unfold. Wanadi decides, of the empty earth, "I want to make people down there." He himself descends, with the great gifts of "knowledge, tobacco, the maraca, and the *wiriki*" (the last two are instruments of Makiritare *huhai*, the tribal shamans). The placenta of Wanadi's first earthly incarnation is infested with worms, and out of its rot is born a Satan-like creature called Kahu, or Odosha. "This man was very evil. He was jealous of Wanadi. He wanted to be master of the Earth. Because of him, we suffer now. There's hunger, sickness and war. He's the father of all the Odoshankomo. Now, because of him, we die." Wanadi descends to earth a second time, to conquer death. He does this by creating his own mother, Kumariawa, through a magical process of trance and dreaming. "He gave birth to her dreaming, with tobacco smoke, with the song of his maraca, singing and nothing else." His plan is to kill her, and bring her back to life, to show that "death was a trick." But while she is under the ground, about to be resurrected, Iarakaru, who is both Wanadi's nephew and a weeping capuchin monkey, opens the pouch containing the night; he has been warned against doing just this but is no better at resisting mischief than mythological figures anywhere. "All at once, EVERYTHING went dark. Suddenly, the WHOLE world went out and Wanadi was running through the night." To top things off, the diabolical Odosha then roasts Kumariawa's reëmerging body with his urine. Wanadi confronts a desolation worse than that Jehovah faced after Man's first disobedience. "I can't do anything now," he thinks. "There's no flesh, no body. She won't come back to life. There's no light. The Earth isn't mine anymore. The people will all die now." However, a third time Wanadi descends to earth and risks mortal adventures, in order "to see what was happening on Earth, to make people again, good people, Wanadi people." To alleviate darkness, he creates a false sky containing the sun and moon and stars; he instructs people in the arts of sexual intercourse and house construction. Yet still the Odosha-ruled world resists redemption, and Wanadi retreats to the Sky, the last time saying in final farewell to "his twelve men from the beginning," "Now you'll go on living with Odosha. I'm going. I've left you the signs. I did many things to let you know. Just as I did, you'll do." In an earlier tale, we have been assured,

> We can only see the things of this world. The real Sky (Heaven) is invisible. There aren't any stars there, just Wanadi, shining alone. There's no darkness, no night, no day. Just light, light and nothing else. The stars, the moon, the sun, they aren't going to live forever. They're going to fall when this Earth ends. They're going to die along with us, with Odosha. Then Wanadi will return. You'll be able to see the real Sky. Its light never goes out.

The myths of the Makiritare also include a great Flood that drowns the wicked, a rainbow left as a sign, a kind of Adam and Eve (Wahnatu and Wetashi), and a cosmically central Fall—in this case that of an immense, omnifructiferous tree, Marahuaka, whose felling releases rain from its roots in the sky and fills the earth with fertility and is celebrated annually at the principal Makiritare festival, *Adahe ademi hidi*.

How many of these correspondences with the imagery of the Bible predate the coming of the missionaries? For the Spaniards, in a double guise of good white men (Iaranavi) and bad (Fañuru), do break into the timeless vistas of the Watunna legends, along with iron and guns and the Dutch (the Hurunko) who operated the Guyana trading post of Amenadiña until 1814. The Spanish *padres* (in So'to, the Fadre) figure in a remarkable inversion of the Crucifixion story: In far-off Karakaña (Caracas), the Fadre captured the God-Man Wanadi and "sent for a post to hang him from. It was shaped like a forked *Kruza ake* (cross). That's what they called it. When they brought *Kruza ake*, they nailed him there with iron points. 'That way he won't escape,' they thought." But Wanadi did escape; his spirit slipped from his body. "Wanadi was like a corpse. It was a trick. He had taken his *damodede* [spirit messenger; spiritual double] out of the body. He had gone back to Kushamakari. Wamedi [a rooster] knew that. The Fadre and the Fañuru didn't. . . . They like to make crosses to show people. They say: 'On this post he died.' They didn't know. They don't know. They say they killed him. It's not true. They couldn't. He tricked them and got away." So the wooden crosses worn by the priests are construed as a vain vaunting of themselves as crucifiers of the So'to God.

The Platonic dualism that infused the later books of the New Testament and the theology of the early church needed no priests, however, to plant it among the Makiritare. The distinction between body and soul, outer form and inward anima, is central to their magic and their science. The evolution of a rival tribe, the Yanoamo, is ascribed to a bad meal consumed by Shirishana, one of Wanadi's creations: "He kept his human form but that's all. His spirit turned into an animal. He moved around like an animal. He thought like an animal. He lost his mind. He hid in the mountains, naked. He didn't know how to do anything anymore, just kill and rob real people. And that's the way his grandchildren stayed." There is a suggestion of the Platonic "idea" in the concept of the *sadashe:* "Every species [the glossary tells us], both plant and animal, has its own chief or master which is known as its *sadashe*. This *sadashe* is conceived of as the species' grandfather or prototype, its personal culture hero who gave it its name, form, and language." With a cast of prototypical heroes behind the multitudinous individuals of the wild, divinity of a sort is constantly encountered within the forest, and species characteristics are plausibly related to primordial traumas. We learn in the course of the Watunna why squirrels have only two front teeth (the primal squirrel, Kadiio, laughed so hard at Wanadi's ugly wife that all his other teeth fell out); why toads have wrinkled backs and wide mouths (Kawao, the toad, was the keeper of fire and in disgorging it split her mouth and burned her back); why anteaters have their marks (Kuamachi, the boy who became the Evening Star, rubbed his sooty hand on the neck and shoulders of Waremo, the prototypical anteater). Why Man is the way he is requires more complicated legends.

Like the opening chapters of Genesis, the creation myths of the Makiritare explicate the human condition on two levels, a cosmic and a social. The first proclaims the origin and eschatology of the universe; the second, the origin and rationale of the tribe. The first deals with the problem of evil on the theoretical level of how it arose; that is to say, why pain and limitation, impoverishment and peril have been established as our lot. The second deals with evil practically, by stating what rules the accumulated wisdom of tradition has given us for our protection. From Wanadi the creator and Wanadi the frustrated Savior the Watunna cycle proceeds, through lesser heroes and refractions of events that we recognize as historical, to the figure of Semenia—the first chief, Wanadi's messenger, and the founder of agriculture. In his embodiment as the Semenia bird (the red-billed scythebill), he is leader of the flock of birds who peck and saw down the great Marahuaka tree and thus create the first *conuco*—the first clearing. "Semenia made himself chief to teach us. He showed us how to work. He punished the ones that didn't want to live like people, like brothers. He brought food, rain, fertility and obedience for everyone. He showed them what to do. Now we have food again. We're happy despite Odosha." Man, in this

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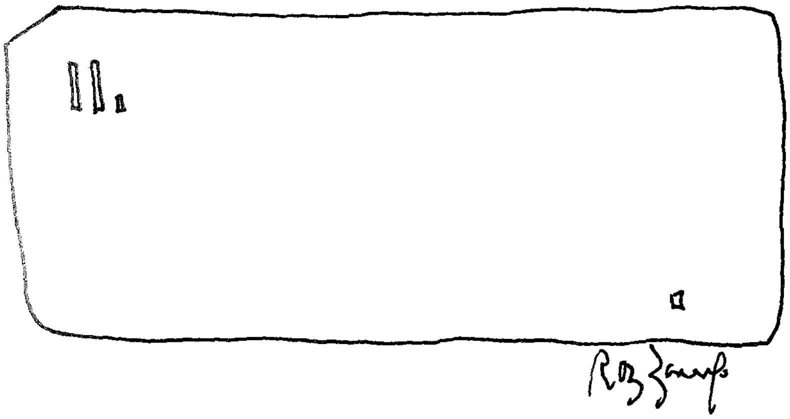

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fallen world, takes his fortune into his own hands.

The people were happy; happy together in their *conuco*. The yuca grew quickly. All of a sudden it was there. Now the men rested. That's what Semenia told them. Now the women worked. That's how we still do it. We don't forget that way. The men clear the *conuco*, like Marahuaka in the beginning. The women plant and harvest and prepare it. . . .

"That's good," said Semenia. Then he said: "Let's dance. Let's sing and eat and drink. Now we'll remember."

To be happy despite Odosha, it is necessary to remember. In preliterate societies, memory and repetition of the ways of the grandfathers constitute survival. Festivals, with the chanted lore that accompanies them, are survival's tools—how tenaciously Western man still clings to his own, desacralized, commercialized, and trivialized though they are! Festivals recall our aboriginal perils and rehearse the tribal solidarity that withstands them. For those of us with twenty digits, lacking the erratic magic whereby Wanadi and the powerful *huhai* dream their way directly from thought to thing, only coöperation and obedience to tradition can mediate between the immaterial, hungry ego and the material, resistant world. Born naked into the world, the mythmakers unerringly seized upon just those features of it—the individuation of species, the vivid pseudo-world of dreams, the blazing enigma of the heavenly bodies—that most need explanation, and are still being explained. Though the Watunna can be for us (and, inexorably, for the Makiritare, already wearing trousers, in territories riddled with airplanes and radios) little more than a resonant entertainment and gaudy fossil, the two existential mysteries that it addresses—the existence of the universe, the existence of "I"—have not been, beneath the great flurry of modern knowing, dissolved.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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Images of Casablanca:

A squeaking paddle fan loses the battle to circulate sultry night air in a smoke-filled bar. A low-keyed piano player named Sam tickles the ivories into strains of "As Time Goes By." Humphrey Bogart finishes his drink, scrunches down into his trench coat, lowers the brim of his hat and saunters off to the airport. There—cigarette still dangling from the side of his mouth—he sends Lauren Bacall away. *—Louis Mahoney in the Richmond (Va.) News Leader.*

While Ingrid Bergman pouts.

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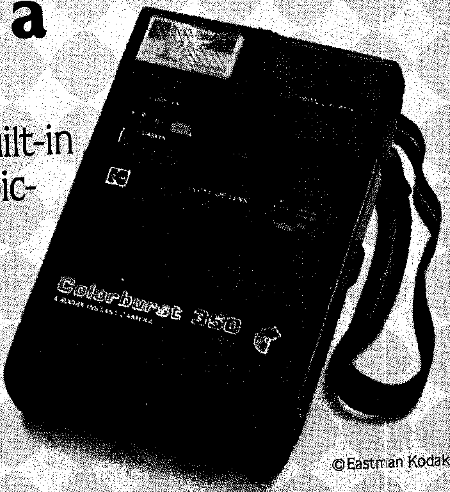
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